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* THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT—DISTINCTIVE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THAT, AND FORMER ONES—CHARACTER OF ITS ELOQUENCE AND INFORMATION —MR. ATTWOOD'S MOTION.

We have changed our old lamp for a new one. The Tories were right. The old lamp, indeed, had its magic and its mystery. It had a spell; and by its spell buildings of magnificence arose. You rubbed it,—and lo! Brighton sparkled with its golden cupolas and Chinese pagodas. You rubbed it,—and lo! solemn in insignificance, Pimlico possessed its palace;—nay, by one of your incantations you sent forth the fantastical Genii of Aladdin, to gild and whitewash the solemn spires and antique towers where Science adores the memory of the Plantagenet.

Gardens blushed with golden and precious fruit,—forbidden, it is true, but still sought after; and, to those who knew its magic power, that antique lamp could show the subterraneous road to the Hesperides of Pensions. You changed away your old lamp. "Alack," said the Tories, "what a foolish bargain you have been making! Your new lamp can never do what your old one did. It's a plain, household, ordinary article, that will only light your way through the dark; and, at most,—rather more lucky than the lantern of Diogenes,—enable you to find a few honest men;—but where is the antient spell, the long-cherished enchantment? If we want to grope our way to a sinecure—to a very, very little sinecure —who shall illumine the path? The haunt of our earliest and latest hopes is closed to us. Twiss has gone back to the bar;—and there stands our boast of Buckingham, imperfect and unpaid for." Yes, we have changed our lamp, and the new one is not like the old one.

Are you a stranger, reader, to yon old oaken room, or do you re-

* We are indebted to a Member of Parliament, of some years' experience, for the ensuing remarks, with one or two of which we do not quite agree, but their general bearing seems to us at once new and true.—Ed.

member it on that memorable night, when Lord John lisped out the ruthless sentence which proclaimed that ruined walls, and ill-patched park-palings should no longer have Parliamentary representatives? Fell destroyer of all that was venerable and sacred! Heartless enemy to the rights of old stones and rotten timber! Careless invader of the immunities which the weather and the worm yet spared! What visions of the olden time—solemn in sinecures and panoplied in pensions—must visit thy midnight couch! Can the cheer of Devonshire House, or the cheers of Devonshire Hustings, repay thee for those sidelong, sad glances, which the ghosts of Gatton, and the spectres of Corfe Castle, cast upon thy lone meditations? Darest thou be alone with the still company that stare upon thee, and say—"Thou hast murdered my Borough,—my own Borough,—my dearly and deeply beloved Borough,—my Borough, for which I gave 60,000*l.*,—my Borough which got me a Baronetcy,—my Borough which got me a Peerage,—my Borough which got my old aunt a pension, my nephew a sinecure, my sons commissions in the Army. Alas! for thee, Lord John! But you, good reader, with whom our colloquy first began, you perhaps remember—or perhaps you do not remember—those benches on the right of the chair which we refer you to. There sat the Ministry much as you see them; and opposite to the Ministry sat Croker, his keen eye flashing forth a sarcasm which his curled lip caught and cherished; and there was George Dawson, so ardent, yet so gentleman-like, ready to shake your hand as a private friend, or to knock you down as a political opponent; and there was Sir J. Yorke, compressing his powerful voice between the lips that smiled a good-humoured capsize to the Royal George of the Admiralty; and there was Sir Charles Wetherell, our excellent, comical, short-breeched, and sesquipedalian-sentenced Sir Charles Wetherell; and there was Goulburn as he is now; and Herries as he is now; and ——— ———, not as he is now, the solemn shadow of his former portly insignificance—no; there he was then with cheeks distended, like the statue of Æolus; and contained within those round and rosy caverns were the multitudes of "order," and the myriads of "hear, hear," with which, in such jocund days of Downing-street expectation, that popular gentleman used to electrify us. Poor Mr. ——— ———! Pause with us, gentle reader, to lament the fate of this interesting young man. Is such to be the bourne of his hopes? the topmost pinnacle of his ambition?—a silent place on yonder radical-surrounded bench! Is he to be like the flower in Tibullus's garden? Is he to be another of those Hampdens and Sidneys who sleep inglorious in a country churchyard, without any other epitaph than that with which Gibbon recorded the life and death of so many of Rome's successive Emperors? He shall have cried "order," and he shall have shouted "hear,"—he shall have shouted "order," and have cried "hear," *et his exactis*, will say

the monumental marble,—*obiit.* On that bench, too,—on that bench to which we now call your attention, reader,—and on which, his hat slouched over his eyes, you may still see him,—sat Sir R. Peel; and there he sits,—*sed quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*, who carried flame and terror into the Whig camp. Where are his chosen legions, where are many of those sprigs of nobility—the flower of Troy and Toryism? —and where are many of those older adjuncts—the sacred band of Pittites, whose well-practised cheer may here and there be yet—but, oh! how faintly, heard,—

"When through each rank he turns his kindling eyes,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise!"—*Homer's Iliad.*

But few, very few remain; shouldered up into a melancholy corner, they sit, *parva et pallida turba*, obscured rather than protected by the shrunken shadow of their great but powerless leader.

On entering the New House, the first thing which strikes you, is the utter and immediately-apparent break up of all the landmarks of times past. The places almost historically occupied by men, who, from long exercise of the privilege, had acquired a prescriptive right to bore or to bully with impunity, are occupied by new faces. Hardly does a well-remembered voice chime in with the sympathies of your ear. This is the second Parliamentary deluge that we have witnessed: the first swept away General Gascoigne and his famous 42; the second has left the member for Tamworth with a less following than the member for Dublin. He has a sort of by-place at the corner to the left of the Speaker's chair, behind which his friends, few and feeble, range themselves. The old Tories, that is, the very old Tories, even now that their faction may be called defunct and gone, preserve in death the separation which made the last scenes of their life memorable; and Sir Edward Knatchbull and Sir Robert Inglis sit on the same side-bench they sat on when their party voted the Duke of Wellington out of office. But that which startles you most, shocking all your conventional feelings, is the strange and almost unholy community of old members and new members, distinguished members and undistinguished members, radical members and Tory members, who sit and assort together on those seats which were of antique usage assigned to gentlemen who had once been blessed with official situations. The Tory ex-Ministers were not able to fill it, and now it is filled by gentlemen of all opinions and of all descriptions. It is necessary to see nothing more than the faces of Sir Robert Peel, and Messrs. Ruthven and Cobbett, side by side, within three feet circumference, in order to say,—"Ay, this House of Commons is decidedly very much changed from the last House of Commons." We see at a glance that the character of the House of Commons is very much changed; but it requires a little time for closer observation before

we can say exactly what the internal causes, as well as the outward symptoms of these changes are. One is startled at coming in by the apparition of Peel and Cobbett in such close fraternity—one member sits down—three new members get up, one after the other—and there is something of a desultory style of confusion that one is not accustomed to, in the tone and manner in which they address you. One is struck, by a want of regularity—by a want of discipline, if I may so express myself, in the manner of conducting the Parliamentary battle. It is not a well-sustained fire kept up from the most commodious heights, and supported by the best engineers and artillery of two contending squadrons. A gun is fired here—and a gun is fired there—none of the fixed rules of war are observed, and every soldier seems more intent on discharging his piece than on gaining the victory. When a troop of gentlemen entered the House, returned by the boroughs of a particular party, and almost wearing the badge or uniform of that party upon their backs, the place of each gentleman in that party was assigned to him—he was brought forward or he was kept back—he was a part of his party, and nothing of himself; and all the leading men being party men, the tone they adopted was the tone of the House. But your boroughs are gone, and with your boroughs parties are gone likewise. No man is brought in by a greater man, or to serve under a greater man than himself—he is the great man then in his own conceit, as in the conceit of his constituents—he walks into the House of Commons with the same magisterial strut that he stepped forward on the hustings, and says in his self-complacent air, *plaudite cives!* There is an individuality about a member of the House of Commons now that there never was before: an *ipse ego* as it were, which, while it has its disadvantages in discussion, has its advantages in division; and renders it impossible for any ambitious individual, so to unite and to rule others, as to feel sure that he has a band, which, seeing with *his* eyes, and hearing with *his* ears, will enable him either to overthrow or to support an administration as it may suit his purpose.

The greater number of men now brought into the House, are no longer what was called promising young men, but rather old men, who have fulfilled many of their early promises; they are not brought in there to make their fortunes, but rather because their fortunes are made—they do not devote themselves to a political career, but rather close, by politics a career, that has been devoted to other pursuits—they have more local knowledge than their predecessors, less general information—they are more accustomed to look at things in detail, less accustomed to regard them in gross—they know the village, the town, the county better, the kingdom perhaps not quite so well. In questions of a common and simple kind their judgment will be a clear and a correct one—in questions of another kind, those parts which may be called the

more metaphysical, the more sublime, or the more complex, are likely to escape, or to be but superficially exposed to, their observation. They well understand the economy of saving, which is mere retrenchment, better than the economy of profitable expenditure, which is laying out a capital to produce an advantageous return—they will be hardly sensible to the moral magnificence of our Indian Empire—they will be quickly alive to the smallest commercial advantage of our poorest colony—they will enter at once into the miseries of the English pauper—they will be slow to feel the sorrows of the expatriated Poles—they may not be sufficiently scrupulous in defending (what is often worth defence) a constitutional form or an abstract right; but the Minister must have more than the eloquence of Demosthenes, that can persuade them to accord an ill-earned pension or accede to an unnecessary tax. Among those sturdy countenances and stout figures, you may not find many Hampdens who would die on the field; but you will meet a vast number of Humes, who would go so far in rebellion as to refuse to pay taxes:—and the Government found it more difficult to defend the Governorship of the Tower, than to place Ireland under the sword of the sub-lieutenant.

We are not of the opinion of Burke, who, in speaking of such men "as vulgar and mechanical politicians, who think of nothing but what is gross and material," says, "that so far from being qualified to be the directors of the great movements of the Empire, they are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine."

The diffuse and philosophical mind of Burke inspired him with an extraordinary contempt for all that was commonplace and cramped. His language is far stronger than ours would be; but even we are quite sure that, respectable as they are, your elderly gentlemen just launched from the workshop or the counting-house, are not the proper persons to take the helm of affairs in a state, the interests of which are so widely spread, the power of which is so deeply and abstrusely planted, as our own. A knowledge of local details is necessary, if it be only to form a general truth. But it is a more general philosophy that extracts from each fact its essence, and forms thereof those universal precepts, which tend to the common happiness of mankind. The manufacturer at Manchester, and the manufacturer at Spitalfields, and the agriculturist in Norfolk, may all form a pretty shrewd guess as to what may tend to their own immediate disadvantage or prosperity; but their view will be frequently microscopic, even as far as it regards themselves, and an insulated interest is always the utmost limit of their political horizon.

It is to be hoped, therefore, as well as expected, that such persons will rest satisfied with the simple power of representatives of the people; and in that situation, their local knowledge, their accurate and intimate acquaintance with particular branches of national industry, will form a

proper and efficient check to those who, governing with more comprehensive views, do still require to be curbed and restrained by a sensibility to partial and temporary influences, which the brief career and transitory condition of mankind forbid us to neglect.

The Tory argument against Reform, which had many illustrious examples for its support:—viz., that the greatest statesmen had been returned by the rotten boroughs—was met by our assertion and belief, that the people now, a wiser and better people than their ancestors, would be able and desirous to choose some men of the order of mind and class of information that the aristocracy had astutely chosen for the management of public affairs. We do not easily believe that men are born statesmen, or that political information can be obtained but by many years of devotion to political knowledge: as none will be qualified for success at the bar or the church who do not make law and divinity, and legal and clerical eloquence their constant and unwearying study, so none will be qualified to succeed in the yet more difficult career of governing their fellow-men, who do not make the science of government their constant pursuit. Politics must be a profession—what Reform should do is to make it an honest one. This is the people's affair, and let the people look to it! It is their business to show the same wise and fostering attention to talent wherever it is to be found to fight the battles of the community, which an oligarchy formerly showed, when it enlisted a Canning or a Tierney to fight the battle of a party. If the influence of wealth, and the eloquence of beer are to be predominant in the minds of the popular constituencies—the stone walls which we have disfranchized were the best means of procuring members of Parliament of the two. A venal mob is not likely to return a more honest, or so intelligent a man, as an ambitious peer; and if the representative is of necessity to be corrupt, the narrower the sphere of corruption among the represented, the better. Hertford and Liverpool are as filthy, corrupt channels to the House of Commons, as Gatton and Sarum; and if we could persuade ourselves that our people in general were like those generous and grateful persons, who denounced the idea of voting any longer for Mr. Duncombe, because they thought they had ruined him, we should be heartily sick of the farce of continuing such disgusting and brutal assemblages of a drunken populace as those which have been collected under the pretence of choosing, without fee or reward, a fit representative to serve in Parliament.

If the people wish to keep with credit to themselves that power which the legislature has now vested in their hands, let them, we repeat, carefully look to it. If they do not choose men who are capable of acting and reasoning on sound and statesmanlike principles—and who, sufficiently independent to be without any other profession than that which Parliament affords, are still not lost in those luxuries, or raised

to that elevation, which sinks them below, or carries them beyond the conduct of official business—if they do not do this—they will find their affairs strangely mismanaged, or they will be managed as heretofore, by a small knot of wealthy individuals, who, uniting together under the name of the Conservative Club—or under any other name, will make a purse for returning the most talented of their partisans—by means even more prejudicial to the morals and spirit of the country than those which were formerly adopted.

If we wanted a proof of the manner in which the class of gentlemen we have alluded to—is likely with even the most upright intentions to err on subjects of general policy—we should refer to Mr. Attwood, their chief and their type, and his motion "for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the causes of the existing distress."

Mr. Attwood's committee would, in fact, have been a committee on the currency, since, as that gentleman has adopted the idea, that the only relief to the country would be the robbery of the creditor and the destruction of credit; and as he, being the mover for the committee, would have the nomination of its members, it is quite clear that his view would have been their view, and the people would doubtless have become pre-eminently prosperous under a committee, the first sitting of which would have operated as a law of universal arrest. If, however, the object and the research of the committee had in reality been as wide and as general as Mr. Cobbett supposed them likely to be, what would have been the consequence?—the relief of any one distress?—no;—the most plausible excuse that could be devised for not relieving any. The House of Commons is—as Mr. Warburton very properly observed—the committee for inquiring into the *general* distress of the nation, and every member of the House has now the power of bringing forward any *particular* grievance or distress which comes more peculiarly within the scope of his knowledge and information.

But name Mr. Attwood's House of Commons,—and you at once annihilate the House of Commons that is now sitting. Should any member get up and require a tax to be removed or a monopoly abolished,—should he wish the people to be better educated by removing the impositions on knowledge, or better fed by improving the present system of poor-laws,—should he speak of the malt-duties, or the corn-laws,—the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ready with a never-failing answer,—"A committee is sitting to discover the causes of distress, and until we see the report of that committee it will be absurd (so indeed it would) to take any step to alleviate the evils you complain of, evils which the committee, in its inscrutable wisdom, may declare to be no evils at all." And what perfect babyism this inquiry after the causes of distress which lie on the very surface of society! Does not every man know that excessive and unequal taxation,—

severe and ill-administered laws,—an increasing, unemployed, uninstructed, and starving population are the grievances that we have to cure, and that cheap justice, cheap knowledge, and cheap provisions are the benefits we have to aim at? It may indeed require a very curiously concocted body to discover that the receiving our debts in paper, which are due to us in gold, would make us wise, wealthy, and contented. But the existing House of Commons, with all its faults, is quite wise enough to see the miseries we have pointed out; and all the people desire is, that it should devise a method of getting rid of them. Your inquiries are insults and mockeries;—give them remedies, and they will thank you. Mr. Attwood, with his inquiry, reminds us of the philosopher who, when his house was in flames, gave no orders for preserving it by the simple prevention of cold water, but sat down to inquire into the causes and properties of fire.

If the House is different from what it was, the character of the eloquence of the House of Commons has also differed very considerably from what it was in the time of its predecessor. It has become more passionate,—more popular;—an arithmetical figure produces less effect,—an oratorical figure more; declamation is more necessary, and claptraps more successful;—the quiet, conversational, and, as it was called, gentleman-like style of speaking, has deepened into a broader, bolder, and more rhetorical and hustings-like manner.

For this there are many reasons:—in the first place, the audience in other times rarely consisted—when matters of business came on—of more than fifty or sixty members, and the subject of debate was discussed across the table as between one gentleman and another. But now it is just when these matters are discussed that the fullest attendance may be expected, and, as there are no silent constituencies, so we have but few silent members. The discussion then is maintained, not across the table and among a few, but from one side of the house to the other, and among many. The voice must be louder, the action more powerful, and the whole manner swells into something more than that of the simple man of business. Again, the nice ear of a polished and lettered aristocracy is more apt to be shocked by faults than to be struck by embellishments; and the same cause, viz. a less delicate audience—which has favoured the romantic school on the theatre in France—is likely to be favourable to a more passionate mode of oratory in the English House of Commons. Add to this, the feelings of the people are now brought more directly to bear upon all questions under discussion, because every body represents the people, while the greater number of Irish, and not Irish-Englified Members—that are lately come into Parliament, and the frequency of Irish debates, will also most probably contribute to change our Attic style into something more Ionian. It is possible, moreover, that in an assembly of men where facts are more

generally known, the simple statement of facts in debate will have less value. Formerly the House was left without an answer to two or three cyphers of Mr. Hume, and everybody was in raptures with Mr. P. Thomson's speech upon shipping, because of shipping almost every body but Mr. P. Thomson was utterly ignorant.

This was the case formerly, but now there are so many *Counter Humes* and so many Counter Thomsons—and as the talent the most rare in an assembly is generally the most appreciated, so a higher value will be set upon general reasoning and a less one upon arithmetical details. Thus the general taste of the assembly will very probably act as a counterbalance to the tone of mind likely to prevail among its individual members, and, as the last House of Commons, possessing little practical knowledge, was corrected in this respect by the importance attached to those by whom this knowledge had been acquired, so the present House of Commons, possessing little general information, will rectify its deficiency by an inverse inclination. To sum up, then, the present House of Commons presents features exactly contrary to those which the superficial observer would have expected. It was the customary cry, "Oh! there will be no vulgar oratory in a Reformed Parliament!"—it is exactly that quality which obtains the most applause. Every one supposed it would be a quiet, decorous, orderly assembly—it is testy and impatient to a degree without a parallel. And why is this?—simply because it is a better attended, that is, a *more numerous* assembly than ever! Consequently, it more resembles, than before, a popular meeting, which is ever unfriendly to details, and averse from reasoning. Its very faults are to be found in the conscientious punctuality with which its members attend their duties.

SCYPHAX.

NORTH AMERICA.*

THERE are two points of view in which America may be looked at by travellers, and the character of their reports turns very much upon which point is taken by the observer. This will account for the strange differences that exist in books on that country. Captain Hall disapproves of every thing: Mr. Stuart finds no fault. Both travellers are British gentlemen of good motives and honest intentions. The truth is, that Captain Hall referred all he said to his own feelings. Mr. Stuart tried to discover which were the feelings of the Americans. "How should I like this?" said Captain Basil Hall. Mr. Stuart asked, himself "How do they like it?" Now this is a very important distinction. It may be very safely asserted that no English gentleman, unless indeed caught very young, can sit down in America with any real satisfaction. Though he may profess the most republican sentiments, though he may have the most liberal notions respecting the rights of men, and never treat a fellow-man, of whatever rank and condition, without the respect due to a man, still if he have been bred up in all the artificial distinctions of an old aristocratical country, and with such refinements as an ancient society, like old housekeepers, always contrive to get about them, he will never be easy in a newly-settled state founded on true republican principles. Take a Highlander from his mountains, and set him down on the flats of the Isle of Ely, will he be content? No, the lake and the crag, and the distant line of blue hill, are with him essential beauties of nature; he can with difficulty allow that there is any merit in a field of wheat forty bushel to the acre. The member of an aristocratical society comes to be proud of its inequalities, and will even glory in its injustice. Foreigners have been astonished in listening to the proud expressions of satisfaction with which Englishmen of the middle classes have expatiated on the privileges of the aristocratical game laws. In the same way non-commissioned officers have been found to glory in the great gulf which separate themselves from the king's officers. Where command exists, it is some consolation to poor humanity to consider that it is not an equal to whom submission is made: that it is some one whom nurture, opinion, and education have combined to distinguish from the common herd. In America, a gentleman has to sit down at table with his own servant; it is not improbable that, if the servant have the more popular manners, he will have most respect paid him; nay, generally speaking, the servant must be preferred, for he looks up to the republicans, while the master is looking down with contempt on the whole party, and, at any rate, expecting their subserviency. It is almost a proverb in this country, that a man is judged pretty much by his coat; this is a test that makes an insensible impression upon those who are far from holding there is any virtue in new broad-cloth. What then will be the uncomfortableness of a man who suddenly appears among a busy population, where appearance is held utterly worthless, nay, where the nicest external distinctions would rather excite a laugh than promote a deference? Suppose such a person, long accustomed to observances, sit-

* Three Years in North America. By James Stuart, Esq. Second Edition. Edinburgh. Cadell. 1833.

ting down to dinner, and his waiter drawing a chair near him; suppose his stage-driver turning out the sheriff of the county, as Mr. Stuart did, would he ask him to dinner, as was done by this very meritorious traveller? Suppose him accosted by a party of well-informed mechanics in jackets on board a steam-boat, and in no respect valued except for the information he gave them, would not all this, and much more of the same kind, greatly perplex the best specimens of Englishmen? This is only a very slight odour of the disagreeables a contented Englishman has to encounter.

If his speculations extend to matters of government he is equally shocked. Any ordinary letter of introduction will procure an interview with the president; the authorities are generally in trade, and the elections of all kind are settled with less fuss than goes to the choice of a coroner or even a churchwarden. The imposing is altogether wanting in America; in Europe most countries have it, and some few are great in that species of delusion.

The States are no country for the few; it-is the land of the many. Every one who has looked upon the institutions of Europe must see that the only question is of the few; it is of the few that it is spoken when it is said such is the way with our neighbours.

Mr. Stuart is a man who visited America under peculiar circumstances: he had probably good reason to be dissatisfied with our mode of treating deserving citizens of liberal opinions. When he left Scotland he had long maintained a war with the Tories, during which he found his substance crumbling away under Tory exactions, and, perhaps, his temper somewhat turned against the unfair distribution of honour and profit in his native land. With no pleasant reminiscences of his native land, he sought America as a country supplying an agreeable and easy retreat. He was like the admiral that burnt his transports as soon as he had disembarked; he was determined not to look back. Mr. Stuart never thought of Britain while he was in America. Captain Hall always asked himself, now what will they think of this at home? what would Mr. ——, or Lady ——, say, if she was obliged to submit to this?

The merit of Mr. Stuart's book is, that he looked upon the country with more than an absence of prejudice, with a good nature and a good sense that did not even desert him in the uncivilized west, where he was sometimes compelled to inform landlords that they had at least mistaken their vocation.

Mr. Stuart's book, looking at it merely as a book, is *not* of *first-rate* excellence,—regarding it as the report of a private and trust-worthy gentleman on the United States, it assuredly *is*. A book-maker, or travel-writer, ought to have a picturesque style, an imagination, a lively sense of the characteristics of society, and a taste for nature in all her forms: in all or most of these qualities Mr. Stuart is to seek. He is a sensible, observing, intelligent, liberal, and good-natured man; he knows good society in its Scotch provincial form, and anxious to gain authentic intelligence about the country he visited, he has put down all he said in a general way, and has compiled along with his journal all the different documents, advertisements, and papers he could collect; information, therefore, is the order of his day; and he gives it, often, however, in a crude form—the change, however, is rather against the book-maker than the traveller. He who really wants intelligence about the States

will acknowledge the book to be indispensable—the critic will weigh it in all its essences, and find all wanting. Admirable critic! We will deceive no one; this work is proceeding to a third edition—and deserves it; and yet it is almost the only book deserving such success that has of late got it. We shall soon hear a cry of disappointment; it is no light affair for the book-clubs. It is too full of small change of intelligence, and too deficient in the great features of strong and impressive writing to make a sensation round the country tea-table. There is no romance here; and yet the experience in the latter part of the second volume traverses a country which some men, let us instance Chateaubriand, nay, even a hero of the Sports of the Forest as Lloyd, or an amateur, such as the author of the "Wild Sports of the West," would have made famous for all time—in all such emergencies Mr. Stuart runs to quotation. This we understand: it is not that he does not feel the virtue of the scenes he observes, but, unaccustomed to write, and very long in the habit of admiring waters, he picks out the pleasant passages of such authors as Flint as the most natural mode of expressing himself.

In all practical and business matters Mr. Stuart seeks no aid; he is at home. Look, for instance, at his valuation and appreciation of the prospects of a farmer of a certain capital who determines upon settling in Illinois or Indiana: look again at his calculations of the expense of living in all parts of the States; his views are always those of a settler, determined, like any other wise man, to overlook small objections.

We have learnt that this was not a calculated book: there are books of which the reader says as of a late mineralogical professor in one of the universities, why he has as much to say of a stone as another man of his first-born. Here it is clear that the book is an accident; the man does not travel to make a book, but having travelled and arriving at home, and on conversing with his friends, and on seeing what there is produced in his way, all of a sudden finds that, in his own portfolio, he has that which his countrymen desire, if not for profit, at least for pleasure. Mr. Stuart's book, and it is pleasant to be able to spread the truth in spite of slander and puffery, is not an amusing book; it has no qualities to recommend it to the idle readers of the day, and yet it is the work alone, which, of all those that have been written, enables us to extend an arm across the Atlantic, and shake hands heartily with our dear brother Jonathan: he should be our son, but there are those who maintain he is our uncle.

THE BILL OF BELIAL.

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ?

THE following legend, in point of authenticity, rivals the greatest number of similar compositions; in utility it exceeds them all.

In the forty-third year of Elizabeth, a holy old man, who had lived in the utmost seclusion from the world, since the time when, he then being a young novice, his monastery was delivered up to a favourite of that scourge of anchorites, Henry VIII., had a wonderful vision which he left in writing for the benefit of posterity.

Instead of mounting upwards, as it usually happens, our good monk found himself transported to the infernal regions. Aware of his downward course, he shuddered at the idea of beholding the various torments of the wicked; yet he comforted himself with the hope of seeing King Henry VIII. writhing under the operation of fire, applied according to the most approved manipulations of infernal chemistry. But to his great surprise he found himself in a grand saloon, furnished with numerous seats, and not very unlike the House of Commons. His invisible conductors placed him in a gallery, from whence, by the red glare of numerous torches, he could see the whole place, and hear whatever might be said at the farthest end.

The monk had not been long seated, when a crowd of spirits rushed in without much ceremony, and occupied the benches on both sides of a chair and table, which stood at the head of the room. Soon after this, a spirit, with a Medusa head-dress, supposed to be meant for a wig, took the chair. The beings who composed the assembly were unquestionably the same that, about sixty years after this vision, (and perhaps from some verbal report of it,) were described by Milton as filling up Pandæmonium. The identity of the place cannot be doubted. The members of the assembly had neither tails nor horns, nor was there anything hideous or terrific in their appearance. What language they actually spoke cannot be ascertained; yet the holy monk understood them as plainly as if they had been using his native language.

The subject of that evening's discussion happened to be "The State of England."

Great alarm (as the first speaker stated) had prevailed in the infernal regions in consequence of the prospects of the British nation. Light had rushed in upon it like a flood; a large mass of property had been taken out of the hands of useless drones, and the spirit of enterprise and commerce was collecting strength with alarming rapidity. "That nation," said the speaker, "if allowed to proceed on the path now opened to it, will certainly ruin the remnants of our much-weakened empire. The people of England are bold, persevering, and not easily turned away from their purposes. They have given a mortal blow to our faithful allies the monks and the Spaniards*. The commercial activity of the English will scarcely know any limits for many years. Industrious habits will spread down to the lower classes; and where industry prevails, vice does not thrive. I move, therefore, that a fresh army of tempters be sent up into the heart of that improving country; that 'Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood,' excite priests of all denominations to preach persecution and mutual hatred among Christians; that he stir up the pride both of the Pope and his dignitaries, as well as the conceit of the Protestant controversialists, each of whom wishes to be a Pope; that a civil war be prepared by this means, &c. &c. &c.; that Belial, who, by allowing a virgin queen on the throne of England, appears sadly to have neglected his department, exert himself in the promotion of vice among the

* Alluding to the discomfiture of the *Armada*, which had taken place thirteen years before this subterranean meeting.

higher classes, since the lower will be too much engaged in, and exhausted by, labour, to afford the abundant harvest of souls which this empire has hitherto annually reaped; that——"

The monk could not remember the remainder of this speech. He tells us only that there was in it much abuse of the diabolical heads of different departments for allowing England to rise so rapidly towards that point of temporal happiness which seems most favourable to the diffusion of knowledge and virtue.

Fortunately, however, he was so deeply impressed with Belial's reply, that he has preserved us a very accurate account of his diabolico-political views in regard to these kingdoms. He represents that spirit as he was afterwards described—

> "Graceful and humane:
> A fairer person lost not heaven: he seemed
> For dignity composed and high exploit.
> But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
> Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
> The better reason, to perplex and dash
> Maturest counsels."

On the occasion we speak of, Belial rose with a smile in which it was difficult to perceive whether it expressed the most refined politeness, or the most perfect contempt.

"During the long course of our warfare with heaven," said the able and eloquent Spirit, "I have invariably been under the deepest sense of the inefficacy, not to say absurdity, of the leading politics of our empire. Though mankind accuse us of deceit and subtlety, rage and violence have always been our guides. We send up numerous bands of semi-barbarian devils—armies of spiritual cossacks, who, instead of promoting and establishing our interests, only fatigue, harass, and shock the best portion of the sons of Adam, giving them a disgust of our dominion, finally leading them indirectly to permanent improvements. There might be some excuse for this conduct while we were dealing with people but little removed from the savage state. But in spite of all our efforts, the progress of light, though slow, is steady, and has changed the face of the world. Are we so ignorant as to suppose that vice and evil, in their nakedness, can attract mankind? Nevertheless, we proceed in the old-fashioned course. We call every thing by its proper name, though that name be most odious to man, except when brutalized or rendered furious by passion. One single measure of enlightened policy was adopted many hundred years ago at my suggestion, and the results have been more favourable to this our kingdom of darkness than the most sanguine temper could have conceived. I appeal to you, as the best witnesses, my fellow rulers of darkness! The violent party amongst us attempted to drown infant Christianity in its own blood. I told them they were blind; but I was not believed till Christianity had spread beyond all possibility of suppressing it. When, however, you threw yourselves upon my wisdom,—[*'We did not extirpate Christianity,'* from the opposition benches.] It is true, very true, we did not succeed in extirpating Christianity; but did we not poison it to the very roots? How was this accomplished? Was it by the preposterous method of recommending the worship of Mars and Venus? Ridiculous! Advise men to be lewd and cruel; to be in fear for the honour of their wives and daughters; to hasten to cut each other's throats, and be in perpetual dread of an ambitious and conquering power!—what is this but absolute insanity? No: Christianity was poisoned by inducing emperors to take up *religious truth* (that is, their own party) under their protection: by suggesting to the priesthood the advantage of engaging the secular power in favour of religious *truth*. As religious truth means for each man his own convictions on subjects out of the reach of experimental proof, Christians could not fail to sanctify all their most violent passions under the name of faith. Glorious—(forgive me

this burst of exultation)—glorious, indeed, have been the fruits of that scheme! Man became the most implacable enemy of man throughout Christendom. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were converted into all-atoning virtues, when let loose against those who defended their *truth*, their *orthodoxy*. Human blood was shed in torrents, while those who made it flow from the veins of the honest and sincere supporter of his own *truth*, from the bosom of tender females who took their purest affections for theological *truth*—all raised up their ensanguined hands to heaven, and thanked Him, whom we never name in this place, for the opportunity he had given them of destroying his enemies. Let me ask those among you who daily 'traverse the earth,' whether the fruits of this my scheme are exhausted, or whether there is not the fairest prospect of reaping them in abundance for centuries to come?

"But I ask pardon for allowing myself to be carried away from the subject of our present discussion. I will make amends by entering upon it without further preamble.

"You are aware how nearly we have neutralised Christianity, by consecrating the angry and proud passions of man under the name of zeal for *religious truth*. The step which I have to recommend to our Assembly for the purpose of preparing the downfal of England is analogous to the one just mentioned. Do I need to use disguise among you? Or should I stop to cull the softest and most delicate words and phrases, in order to prevent (what I most earnestly wish to prevent in regard to men)—to prevent, I say, your being shocked? I hear *No* from every part of the House. My plan then is simply this—to poison *charity* and *benevolence*. (Immense applause.) Yes, my friends, to make *charity* and *benevolence* the inexhaustible sources of vice and crime, and to banish them from millions of souls by the simple means of *compelling* them to exert those favourite virtues; to extinguish gratitude among the poor, by the very regularity and profusion of the alms given them; and compassion among the rich, by a well-grounded fear that they may soon be reduced to a state in which they must depend upon the compassion of others. I will not, however, dwell any longer in generalities. Here I hold in my hand the heads of a Bill, which, if it meet your approbation, I engage to get passed into law by the English Parliament. I have drawn it up in our own language; that is, calling things by their proper names; it shall, however, be my business to translate it into the language of *charity* and *benevolence*, of *national honour*, and all the other phrases most acceptable to men, and, in that state, I will recommend it to the English Government. Be not discouraged, if at first my scheme does not perform all that I have promised. The 'Poor Laws'—so shall my Bill be called in the upper regions—will rapidly develope themselves into all the consequences of evil which I hereby engage to bring about; and whatever may be the length of time in which they are destined to accomplish the ruin of the British empire, not one year will pass without showing the rapid and uninterrupted progress of the measure towards that happy conclusion. (Hear, hear, hear.)

"The Bill which I have the honour to propose is as follows:—

"Whereas it has become apparent, that the island known on the surface of the earth by the name of Great Britain, is making most alarming strides towards wealth, peace, and happiness;—that industry, sobriety, and prudent foresight are likely to spread among the labouring classes of that people, under the influence of liberty and commerce;—that the generous temper of its inhabitants will bind the lower to the higher classes by means of *free* donations from the wealthy to the poor;—that a diminution of vice and crime, and an increase of virtuous habits, will, with awful certainty, follow this state of things, producing great injury to this our Great Empire of Darkness;—

"Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted,—

"I. That for a more effectual abolition of charity and benevolence, the

great mass of the English nation shall be *compelled by law* to give as much, and, in many cases, more than they can conveniently give to the poor; so that, in paying to the tax-gatherer what they might have been induced to give for the gratification of kindness, they shall have all their worst passions excited:

"II. That to increase this evil moral tendency, the said people shall have both an opportunity and inducement to rejoice in seeing their neighbours *compelled* to be as *charitable* by *law* as themselves:

"III. That for the discountenancing of industry, forethought, and independence, all men who neglect these virtues shall have a legal claim to an indefinite portion of the property of those that practise them:

"IV. That in order to diminish affections, kindness, and the feelings of gratitude between the nearest relatives, the forced charity of the English nation shall be so distributed as to show to parents, husbands, and children, that it is folly, under such circumstances, to toil for the sustenance and comfort of those for whom they may fully and permanently provide by deserting them; and to this practical demonstration of the folly of *providing for one's household*,* shall be added the spiteful feeling, that to toil for the support of parents, wives, and children, is only saving so much money to the richer neighbours:

"V. That to encourage and spread idleness, drunkenness, and every kind of intemperance, a permanent provision shall be made for every man who throws away and mispends his earnings, and that this provision shall extend to the last day of every profligate man or woman; in a word, that destitution, in whatsoever manner brought on, shall be a lawful claim to a portion of the property of the industrious:

"VI. That to discountenance chastity, such a provision shall be made for bastards, that women may consider them as a source of income:

"VII. That to prevent accumulation of property among the labouring classes, wherever there may be a competition for labour, the improvident shall be preferred to those who are known to have saved any money; that the latter shall be allowed to live hard, and the former shall be assisted with money, and every thing contributing to ease and comfort, so as finally to break down all spirit of independence:

"VIII. That to secure, in the highest degree, the effect of the aforesaid enactments, all magistrates and overseers shall take care that the diet of paupers, and their maintenance in the workhouse, or anywhere else, shall be superior to that of honest and industrious labourers, though not equal in comfort and abundance to that of *convicts:*

"IX. That for the discouragement and depression of the Church, tithes shall be made rateable, or subject to the tax, for the maintenance of the poor, as above described, so that farmers may absorb as much as possible of the maintenance of the clergy in part of payment to their own labourers:

"XI. That, whereas a *blessing* was pronounced on the multiplication of mankind, when that multiplication is not, as among beasts, the result of blind appetite, but is brought about under the guidance of reason and foresight, this blessing shall be turned into a curse, by persuading people, that to follow a mere animal instinct is a virtue, and to bring human beings into existence, without providing for their maintenance and education, is a meritorious act; for, in fact, the law will have provided an inheritance for every child born into the world, at the expense of those who have saved and accumulated wealth to any amount, and till the property of the whole island shall be devoured by the multitudes thus made heirs of it, no child can be said to be unprovided for; and consequently it will be impossible to prove to those who marry in what is called an improvident manner, that they are improvident at all, for they see clearly that their children, to any number, cannot possibly be destitute."

Reader! we will not pursue this sport, for it is, indeed, a melancholy

* St. Paul.

one. We have thus far indulged in irony, because we thought that nothing can so effectually remove the delusion which makes people blind to the ruinous consequences of the Poor-Laws, as divesting them of the appearance of charity, benevolence, and generosity, by which they have deceived this nation. We think we have made it evident, that, if the invisible enemy of mankind himself had devised a refined method of obstructing, and finally ruining, the bright prospects which were opened to this nation in the reign of Elizabeth, the system of poor-laws would have answered his purpose better than any other. The practical effects of the laws, which are ignorantly called the *pride of the nation*, appear in a most appalling form in the evidence collected by Parliament, and, still more, in that of which the Board of Commissioners on the Poor-Laws are about to publish some extracts. Every one of the evils, moral as well as economical, which we have embodied in a supposed bill, conceived in a truly diabolical spirit, is fully proved, in that evidence, to arise from the poor-laws. The extracts from that most valuable mass of practical information will soon appear before the public. It will then be the duty of every honest man, whose opinion can have even the least weight, in private or in public, to make himself acquainted with the facts which have come to light upon this most important subject. The moral and political life of this great nation depend on the turn which public opinion shall take in regard to the poor-laws.

In order, however, not to delay some useful information on this matter, it has been thought advisable to publish the evidence delivered before the Committee of the House of Lords (in 1831) by a gentleman who, possessing a most accurate knowledge of the evil effects of the poor laws, has devoted his talents and efforts to the practical correction of their tendency. The evidence therein subjoined is that of the Rev. Thomas Whately, Rector of Cookham, in Berkshire. That evidence has been selected in preference to all other, because it shows how much may be done by a single man of intelligent and upright views, as well as firmness of character, in counteracting a most desperate evil. The conduct of Mr. Whately may be set forth as a safe and encouraging example to all who, being concerned in the administration of the poor-laws, may be sincerely desirous to serve their country, and not to betray its interests for the selfish purpose of gaining popularity at the expense of the nation, or with the pitiable object of indulging a morbid benevolence—a benevolence which injures the interests of the industrious and virtuous part of the community, to pamper the low luxuries of the idle and profligate. It is only the day preceding that on which the preface is written, that, casting a glance over the newspapers, we found the following fact in one of the reports of the "Morning Chronicle." We copy only the substance of the paragraph:—"Yesterday (March 5th, 1833) at least a dozen persons appeared at Queen-square Office, St. Margaret, Westminster, summoned for the non-payment of poor-rates. The arrears of these persons amounted to 80*l.* Some time was allowed them by the magistrates. Distress warrants were granted against several who, at the expiration of the respite which had been given to them, had failed to come forward with the money. Upwards of 100 inhabitants have been summoned for a similar cause to this office during the last two months."

This is an instance, taken entirely at random, of the daily distress and mischief occasioned by that *national* charity which robs the industrious in order to maintain the indolent. The inhabitants of Westminster who were thus harassed, and perhaps ruined by the operation of the poor-laws, must be either completely insensible to their own interests, or (what unfortunately cannot be expected) must be heroic examples of virtue and independence, not to conceive that it is folly to struggle against poverty. Let them renounce industry and labour, and they and their families will be immediately provided for, at the cost of such idiots as continue to live upon the fruits of their own industry.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

In 1721, one hundred and twelve years ago, the great diplomatic work of the time accomplished itself; and Europe, agitated on all sides, saw the most mortal enemies, George of Hanover and the Stuarts—the Court of Madrid and the Court of Vienna—the disciples of Luther and the disciples of Molina—unite to confer the sacred scarlet on the Priest of the Roués. The Cardinal de Rohan, the Abbé de Tencin, the Bishop de Sisteron, were enjoying, in the simple language of the time, "*un avant goût de Paradis.*" Dubois had purchased a cardinal's hat, which had only cost France eight millions of francs: that of Mazarin's brother had been more expensive.

"Le prêt des troupes a manqué nèt. Cependant des qu'il s'agit d'engagement pris par M. le Cardinal de Rohan, je voudrais pouvoir me vendre moi même fussé-je acheté pour les galères. . . . . J'envoie à M. de Rohan une lettre de change de dix mille pistoles, et je me suis engagé en mon propre nom pour deux cent quatre vingt mille livres." This was the language of the minister, who talked, as a matter of course, of leaving the army unpaid and unprovisioned, for the purpose of purchasing a paltry dignity for himself; and talked of this to a Frenchman—to a French gentleman—as a transaction known to a cardinal of one of the most noble houses of the country he was misgoverning and betraying. The minister was corrupt, the ambassador was corrupt, and his object was to corrupt those he was sent to. How clear, even at this distance of time, can we see these wily and reverend gentlemen of the Church gliding from palace to palace—whispering here, smiling there, and agitating with an earnest pensiveness the comparative importance of a bag of pistoles and a vote for the Pope; for it had been boldly decided by the Bishop of Lafitau, at the death of Clement XI., that the simplest mode of success was to buy the conclave at once, and to give the tiara to him who agreed to give the hat.

Such was the spirit which animated the diplomacy of 1721. This was 112 years ago, in which year the embassy at Rome alone cost France rather more than all the expenses of her foreign department in 1832, i.e., according to M. Bignon's report, 7,502,000 fr.

So much for representative governments and for public accounts; but that which surprises us is—that with the vast decrease that has taken place in the expenses of diplomacy, there has not been an entire and total change in its system. When the weightiest affairs of state were canvassed at a supper, and conducted in a quadrille—when peace or war depended upon a well-turned compliment to a prince, or a prince's mistress—and a becoming manner, and a graceful carriage, and an agreeable smile were the appropriate weapons of controversy, in those pink-satin official cabinets in which a Duchesse de Falari, or a Madame du Barri, agitated the grave interests of humanity—then indeed, as all political power was social power, it was wise to choose those who were to represent us from those who could carry into the boudoir or the drawing-room the greatest power to do so with advantage, and to give them, moreover, all necessary means of influencing that "vast polished horde" who bow before a good cook, a brilliant saloon, and a costly entertainment. But great is the change that has taken place in most of the courts

of Europe since the period of which we are speaking. The affairs which were lispingly discussed in the lady's chamber are now seriously debated in the representative assembly; and the secrets timidly uttered round the fauteuil of the minister are publicly printed in the daily papers. The nation is no longer circumscribed within the limits of a court; it is necessary, then, that diplomacy should become acquainted with the nation itself. The state is no longer moved by a parcel of petty puppets on the surface of affairs; it is necessary, then, to penetrate into the internal machinery of the state, and by becoming acquainted with its main and most important springs, foresee and foretell, if you cannot control, its movements. This should be the part of modern diplomacy, whose theatre, except in some few countries, is now almost as much in the workshop of the mechanic as in the monarch's palace. But this is a new, and, at first sight, a startling proposition. The genius of the present time is rather to spend as little as possible, and to confine and limit the object to be obtained, in order to confine and limit the expense necessary to its acquisition,—than to take that large and comprehensive view of economy which would teach us, that money employed by a state should be considered as capital employed by an individual, always profitably laid out when it brings in a return adequate to the advance. For years past, therefore, we, and other nations with us, have attempted to support our diplomatic inefficiency at a miserable trifle less than in years preceding, instead of entering upon the greater plan of rendering it cheaper by making it more useful.

With this view, a Committee sat in 1831, called, "a Select Committee on Civil Government Charges," and published its Report of the manner in which a few odds and ends might be pared off the diplomatic service, then for the first time removed from the civil list. "These arrangements," says the Committee, speaking of the arrangements proposed, "these arrangements appear at once calculated to protect the public interests in the foreign relations of the state, and to guard against improvident or lavish expenditure." Vague words, and such as are usually to be found in those Senatorial Reports, the main object of which seems to be that of saying nothings parliamentarily. What are our public interests in relation to foreign states? and what is improvident and lavish expenditure? Not the expenditure of a million, if it brings its adequate reward; but the expense of a farthing, if it brings no reward at all.

"The amount which is recommended for the future effective diplomatic expenditure of the country, exclusive of pensions to retired ministers, is 140,000*l.*, which not only effects the reductions recommended by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in November 1830, but carries those reductions still farther.

"This estimate also makes provision for four new missions, which the state of Europe and of the Americas may render it expedient, in the opinion of his Majesty's Government, to establish for the protection and promotion of British interests. The salaries of the first attachés, heretofore defrayed out of the civil contingencies, and which amount to 2950*l.* a year, are also included in this estimate.

"If by temporary vacancies, or absence on leave, the whole sum included in this estimate should not be taken, the surplus in each year will become a saving to the public.

"Your Committee have found, with satisfaction, from the letter of the Secretary of State of the 31st August, 1831, that in deciding upon all future

claims for diplomatic pensions, Lord Palmerston proposes to be strictly guided, as to the scale and limitation of such pensions, and as to the eventual limitation of their amounts, by the recommendation contained in the Third Report of the Finance Committee of 1828; an extract from which is inserted for more convenient reference and for more precise information:—

"'It appears further necessary to lay down more precise regulations with respect to the periods of service which shall in future give a title to such a provision. Your Committee, therefore, recommend—

"'1st. That no person whatever shall be entitled to receive a diplomatic pension until the expiration of fifteen years from the date of his first commission, nor unless he shall have actually served ten years:

"'2ndly. That no person shall be entitled to a pension of the first class (2000*l.* a-year) unless he shall have actually served three years as ambassador at some foreign court:

"'3dly. That pensions to envoys and ministers plenipotentiary at the greater courts shall not exceed 1500*l.* a-year, and shall not be granted until after five years residence in that capacity at a foreign court:

"'4thly. That pensions to envoys and ministers plenipotentiary at other courts, and to ministers, shall not exceed 1000*l.* a-year, after a similar period of residence:

"'5thly. That pensions in the remaining class shall not exceed 800*l.* a-year, under the same conditions as to time of residence.'

"It will be proper further to provide, that all diplomatic pensions shall be held subject to the condition of forfeiture in case of refusal to proceed to any mission of equal or higher rank; and of suspension or abatement in any case in which the party receiving the pension may be appointed to any other office of profit under the crown.

"In addition to these restrictions, the Committee were desirous of checking, by some positive rules, a practice which has prevailed to a considerable extent, of giving retired pensions to diplomatic servants having sufficient private fortunes; but finding, on mature consideration, great difficulty in laying down general regulations applicable to all cases, they think it better to content themselves with expressing their marked disapprobation of this practice: it could never, under any circumstances, be justifiable; but, if the whole fund be limited, as recommended, to 40,000*l.*, the Committee trust that this abuse will be prevented by a consideration of the evident injustice of burthening the fund with improper charges of this description, to the prejudice of those who have equal claims with respect to their service and better claims in respect to their pecuniary circumstances."

Such are the regulations laid down by the Committee; more narrow in their general view of active service, and more ridiculous and absurd in their view of retiring pensions, than any we can well conceive. The service of a man is made arbitrarily to consist in the period and the rank of his employment, so that a stupid younger son of my Lord Fiddle-faddle, who shall have remained his fifteen years, and regularly progressed, through home influence, in his career of insignificance, shall be rewarded for having, during that time, worn the King's button, while an active, enterprising individual, who, after ten years of really useful and efficient service, shall be obliged, by any official accident, to retire, will be thrown upon the world with broken energies and wasted vigour, without any means remaining in the hands of the minister or the crown to prevent him from starving. Then, says the Committee, "if any gentleman should refuse to accept active employment of an equal rank to that which he possessed on retiring, his pension is to be taken away from him. But supposing, after fifteen years, (since it is to be fifteen years,) in which a person has been devoting himself to a profession

which, when at the top of it, he is called upon, for no fault of his, to resign, supposing he should again, after an interval in which his health has materially suffered, be ordered to a climate which his physician says would be death,—is the very circumstance of ill health, which renders the pension imperatively necessary, to be the reason for taking it away?

What is a pension?—A reward for past services; and when you take away the pension, can you take away those past services? Can you render back the years of prime and of manhood, in which the world displayed itself with a variety of paths to fame and fortune, as tempting as the one which he took, all closed to him now? And then comes the petty desire, which generally distinguishes the gentlemen who figure in these Committees, of prying into everything, and taking cognizance of their neighbours' most private affairs.

"A man ought not to have a pension who cannot prove he has not enough to do without it!" What, we repeat, is a pension?—A reward for past services; and could a master say, at the end of a year, to his servant,—"You have no right to your wages, John, for I hear your father died last month, and left you 30*l.*, so don't come to me for money; you don't want it." "But, sir," would say the servant, "you have nothing to do with my father; I brushed your clothes and cleaned your boots, and this is all you have a right to know about the matter." There never, we will venture to say, was a piece of more narrow-minded arrogance and insufficient self-sufficiency than this said Report.

These fiddle-de-dee committees do not go to the bottom of the sore. The public of England is a sensibly-minded public; it knows the most extravagant thing in the world is to buy bad things what is called cheaply; it does not object to pay essential services well; it does not object, and never will object, to paying those well who have served it essentially. What it objects to, and what it is sensible upon, is paying as services those things which are no services at all. What it objects to, and is sensible upon, is rewarding things which are worth no reward at all. What the would-be economists are striving to do, is to give men a disgust for paying anything. What all sensible economists ought to endeavour to do, is to make every thing worthy of its pay. It is with this view that we take up the diplomatic service, with the desire of rendering it solidly and soberly beneficial to the public, and not keeping it as a mere refuge for official dandies, protocolising pedants, and insignificant grands seigneurs.

Estimate of the Sum required for the future Salaries and Allowances for House Rent of his Majesty's Diplomatic Servants abroad, 140,000*l.*

Statement in detail of the proposed Appropriation of the Sum of 140,000*l.*, estimated as the Sum required to provide for the Annual Salaries and Allowances for House Rent to his Majesty's Diplomatic Servants abroad.

Residence.	*Character.*	*Salary.*	*Allowance for House Rent.*
France	Ambassador	£10,000	—
	Secretary of Embassy	1000	—
	First attaché	400	—
Russia	Ambassador	10,000	1000
	Secretary of Embassy	1,000	—
	First attaché	400	—
	Carried forward,	£22,800	1000

	Brought forward,	£22,800	1000
Austria	Ambassador	9,000	900
	Secretary of Embassy	900	—
	First attaché	250	—
Turkey	Ambassador	6,500	—
	Secretary of Embassy	800	—
	First attaché	250	—
Spain	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	6,000	500
	Secretary of Legation	550	—
	First attaché	250	—
Prussia	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	5,000	500
	Secretary of Legation	550	—
	First attaché	250	—
Washington	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	4,500	500
	Secretary of Legation	550	—
	First attaché	200	—
Naples	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	4,000	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
	First attaché	—	—
Portugal	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	4,000	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
	First attaché	—	—
Brazil	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	4,000	500
	Secretary of Legation	550	—
	First attaché	250	—
Holland	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	3,600	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
	First attaché	—	—
Belgium	Envoy-Extraor. and Minister-Plenip.	3,600	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
	First attaché	—	—
Sweden	Envoy-Extraordinary	3,000	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
Denmark	Envoy	3,000	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
Bavaria	Envoy	3,600	400
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
Sardinia	Envoy	3,600	500
	Secretary of Legation	500	—
German Diet	Minister-Plenipotentiary	2,600	300
	Secretary of Legation	400	—
	Attaché and German Translator	200	—
Wurtemberg	Minister-Plenipotentiary	2,000	300
	Secretary of Legation	400	—
Saxony	Minister-Plenipotentiary	2,000	300
	Secretary of Legation	400	—
Tuscany	Minister-Plenipotentiary	2,000	300
	Secretary of Legation	400	—
Switzerland	Minister-Plenipotentiary	2,000	250
	Secretary of Legation	400	—
Greece	Minister-Plenipotentiary	2,000	200
	Secretary of Legation	400	—
Mexico	Minister-Plenipotentiary	3,600	400
	Secretary of Legation	600	—
	First attaché	200	—
Columbia	Minister-Plenipotentiary	3,600	400
	Secretary of Legation	600	—
	First attaché	300	—
	Carried forward,	£120,650	9650

		Brought forward,	£120,650	9650
Buenos Ayres	Minister-Plenipotentiary		3,000	300
	Secretary of Legation		500	—
	Agent		1,000	—
		Salaries	£125,150	9,950
		House Rent	9,950	
			£134,000	
Chili	Minister			
	Secretary			
Peru	Minister			
	Secretary		5,900	
Guatamala	Minister			
	Secretary			
Banda	Minister			
	Secretary			
			£140,000	

Now, we will take this list, and first look at it, since that is the fashion, on the simple score of ordinary retrenchment. The most obvious thing that should strike the gentlemen of the Committee was, that since (whatever may be the expenses of our own country) the expenses of an English gentleman abroad are the expenses of another gentleman; so, in knowing what we gave as sufficient to our ministers on the continent, it would be wise to ascertain what was given to the ministers of other powers.

It was simple and natural to expect this degree of information in the Committee; and yet we will venture to say, almost on our own individual knowledge and information, that not one knew the cost of the French, the Austrian, and the Russian diplomatic service. We will take the Russian service, the one best paid after ours, as a model; and we will venture to say, just glancing our eye down the preceding columns, that there is no Russian diplomatist who shall not confess, that even if we choose to preserve our system upon the same plan as at present, still we shall be able to reduce between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* from this 140,000*l.*

We will begin by leaving France, Austria, Russia, and Turkey as they are now.

Spain	£1000	from 6000
Russia	1000	&c.
Washington	1500	
Naples	1000	
Portugal	1000	
Brazil	1000	
Belgium	600	
Holland	600	
Denmark	100	
Bavaria	600	
Sardinia	6000	
Greece	1200	
	£11,100	
Wurtemberg	2,400	
Tuscany	2,400	
Carried forward,	£15,900	

		Brought forward,	£15,900
House Rent	.	. .	9,950
Instead of	£13,500 5,900 £19,400	£10,000 . .	9,400
			£35,250

In all the courts in which we have diminished the salary, it still remains as high, and in some instances higher, than that given by other governments. The ordinary salary of the Russian minister at Madrid is 4000*l.*; and at Berlin, where the chief part of the Russian minister's duty is ostentation, since there is a military diplomatist residing there also, that cabinet, less economical than any other when an object is to be obtained, allows their minister but 4000*l.*, to which we are reducing ours. To the two missions we have erased we should have added another, 'Saxony.' Saxony and Wurtemberg, in adopting the name of kingdoms, are the mere magni nominis umbræ—perfect nonentities, as independent states; while it is still more ridiculous to send any one to be present at their insignificance at home, since we have a minister expressly appointed to see them arrayed in all their feebleness at the Diet. The farce of a minister at Florence is only relieved by the part being assigned to Mr. Seymour, the most able of the rising young men in the service, and the one therefore on whom all the business resulting from the late transactions in Italy has devolved; but it is too absurd to have three ministers in Italy, in order that, if any business should by chance occur there, one of the three may be able to transact it. Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian chargé d'affaires at Florence, has 600*l.* a year, and there is no sort of political necessity to have a resident at all. Greece we have reduced from 2400*l.* to 1200*l.* because we conceive, in the present unsettled state of that country, where no kind of representation is required, an active and intelligent young man, who took it as his first step from a secretaryship of embassy, would be quite sufficient; more especially considering, that we have a governor in the Ionian Islands and Malta, a minister at Naples, and an ambassador at Constantinople, from whom he might always, in particular cases, receive instructions. Nine thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds we have deducted from house rent, because the salaries, as we have left them, are quite sufficient to meet that charge. M. Pozzo de Borgo, at Paris, has his house found him; but then he has but 9000*l.* a year, and is obliged to keep a daily table for those gentlemen attached to his mission. The South American missions, (with the Albanian consul, for whom we see no necessity,) already cost 13,300*l.*, and 5000*l.* more is allotted for visionary empires in America yet unborn. In the present uncertain state of that part of the world, and the more probable utility of consular than diplomatic agents, that 10,000*l.* per annum, exclusive of the 3750*l.* allotted to the Brazils, would be amply sufficient; which sum we would leave it at the discretion of the minister, according to the varying destiny of these daily dying dynasties, to distribute and bestow. And thus, if our sole object were saving, we have, merely taking the ostentatious court of Russia as a model shown that an enormous decrease in expenditure might be effected, and this without cutting off the miserable perquisites of clerks and persons

of inferior grades, as is usually the plan, but from the ambassadors and ministers themselves, whom, however, we still suppose, in the allowances we give them, to be dependent on their salaries for support. If saving then were our paramount object, here are upwards of 36,000*l.* which we defy any man at all acquainted with the matter to deny might fairly be obtained to the public; no great sum, perhaps, but at all events one far greater than the miserable 4000*l.* to which such a solemn sacrifice of principles was made in the election of the present Speaker; but we did not commence this article with that limited view of economy before us. One mode of economizing, as we have said, the public service is, by rendering the public service more efficient. 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* spent in the capital of France is a sum which this country ought not to compare with the advantages which might be procured by that sum wisely spent there; and here we come back to the theory, or rather to the fact, we set out with. France is no longer to be met in a drawing-room—the engines of its power are not to be wielded, the secrets of its policy are not to be discovered there. Be closeted for two hours in the most confidential manner with the monarch; hold a whispering discourse, of the most private nature, in yonder corner with the prime minister; let either of them tell you all they *mean* to do, you are as ignorant as ever until you have learnt what they really *can* do. Learn the state of the finances, the state of the army, the disposition of the people; if you know them well, you know all about peace or war that the first man in the kingdom can tell you. Do you wish to ascertain the result of any commercial proposition you have to make? Do not go to M. Thiers or Mons. D'Argout; feel the pulse of the manufacturing districts which will suffer, and of the consuming population that will gain by it; ascertain whether the bias of opinion in the country is in your favour; what number of deputies in the chamber are enrolled against you; and, when you have done this, sit down and write your dispatches. What we want to know is, not whether 11,000*l.* is too much to allot to our diplomacy in Paris, but whether that 11,000*l.* is spent in the most useful and advantageous manner.

At the head of the Paris embassy is Lord Granville, a high-bred and distinguished nobleman, and possessing all those advantages of station and education which might fit him for his office. Mr. Hamilton Hamilton, a gentleman of fair acquirements, who has seen much service, is secretary of the embassy; Mr. Ashburnham, a well-informed and well educated man, is paid as attaché; and then there are other gentlemen attached to the embassy without receiving any salary. These attachés happen to be well-informed; have seen a good deal of the world, and been employed at various courts. One would imagine then that there is sufficient talent combined here to do a good deal, if well employed—now how is it employed? What they have to do, is simply to copy dispatches, and every talent they have, beyond that of writing legibly, is lost to the public. Could not these gentlemen be employed differently? Would not one, the youngest in the service, be sufficient to do all the business of copying? But not only does an attaché do nothing, but it is presumed that, because he is an attaché, he is unfit to do any thing. For instance,—

The government have wished to enter into some commercial arrangement with France. It has been thought desirable to have a report of the state of commerce in France. Is this embassy, costing the country so

much, and possessing so much ability, which costs the country nothing—is this embassy incapable to negotiate this arrangement? to make this report? If it is incapable to do this, it is a disgrace to the country that sends it forth! If it is not incapable, which, knowing the persons it is composed of, we must suppose,—why, in the name of Providence, send Dr. Bowring and Mr. Villiers, with five guineas a day, to do what might be done just as well without them! Not that they are not able men, and well worth their five guineas a day, but they are doing that which others there are capable of doing, and are paid to do.

But the answer might be, if it so happen, by chance, that the gentlemen attached to the embassy at Paris are better informed than gentlemen in that situation in general, and therefore capable of doing more than copying dispatches, it does not follow that this is always likely to be the case; on the contrary, people who are paid nothing are generally capable of doing nothing, and therefore we proceed upon a general principle, and suppose these gentlemen to be as ignorant as those who preceded them were, and as those who succeed them are likely to be. There may be some truth in this; but the question then is, whether the 11,500*l.* given to the embassy at Paris might not be so given and distributed as to procure a certain supply of much greater and more useful talent for business, together with all the social advantages, which we do not mean to despise, that are connected with the present system.

The chief fault which strikes us after the observations we have been making is, that the only person presumed to have any capacity in an embassy is the ambassador; he is the only person who receives a considerable salary, and this salary is surely beyond all the sober wants of his station. But the business which devolves upon him for his salary is, after all, a very insignificant one. He has to give soirees, and to hold conversations with ministers, and out of a variety of reports and assurances to frame dispatches. But the information he collects is generally caught upon the mere surface of society; all he pretends to occupy himself with is the news of the day; and if the minister of foreign affairs in England were to arrive at his hotel and to say—"Now, what is the position of France? what is the actual state of her resources? what is the tendency of her opinions? what the feelings in the various classes of her society and of her provinces?" he would find the ambassador's mind—we speak of any ambassador's mind—a perfect chaos. He would have formed no idea, collected no materials for forming any idea upon these questions, and all at most that he could tell you would be, what the Tribune, or the Débats, or the Quotidienne, had said the day previous. But if our diplomatists are in this general state of ignorance respecting the countries they inhabit, it is almost impossible to describe the ignorance which Englishmen, in general, have of the continent, and of continental affairs. Not twenty persons in either house of parliament ever dream of occupying themselves about them; and when we are called upon to decide upon any question of foreign policy, we do it with our ears and our mouths open, ready to receive all the wonderful things that are told us, and even too ignorant to pretend to know any thing of the matter. Now, between interfering with the affairs of the continent, and understanding those affairs, there is a wide difference, and we would wish the House of Commons, from time to time, to receive more valuable documents than those seventy odd protocols which Lord Palmerston

was lately so obliging as to lay before them. Thus, then, we would fairly recast the whole of our diplomacy: the principles we should go upon would be, first, to avoid all little courts. Their expense is not only useless, but they cramp and fetter the energies of the persons employed there, and if any person doubts it, we wish he would read Mirabeau's "Mémoires Secrètes."

Secondly; we would adapt the embassy, both as to its formation and its expenditure, to the country it is intended for. In Russia and Austria, where every thing is yet done through the influence of an imperial court, the establishment kept up, the persons employed, and the salaries given, should be of another kind from those where society, and the influences of society, are totally different. Here is one of the great changes of modern times. All countries,—all great countries, at least in the time of Louis XV.,—were governed alike. Now their governments differ greatly from one another; and that which is necessary to acquire influence in one species of society, and under one species of government, may not succeed in doing so in another.

Thirdly; we would at once provide for the capacity of the persons employed, and for the utility and importance of their employment. In Prussia, a very strict examination is, in the first instance, necessary in order to enter the diplomacy at all as an unpaid attaché. When the attaché is promoted to secretary, a still stricter examination follows; and thus, though you may not be sure that you have all brilliant diplomatists, you are at least certain that you have not absolutely ignorant men. This example we would imitate; it would shut out all mere saunterers from the profession, and elevate the tone by increasing the acquirements of the persons belonging to it: and, having thus provided for the suitable education of those who enter the diplomacy, we would proceed to a different distribution of its employments.

At Paris, there is now an ambassador who receives 10,000*l.*, a secretary who receives 1000*l.*, an attaché 400*l.*, and three or four attachés who receive nothing. The ambassador writes dispatches of the news of the day; the attachés copy the dispatches, and the secretary sees that they are copied; the whole process much reminding one of John who was doing nothing, and Susan who was helping John.

Now, we would take this 11,400*l.*, and thus distribute it: there should be three secretaries, intelligent men, who had arrived at their post through a proper examination; to each of these should be assigned a separate department; one should study and report the state of manufactures and commerce, and finance; another, of the army, navy, and fortifications; a third, of education and opinion; and each should receive a salary graduating from 600*l.* to 1000*l.* a year, i.e. in all 2200*l.* The secretary of embassy, a grade above these, should make a *précis* of their various reports, which would be always ready for the use of the ambassador, and which should be laid before the two Houses of Parliament once a year, who would thus be constantly in possession of the dispositions and resources of foreign powers. The salary of the secretary of embassy would be, following the same graduation, 1,200*l.* a year—sum total, 3400*l.*; there would still remain 8100*l.* Now 1000*l.* we would allow, and that is ample, for a hotel, and 5000*l.* in addition would be sufficient for all the necessary purposes of social influence and hospitality—Sum total, 9400*l.*; remains, 2000*l.*

In regard to unpaid attachés, we admit there is much advantage in

persons who are to transact business in foreign countries becoming, in early life, acquainted with the language, the habits, and the persons of those with whom they may afterwards have to act; and if the gentlemen admitted into this caste were purified, by the examination we have alluded to, from the outcasts of Almack's, whose bills to their tailors make them diplomatists, we think much service might be derived from young men being attached to the diplomatic corps in early life; and to each secretary then there should be an unpaid attaché.

By these regulations we should, at this moment, bring Paris to a diminished expense of 2000*l.*, besides getting rid of the expense and the absurdity of the two extra commissioners. We should have an ambassador furnished with all the means of knowing the exact state in every department of the country he was dealing with. We should have men studying successively a variety of different branches of useful political science, and acquiring an extensive and almost universal knowledge of various countries, which, when they arrived at the head of their profession, and had to express political opinions, would give them at once a clear, and comprehensive, and long-sighted view of political affairs. We should also have the younger men something more than mere idlers, with the necessity and the reward of application just before them: while we ourselves, instructed through our legislature by the reports that were laid before us, should become daily better acquainted with those facts by which we might safely direct our policy: and doing all this, we should be doubling our efficiency in one of the most important, and diminishing our expense in one of the most expensive, courts in Europe at the present moment. When our plan is followed up, its features will appear to still stronger advantage.

In Germany, for instance, by striking off the little courts to which we have stated our objections, and we would add Bavaria to Wurtemberg and Saxony, merely preserving a minister at Berlin and Vienna, we should be able, at a reduced expenditure of 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* a-year, to have two far more efficient missions in these important parts, and something more than a mere chargé-d'affaires at Francfort, where all the affairs of Germany, as Germany, are carried on.

But mere saving, as we said at first, is but a small part of our plan. By this system we should not have an embassy in any country in which would not be found all the statistical details of that country: we should not have a foreign minister who would not have all the statistical details of every country (the best basis surely of any general line of policy) within his reach in Downing-street. Nor would there be a man in the House of Commons who might not, in the ordinary receipt of his parliamentary papers, become acquainted with something of the state of education, of opinion, of commerce, and of the means for hostile aggression and defence in every country he heard mention of.

We have only followed out our plan with any distinctness in respect to Paris, but we have said that one of our principles would be to alter and modify that plan in other countries as it might seem desirable. By this we mean that in Petersburgh, where it might be necessary to cultivate social influence more than positive information, since a despotism is governed by the feelings of the individual more than by the interests of the state—there we would allow a greater proportion to be spent in acquiring mere social influence; and, on the same principle, as our ambassadors

should be better paid, so our secretaries might be worse paid. To this we need not add that, in those states like Denmark and Sweden, too small to afford much matter of interest, but yet too interesting to be wholly neglected, the departments we have separated might be conjoined, and one secretary and one attaché would be sufficient. We have not time to give further developement to our idea. Still, faint as is this outline of the system we have hastily shadowed out, sufficient has been said of it to show its advantages, as a system, over the present. If we had merely wished to economize upon that present system, we should have dwelt on the salaries in France, where there are nine ambassadors, amounting but to 100,000*l.*, and said that Prussia, for 80,000*l.*, pays the whole expenses, including couriers, of her diplomacy. But we have been rather anxious to open a new and wide field for the exertions of diplomacy than to contract its expenses; we have been desirous to remove it from the carpeted boudoir, as affairs have in reality been removed, to the great floor of Nations; we have been desirous to take it from petty passions and trifling intrigues and pursuits, and to bring it into contact with great and important interests; we have been desirous to make it, in these days of light and of truth, the instructor and not the deceiver, the improver and not the corruptor,—and, diplomatists ourselves, we have felt, as the subject warmed upon us, some enthusiasm at finding what *might* be the object of our profession.

P. L.

THE GENIUS OF MOLIERE.

The genius of comedy not only changes with the age, but appears different among different people. Manners and customs not only vary among European nations, but are alike mutable from one age to another, even in the same people. These vicissitudes are often fatal to comic writers; our old school of comedy has been swept off the stage; and our present uniformity of manners has deprived our modern writers of those rich sources of invention when persons lived more isolated, and society was less monotonous; and Jonson and Shadwell gave us what they called "*the humours*,"—that is, the individual or particular characteristics of men.

But however tastes and modes of thinking may be inconstant, and customs and manners alter, at bottom the ground-work is Nature's, in every production of comic genius. A creative genius guided by an unerring instinct, though he draws after the contemporary models of society, will retain his pre-eminence beyond his own age and his own nation. Time may render his work obsolete, for new follies will supplant old ones, but here the workmanship may be said to survive the work; the mind outlasts the matter; what was temporary and local disappears, but what appertains to universal nature endures. The picture of existing manners may dim with age, but the figure of man, if rightly drawn, remains ever the same. It is on this principle that the scholar dwells on the grotesque pleasantries of the sarcastic Aristophanes, though the Athenian manners, and his exotic personages, have long vanished.

Moliere was a creator in the *art of comedy*—and although his per-

sonages were the contemporaries of Louis the Fourteenth, and his manners, in the critical acceptation of the term, local and temporary, yet his admirable genius opened that secret path of Nature, which is so rarely found among the great names of the most literary nations. Cervantes remains single in Spain; in England, Shakspeare is a consecrated name; and centuries may pass away before the French people shall witness another Moliere.

The history of this comic poet is the tale of powerful genius creating itself amidst the most adverse elements. We have the progress of that self-education which struck out an untried path of its own, from the time Moliere had not yet acquired his art, to the glorious days when he gave his France a Plautus in his farce, a Terence in his composition, and a Menander in his moral truths. But the difficulties overcome, and the disappointments incurred, his modesty and his confidence, and, what was not less extraordinary, his own domestic life in perpetual conflict with his character, open a more strange career, in some respects, than has happened to most others of the high order of his genius.

It was long the fate of Moliere to experience that restless importunity of genius which feeds on itself, till it discovers the pabulum it seeks. Moliere not only suffered that tormenting impulse, but it had come accompanied by the unhappiness of a mistaken direction. And this has been the lot of some who for many years have thus been lost to themselves and to the public.

A man born among the obscure class of the people, thrown among the itinerant companies of actors, for France had not yet a theatre, occupied to his last hours by too devoted a management of his own dramatic corps; himself, too, an original actor in the characters by himself created; with no better models of composition than the Italian farces *all' improvista*, and whose fantastic gaiety he, to the last, loved too well, becomes the personal favourite of the most magnificent monarch, and the intimate of the most refined circles. Thoughtful observer of these new scenes and new personages, he sports with the affected *précieuses* and the fluttering *marquises*, as with the *naïve* ridiculousness of the *bourgeois*, and the wild pride and egotism of the *parvenus;* and with more profound designs and a hardier hand, unmasks the impostures of false *pretenders* in all professions. His scenes, such was their verity, seem but the reflections of his reminiscences. His fertile facility when touching on transient follies; his wide comprehension, and his moralising vein, in his more elevated comedy, display, in this painter of man, the poet and the philosopher, and, above all, the great moral satirist. Moliere has shown that the most successful reformer of the manners of a people is a great comic poet.

The youth *Pocquelin*—this was his family name—was designed by the *tapissier*, his father, to be the heir of the hereditary honours of an ancient standing, which had maintained the Pocquelins through four or five generations, by the articles of a furnishing upholsterer. His grandfather was a haunter of the small theatres of that day, and the boy often accompanied this venerable critic of the family to his favourite recreations. The actors were usually more excellent than their pieces; some had carried the mimetic art to the perfection of eloquent gesticulation. In these loose scenes of inartificial and burlesque pieces was the genius of Moliere cradled and nursed; and never to the last were they absent from his fancy. The changeful scenes of the *Théâtre de Bourgogne* deeply

busied the boy's imagination to the great detriment of the *tapisserie* of all the Pocquelins.

The father groaned, the grandfather clapped, the boy remonstrated, till, at fourteen years of age, he was consigned, as "un mauvais sujet," (so his father qualified him,) to the college of the Jesuits at Clermont, where the author of the "Tartuffe" passed five years, studying—for the Bar!

Philosophy and logic were waters which he deeply drank; and sprinklings of his college studies often pointed the satire of his more finished comedies. To ridicule false learning and false taste one must be intimate with the true.

On his return to the metropolis, the old humour broke out at the representation of the inimitable Scaramouch of the Italian Theatre. The irresistible passion drove him from his law studies, and cast young Pocquelin among a company of amateur actors, whose fame soon enabled them not to play gratuitously. Pocquelin was the manager and the modeller, for, under his studious eye, this company were induced to imitate Nature with the simplicity the poet himself wrote.

The prejudices of the day, both civil and religious, had made these private theatres, no great national theatre yet existing, the resource of the idler, the dissipated, and even of the unfortunate in society. The youthful adventurer affectionately offered a free admission to the dear Pocquelins. They rejected their *entrées* with horror, and sent their genealogical tree, drawn afresh, to shame the truant who had wantoned into the luxuriance of genius. To save the honour of the parental upholsterers, Pocquelin concealed himself under the immortal name of Moliere.

The future creator of French comedy had now passed his thirtieth year, and as yet his reputation was confined to his own dramatic corps—a pilgrim in the caravan of ambulatory comedy. He had provided several farces, temporary novelties, and by some of their titles they appear to have been the preludes of Moliere's inventions. Boileau regretted the loss of *Le Docteur Amoureux;* and by others we detect the abortive conceptions of some of his future pieces. The severe judgment of Moliere suffered his skeletons to perish, but when he had discovered the art of comic writing, with equal discernment he resuscitated them.

Not only had Moliere not yet discovered the true bent of his genius, but, still more unfortunate, he had as greatly mistaken it as when he proposed turning *avocat*, for he imagined that his most suitable character was tragic. He wrote a tragedy, and he acted in a tragedy; the tragedy he composed was condemned at Bourdeaux; the mortified poet flew to Grenoble; still the unlucky tragedy haunted his fancy; he looked on it with paternal eyes, in which there were tears. Long after, when Racine, a youth, offered him a very unactable tragedy, Moliere presented him with his own:—"Take this, for I am convinced that the subject is highly tragic, notwithstanding my failure." The great dramatic poet of France opened his career by recomposing the condemned tragedy of the comic wit, in *La Thébaide.* In the illusion that he was a great tragic actor, deceived by his own susceptibility, though his voice denied the tones of passion, he acted in one of Corneille's tragedies, and quite allayed the alarm of a rival company on the announcement. It was not, however, so when the author-actor vivified one of his own native personages; then, inimitably comic, every new representation seemed to be a new creation.

It is a remarkable feature, though not perhaps a singular one, in the character of this great comic writer, that he was one of the most serious of men, and even of a melancholic temperament. One of his lampooners wrote a satirical comedy on the comic poet, where he figures as Moliere hypochondre. Boileau, who knew him intimately, happily characterised Moliere as *le Contemplateur*. This deep pensiveness is revealed in his physiognomy.

The genius of Moliere, long undiscovered by himself, in its first attempts in a higher walk did not move alone; it was crutched by imitation, and it often deigned to plough with another's heifer. He copied whole scenes from Italian comedies, and plots from Italian novelists: his sole merit was their improvement. The great comic satirist, who hereafter was to people the stage with a dramatic crowd who were to live on to posterity, had not yet struck at that secret vein of originality—the fairy treasure which one day was to cast out such a prodigality of invention. His two first comedies, *L'Etourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, which he had only ventured to bring out in a provincial theatre, were grafted on Italian and Spanish comedy. Nothing more original offered to his imagination than the Roman, the Italian, and the Spanish drama; the cunning adroit slave of Terence; the tricking, bustling *Gracioso* of modern Spain; old fathers, the dupes of some scape-grace, or of their own senile follies, with lovers sighing at cross purposes. The germ of his future powers may, indeed, be discovered in these two comedies, for insensibly to himself he had fallen into some scenes of natural simplicity. In *L'Etourdi*, Mascarille, "le Roi des Serviteurs," which Moliere himself admirably personated, is one of those defunct characters of the Italian comedy no longer existing in society; yet, like our Touchstone, but infinitely richer, this new ideal personage still delights by the fertility of his expedients and his perpetual and vigorous gaiety. In *Le Dépit Amoureux* is the exquisite scene of the quarrel and reconciliation of the lovers.* In this fine scene, though perhaps but an amplification of the well-known ode of Horace, *Donec gratus eram tibi*, Moliere consulted his own feelings, and betrayed his future genius.

It was after an interval of three or four years that the provincial celebrity of these comedies obtained a representation at Paris; their success was decisive. This was an evidence of public favour which did not accompany Moliere's more finished productions, which were so far unfortunate that they were more intelligible to the few; in fact, the first comedies of Moliere were not written above the popular taste; the spirit of true comedy, in a profound knowledge of the heart of man, and in the delicate discriminations of individual character, was yet unknown. Moliere was satisfied to excel his predecessors, but he had not yet learnt his art.

The rising poet was now earnestly sought after; a more extended circle of society now engaged his contemplative habits. He looked around on living scenes no longer through the dim spectacles of the old comedy, and he projected a new species, which was no longer to depend on its conventional grotesque personages and its forced incidents; he aspired to please a more critical audience, by making his dialogue the conversation of society, and his characters its portraits.

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* A scene exquisitely conceived, and painted by one of our living artists, who, on more than one occasion, has shown a pencil imbued with the ideas of Moliere and Le Sage.

Introduced to the literary coterie of the Hotel de Rambouillet, a new view opened on the favoured poet. To occupy a seat in this envied circle was a distinction in society. The professed object of this re-union of nobility and literary persons, at the hotel of the Marchioness of Rambouillet, was to give a higher tone to all France, by the cultivation of the language, the intellectual refinement of their compositions, and last, but not least, to inculcate the extremest delicacy of manners. The recent civil dissensions had often violated the urbanity of the court, and a grossness prevailed in conversation which offended the scrupulous. This novel intellectual court was composed of both sexes. They were to be the arbiters of taste, the legislators of criticism, and, what was less tolerable, the models of genius. No work was to be stamped into currency which bore not the mint-mark of the hotel.

In the annals of fashion and literature, no coterie has presented a more instructive and amusing exhibition of the abuses of learning, and the aberrations of ill-regulated imaginations, than the Hotel de Rambouillet, by its ingenious absurdities. Their excellent design to refine the language, the manners, and even morality itself, branched out into every species of false refinement; their science run into trivial pedantries, their style into a fantastic jargon, and their spiritualising delicacy into the very puritanism of prudery. Their frivolous distinction between the mind and the heart, which could not always be made to go together, often perplexed them as much as their own jargon, which was not always intelligible, even to the initiated. The French Academy is said to have originated in the first meetings of the hotel; and it is probable that some sense and taste, in its earliest days, may have visited this society, for we do not begin such refined follies without some show of reason.

The local genius of the hotel was feminine, though the most glorious men of the literature of France were among its votaries. The great magnet was the famed Mademoiselle Scudery, whose voluminous romances were their code, and it is supposed these tomes preserve some of their lengthened *conversaziones*. In the novel system of gallantry of this great inventor of amorous and metaphysical "twaddle," the ladies were to be approached as beings nothing short of celestial paragons; they were addressed in a language not to be found in any dictionary but their own, and their habits were more fantastic than their language; a sort of domestic chivalry formed their etiquette. Their baptismal names were to them profane, and their assumed ones were drawn from the folio romances—those bibles of love. At length all ended in a sort of Freemasonry of gallantry, which had its graduated orders, and whoever was not admitted into the mysteries was not permitted to prolong his existence—that is, his residence among them. The apprenticeship of the craft was to be served under certain *Introducers to Ruelles.*

Their card of invitation was either a rondeau or an enigma, which served as a subject to open conversation. The lady received her visiters reposing on that throne of beauty, a bed, placed in an alcove; the toilet was magnificently arranged. The space between the bed and the wall was called the *Ruelle*, the diminutive of *la Rue*, and in this narrow street, or "Fop's alley," walked the favoured. But the chevalier who was graced by the honorary title of *l'Alcoviste*, was at once master of the household and master of the ceremonies. His character is pointedly defined by St. Evremond, as "a lover whom the *Précieuse* is to love

without enjoyment, and to enjoy in good earnest her husband with aversion." The scene offered no indecency to such delicate minds, and much less the impassioned style which passed between "the dears," or "les chères," as they called themselves. Whatever offered an idea, of what their jargon denominated *charnelle*, was treason and exile. Years passed ere the hand of the elected maiden was kissed by its martyr. The celebrated Julia d'Angennes was beloved by the Duke de Montausier, but fourteen years elapsed ere she would yield a "yes." When the faithful Julia was no longer blooming, the Alcoviste Duke gratefully took up the remains of her beauty.

Their more curious project was the reform of the style of conversation, to purify its grossness, and invent novel terms for familiar objects. Menage drew up a "Petition of the Dictionaries," which, by their severity of taste, had nearly become superannuated. They succeeded better with the marchandes des modes and the jewellers, furnishing a vocabulary excessively *précieuse*, by which people bought their old wares with new names. At length they were so successful in their neology, that with great difficulty they understood one another. It is, however, worth observation, that the orthography invented by the *Précieuses*, who, for their convenience, rejected all the redundant letters in words, was adopted and is now used; and their pride of exclusiveness in society introduced the singular term *s'encanailler*, to describe a person who haunted low company, while their morbid purity had ever on their lips the word *obscénité*, terms which Moliere ridicules, but whose expressiveness has preserved them in the language.

Ridiculous as some of these extravagancies now appear to us, they had been so closely interwoven with the elegance of the higher ranks, and so intimately associated with genius and literature, that the veil of fashion consecrated almost the mystical society, since we find among its admirers the most illustrious names of France.

Into this elevated and artificial circle of society, our youthful and unsophisticated poet was now thrown, with a mind not vitiated by any prepossessions of false taste, studious of nature and alive to the ridiculous. But how was the comic genius to strike at the follies of his illustrious friends—to strike, but not to wound? A provincial poet and actor to enter hostilely into the sacred precincts of these Exclusives? Tormented by his genius, Moliere produced *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, but admirably parried, in his preface, any application to them, by averring that it was aimed at their imitators—their spurious mimics in the country. The *Précieuses Ridicules* was acted in the presence of the assembled Hotel de Rambouillet with immense applause. A central voice from the pit, anticipating the host of enemies and the fame of the reformer of comedy, exclaimed, "Take courage, Moliere, this is true comedy." The learned Menage was the only member of the society who had the good sense to detect the drift; he perceived the snake in the grass. "We must now," said this sensible pedant, in a remote allusion to the fate of idolatry and the introduction of Christianity, to the poetical pedant Chapelain, "follow the counsel which St. Renie gave to Clovis: we must burn all that we adored, and adore what we have burnt." The success of the comedy was universal; the company doubled their prices; the country gentry flocked to witness the marvellous novelty which far exposed that false taste, that romance-impertinence, and that sickly affectation, which

had long disturbed the quiet of families. Cervantes had not struck more adroitly at Spanish rhodomontade.

At this universal reception of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Moliere, it is said, exclaimed—"I need no longer study Plautus and Terence, nor poach in the fragments of Menander; I have only to study the world." It may be doubtful whether the great comic satirist, at that moment, caught the sudden revelation of his genius, as he did subsequently in his *Tartuffe*, his *Misanthrope*, his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and others. The *Précieuses Ridicules* was the germ of his more elaborate *Femmes Savantes*, which was not produced till after an interval of twelve years.

Moliere returned to his old favourite *canevas*, or plots of Italian farces and novels, and Spanish comedies, which, being always at hand, furnished comedies of intrigue. *L'Ecole des Maris* is an inimitable model of this class.

But comedies which derive their chief interest from the ingenious mechanism of their plots, however poignant the delight of the artifice of the *denouement*, are somewhat like an epigram, once known, the brilliant point is blunted by repetition. This is not the fate of those representations of men's actions, passions, and manners, in the more enlarged sphere of human nature, where an eternal interest is excited, and will charm on the tenth repetition.

No! Moliere had not yet discovered his true genius; he was not yet emancipated from his old seductions. A rival company was reputed to have the better actors for tragedy, and Moliere resolved to compose an heroic drama, on the passion of jealousy, a favourite one on which he was incessantly ruminating. *Don Garcie de Navarre, ou le Prince Jaloux*, the hero personated by himself, terminated by the hisses of the audience.

The fall of the *Prince Jaloux* was nearly fatal to the tender reputation of the poet and the actor. The world became critical; the Marquises, and the Précieuses, and recently the Bourgeois, who was sore from *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire*, were up in arms; and the rival theatre maliciously raised the halloo, flattering themselves that the comic genius of their dreaded rival would be extinguished by the ludicrous convulsed hiccough to which Moliere was liable in his tragic tones, but which he adroitly managed in his comic parts.

But the genius of Moliere was not to be daunted by cabals, nor even injured by his own imprudence. *Le Prince Jaloux* was condemned in February 1661, and the same year produced *L'Ecole des Maris* and *Les Facheux*. The happy genius of the poet opened on his Zoiluses a series of dramatic triumphs.

Foreign critics, Tiraboschi and Schlegel, have depreciated the Frenchman's invention, by insinuating, that were all that Moliere borrowed taken from him, little would remain of his own. But they were not aware of his dramatic creation, even when he appropriated the slight inventions of others; they have not distinguished the eras of the genius of Moliere, and the distinct classes of his comedies. Moliere had the art of amalgamating many distinct inventions of others into a single inimitable whole. Whatever might be the herbs, and the reptiles thrown into the mystical cauldron, the incantation of genius proved to be truly magical.

Facility and fecundity may produce inequality, for on these occasions

the poet wrestles with Time; but when a man of genius works, they are imbued with a raciness which the anxious diligence of inferior minds can ever yield. Shakspeare, probably, poured forth many scenes in this spirit. The multiplicity of the pieces of Moliere, their different merits, and their distinct classes—all written within the space of twenty years—display, if any poet ever did, this wonder-working faculty. The truth is, that few of his comedies are finished works; he never satisfied himself, even in his most applauded productions. Necessity bound him to furnish novelties for his theatre; he rarely printed any work. *Les Facheux*, an admirable series of scenes, in three acts, and in verse, was "planned, written, rehearsed, and represented in a single fortnight." Many of his dramatic effusions were precipitated on the stage; the humorous scenes of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* were thrown out to enliven a royal fête.

This versatility and felicity of composition made every thing, with Moliere, a subject for comedy. He invented two novelties, such as the stage had never before witnessed. Instead of a grave defence from the malice of his critics, and the flying gossip of the court circle, Moliere found out the art of congregating the public to "the quarrels of authors." He dramatised his critics. In a comedy without a plot, and in scenes which seemed rather spoken than written, and with characters more real than personated, he displayed his genius by collecting whatever had been alleged to depreciate it; and *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, is still a delightful production. This singular drama resembles the sketch-book of an artist, the croquis of portraits,—the loose hints of thoughts, many of which we discover were more fully delineated in his subsequent pieces. With the same rapid conception, he laid hold of his embarrassments to furnish dramatic novelties as expeditiously as the king required. Louis XIV. was himself no indifferent critic, and more than once suggested an incident or a character to his favourite poet. In *L'Impromptu de Versailles*, Moliere appears in his own person, and in the midst of his whole company, with all the irritable impatience of a manager who had no piece ready. Amidst this green-room bustle, Moliere is advising, reprimanding, and imploring his "ladies and gentlemen." The characters in this piece are, in fact, the actors themselves, who appear under their own names; and Moliere himself reveals many fine touches of his own poetical character, as well as his managerial. The personal pleasantries on his own performers, and the hints for plots, and the sketches of character which the poet incidentally throws out, form a perfect dramatic novelty. Some of these he himself subsequently adopted, and others have been followed up by some dramatists without rivalling Moliere. The Figaro of Beaumarchais is a descendant of the Mascarille of Moliere; but the glory of rivalling Moliere was reserved for our own stage. Sheridan's "Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," is a congenial dramatic satire with these two pieces of Moliere, and it is not improbable was suggested by them.

The genius of Moliere had now stept out of the restricted limits of the old comedy; he now looked on the moving world with other eyes, and he pursued the ridiculous in society. These fresher studies were going on at all hours, and every object was contemplated with a view to comedy. His most vital characters have been traced to living originals, and some of his most ludicrous scenes had occurred in reality before they delighted

the audience. Monsieur Jourdain had expressed his astonishment, "qu'il faisait de la prose," in the Count de Soissons, one of the uneducated noblemen devoted to the chase. The memorable scene between Trissotin and Vadius, their mutual compliments terminating in their mutual contempt, had been rehearsed by their respective authors, the Abbé Cottin and Menage. The stultified booby of Limoges, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, and the mystified millionaire, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, were copied after life, as was Sganarelle, in *Le Médecin malgré lui*. The portraits in that gallery of dramatic paintings, *Le Misanthrope*, have names inscribed under them; and the immortal *Tartuffe* was a certain Bishop of Autun. No dramatist has conceived with greater variety the female character; the women of Moliere have a distinctness of feature, and are touched with a freshness of feeling. Moliere studied nature, and his comic humour is never checked by that unnatural wit where the poet, the more he discovers himself, the farther he removes himself from the personage of his creation. The quickening spell which hangs over the dramas of Moliere is this close attention to nature, wherein he greatly resembles our Shakspeare, for all springs from its source. His unobtrusive genius never occurs to us in following up his characters, and a whole scene leaves on our mind a complete but imperceptible effect.

The style of Moliere has often been censured by the fastidiousness of his native critics, sometimes as *bas* and *du style familier*. This does not offend the foreigner, who is often struck by its simplicity and vigour. Moliere preferred the most popular and naïve expressions, as well as the most natural incidents, to a degree which startled the morbid delicacy of fashion and fashionable critics. He had frequent occasions to resist their petty remonstrances; and whenever Moliere introduced an incident, or made an allusion of which he knew the truth, and which with him had a settled meaning, this master of human life trusted to his instinct and his art.

This pure and simple taste, ever rare at Paris, was the happy portion of the genius of this Frenchman. Hence he delighted to try his farcical pieces, for we cannot imagine that they were his more elevated comedies, on his old maid-servant. This maid, probably, had a keen relish for comic humour, for once when Moliere read to her the comedy of another writer as his own, she soon detected the trick, declaring that it could not be her master's. Hence too our poet invited even children to be present on such rehearsals, and at certain points would watch their emotions. Hence too, in his character of manager, he taught them to study nature. An actress, apt to speak freely, told him "You torment us all; but you never speak to my husband." This man, originally a candle-snuffer, was a perfect child of nature, and acted the Thomas Diaforius, in *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Moliere replied, "I should be sorry to say a word to him; I should spoil his acting. Nature has provided him with better lessons to perform his parts than any which I could give him." We may imagine Shakspeare thus addressing his company, had the poet been also the manager.

A remarkable incident in the history of the genius of Moliere is the frequent recurrence of the poet to the passion of jealousy. The "jaundice in the lover's eye," he has painted with every tint of his imagination. The green-eyed monster "takes all shapes and is placed in every posi-

tion. Solemn or gay, or satirical, he sometimes appears in agony, but often seems to make its "trifles light as air," only ridiculous as a source of consolation. Was "Le Contemplateur" comic in his melancholy, or melancholy in his comic humour?

The truth is, that the poet himself had to pass through those painful stages which he has dramatised. In his own solitary heart, and with his susceptible temperament, the comic poet was often pensive and melancholic. The domestic life of Moliere was itself very dramatic; it afforded Goldoni a comedy of five acts to reveal the secrets of the family circle of Moliere; and l'Abbate Chiari, an Italian novelist and playwright, has taken for a comic subject, "Moliere the Jealous Husband."

The French, in their "petite morale" on conjugal fidelity, appear so tolerant as to leave little sympathy for the real sufferer. Why should they else have treated domestic jealousy as a foible for ridicule, rather than a subject for deep passion? Their tragic drama exhibits no Othello, nor their comedy a Kitely, or a "Suspicious Husband." Moliere, while his own heart was the victim, conformed to the national taste, by often placing the object on its comic side. Domestic jealousy is a passion which admits of a great diversity of subjects, from the tragic or the pathetic, to the absurd and the ludicrous. We have them all in Moliere. Moliere often was himself "Le Cocu Imaginaire;" he had been in the position of the guardian in "L'Ecole des Maris." Like Arnolphe, in "L'Ecole des Femmes," he had taken on himself to rear a young wife, who played the same part, though with less innocence; and, like the "Misanthrope," where the scene between Alceste and Celimene is "une des plus fortes qui existent au theatre," he was deeply entangled in the wily cruelties of scornful coquetry, and we know that at times he suffered in "the hell of lovers" the torments of his own "Jealous Prince."

When this poet cast his fate with a troop of comedians, as the manager, and whom he never would abandon, when at the height of his fortune, could he avoid accustoming himself to the relaxed habits of that gay and sorrowful race, who, "of imagination all compact," too often partake of the passions they inspire in the scene? The first actress, Madame Bejard, boasted that, with the exception of the poet, she had never dispensed her personal favours but to the aristocracy. The constancy of Moliere was interrupted by another actress, Du Parc; beautiful, but insensible, she only tormented the poet, and furnished him with some severe lessons for the coquetry of his Celimene, in *Le Misanthrope*. The facility of the transition of the tender passion had more closely united the susceptible poet to Mademoiselle De Brie. But Madame Bejard, not content to be the chief actress, and to hold her partnership in "the properties," to retain her ancient authority over the poet, introduced, suddenly, a blushing daughter, some say a younger sister, who had hitherto resided at Avignon, and whom she declared was the offspring of the Count of Modena, by a secret marriage. Armande Bejard soon attracted the paternal attentions of the poet. She became the secret idol of his retired moments, while he fondly thought that he could mould a young mind, in its innocence, to his own sympathies. The mother and the daughter never agreed. Armande sought his protection; and one day, rushing into his study, declared that she would marry her friend. The elder Bejard freely consented to avenge herself

on De Brie. De Brie was indulgent, though "the little creature," she observed, was to be yoked to one old enough to be her father. Under the same roof were now heard the voices of the three females, and Moliere meditating scenes of feminine jealousies.

Moliere was fascinated by his youthful wife; her lighter follies charmed; two years riveted the connubial chains. Moliere was a husband who was always a lover. The actor on the stage was the very man he personated. Mademoiselle Moliere, as she was called, was the Lucile in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. With what fervour the poet feels her neglect! with what eagerness he defends her from the animadversions of the friend who would have dissolved the spell!

The poet was doomed to endure more poignant sorrows than slights. Mademoiselle had the art of persuading Moliere that he was only his own "cocu imaginaire;" but these domestic embarrassments multiplied. Mademoiselle, reckless of the distinguished name she bore, while she gratified her personal vanity by a lavish expenditure, practised that artful coquetry which attracted a crowd of loungers. Moliere found no repose in his own house, and retreated to a country-house, where, however, his restless jealousy often drove him back to scenes which he trembled to witness. At length came the last argument of outraged matrimony—he threatened confinement. She fainted, but recovered only to reproach him for his ancient tenderness for De Brie, to whom her caprices had often driven "the suspicious husband," to restore the tranquillity he had long lost. To prevent a public rupture, Moliere consented to live under the same roof, and only to meet at the theatre. Weak only in love, however divided from his wife, Moliere remained her perpetual lover. He said, in confidence, "I am born with every disposition to tenderness. When I married, she was too young to betray any evil inclinations. My studies were devoted to her, but I soon discovered her indifference. I ascribed it to her temper; her foolish passion for Count Guiche made too much noise to leave me even this apparent tranquillity. I resolved to live with her as an honourable man, whose reputation does not depend on the bad conduct of his wife. My kindness has not changed her, but my compassion has increased. Those who have not experienced these delicate emotions have never truly loved. In her absence her image is before me; in her presence, I am deprived of all reflection; I have no longer eyes for her defects; I only view her amiable. Is not this the last extreme of folly? And are you not surprised that I, reasoning as I do, am only sensible of the weakness which I cannot throw off?"

Few men of genius have left in their writings deeper impressions of their personal feelings than Moliere. With strong passions in a feeble frame, he had duped his imagination that, like another Pygmalion, he would create a woman by his own art. In silence and agony he tasted the bitter fruits of the disordered habits of the life of a comedian, a manager, and a poet. His income was splendid; but he himself was a stranger to dissipation. He was a domestic man, of a pensive and even melancholy temperament. Silent and reserved, unless in conversation with that more intimate circle whose literature aided his genius, or whose friendship consoled for his domestic disturbances, his habits were minutely methodical; the strictest order was observed throughout his establishment; the hours of dinner, of writing, of amusement were allotted, and the slightest derangement in his own apartment excited a

morbid irritability which would interrupt his studies for whole days.

Who, without this tale of Moliere, could conjecture, that one skilled in the workings of our nature would have ventured on the perilous experiment of equalising sixteen years against forty—weighing roses against grey locks—to convert a wayward coquette, through her capricious womanhood, into an attached wife? Yet, although Mademoiselle could cherish no personal love for the intellectual being, and hastened to change the immortal name she bore for a more terrestrial man, she seems to have been impressed by a perfect conviction of his creative genius. When the Archbishop of Paris, in the pride of prelacy, refused the rites of sepulture to the corpse of Moliere THE ACTOR, it was her voice which reminded the world of Moliere THE POET, exclaiming—"Have they denied a grave to the man to whom Greece would have raised an altar!"

ATTICUS.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF AN UGLY MAN.

I WAS born under the influence of an eclipse of the sun, on the 10th of November, 1799. Whatever grudges I may owe Fate—and verily their name is Legion—I cannot, at least, accuse her of inconsistency; for ever since she sent me

> "Before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionably,
> That the dogs bark at me as I halt by them,"

she has invariably "suited the action to the word," and even the place to the event, with regard to me; for she so contrived it, that my advent should take place in the most frightful part of Cornwall, at a moment when all the winds and waves were at concert pitch, indulging in what the sailors call "*an ugly squall.*" I arrived two months before I was expected, and consequently, when neither my father nor mother, nor any of the household, were at all prepared to receive me, although I was that envied, and often enviable thing—an elder son. I have since heard that my ugliness was of that unblushing and uncompromising nature, which is so nearly allied to deformity, that a consultation was held upon the propriety of sending me out of the world almost as soon as I had come into it; but the doctor gave his casting vote against it, declaring that I was not anatomically deformed, and therefore had quite as good a right to live and expose myself as many thousands more had done before me. I shall pass over my childhood, with all its nursery miseries, which were but the preludes to those which befel me in after-life. Suffice it to say, that my mother, being a lady of delicate nerves and high-wrought sensibility, could not endure the sight of me, as she declared it always gave her a bad opinion of herself when I called her "mamma." My father was too much occupied with the intellectual amusements of drinking and fox-hunting ever to see either me, or my brothers and sisters, of whom I had four; nor do I ever remember his noticing me, beyond remarking, with a sigh, whenever I was brought down to be shown to any uncles and grandmothers—"What a pity it was that such a beautiful property should go to so ugly a young dog!" I had no sooner attained my sixth year, than I was transplanted to a preparatory bread-and-milkery.

Wretched as my life had been at home from neglect, here it became positively insupportable from persecution. The snowy hall was never sullied by the slightest spot, (even though it bore that *tria juncta in uno* trefoil-imprint that at once proclaims itself to have been left by some canine or feline interloper,) but what the maids were always ready to assure the master—and what was worse, the master's wife—that that "*howdacious*, naughty boy, Master Clavering, had again been walking over the nice clean hall with his muddy shoes, and making it in the dreadfullest mess as ever was;"—for which Master Clavering, of course, was duly caned and double-lessoned. At dinner too, when Mary, the cherry-cheeked school-room maid, was, as in duty bound, handing two plates at once, should the one that ought, in due course, to have come to *me first*, contain more lean, and gravy, and less fat, and gristle, than its companion, she would be sure, dexterously, to change them from one hand to another, and thus place the one she considered the most attractive before GeorgeMildmay, who was the Adonis of the school. Then I was fag to the whole establishment, but to Mr. Henry Webster in especial, who was my senior by four years, and who generally seasoned his tyrannies by a spice or two of school-boy wit, such as—"I say, Clavering, go and get me my shuttlecock, that got up into the cherry-tree this morning;" or "Give me the pillow out of your bed, mine is so small; do now, there's a good fellow, for as you can't be ornamental you ought to be useful, you know." Upon another occasion, when I had refused to join in a barring-out for fear of the consequences, Webster exclaimed, "Ah, there's a fine fellow; that's right, Clavering, *don't* have anything to do with it, for it will be sure to turn out an *ugly* business, if *you* are concerned." Happy was I when the time came for my removal to a private tutor's. I thought here, at least, my persecutions would cease; but alas! "Man (aye, and boy too) never *is*, but always to be, blest." Nothing could be more like Paradise and perfection than the first fortnight I passed at Dr. Tithewell's. My father had two large livings in his gift, and some reversionary interest in the India House. The doctor was never tired of extolling my father's virtues, and lamenting that his son Charles (who had sailed, a month before my arrival, in the Bombay Castle, for Calcutta) was away, as *he* would have so enjoyed his *dear young* friend's society. *I*, yes, I myself I! was the dear young friend. Oh extacy! that *I* should live to be dear friend to any one, even to Dr. Tithewell. Nothing could equal the kindness and attention of Mrs. Tithewell—her anxiety that I should not sit in wet boots, and her *empressement* that I should have the best cup of tea, and most cream in it! Exemplary woman! I who, all my life, had been nobody, thus suddenly to become "the observed of all observers!" Though, to be sure, it was only at Grabbingdon Rectory; *n'importe*, it was the first, last, and only place where *I* ever was "made much of;" and I shall always remember it with gratitude. During this memorable fortnight, invitations showered in, requesting the honour of Dr. and Mrs. Tithewell's company to balls and suppers, and that of the young gentlemen who were with them. The first of these balls was given by a Mrs. Markham. Her husband had been a linen-draper, and, since he had left off trade, and his wife drove a britzka and gave balls, he had taken to winking and making puns. They had one daughter married to a London physician in good practice. This daughter they thought *the* great person of the family, as she had "married a *gentleman!*"—though, as Mr.

Markham himself expressed it, he thought his pretty daughter Matilda the most *superior article* in his house; in which opinion I quite agreed. The rest of his family consisted of a bale of ugly, vulgar sons, and a remnant of freckled, red-haired children. The whole night I danced with Matilda Markham, and thought her an angel of light for dancing with *me*; and when her mother pressed me, at supper, to have some "'am and some 'ock," and called me the young baronet, though my father was still living, I thought the blush that mantled in Matilda's cheek the most beautiful thing nature ever had, or ever could produce. Was I in love with the linen-draper's daughter? Do not be alarmed, dear reader; I *may* have been *silly* enough to have been so at the time, but depend upon it I am not wicked enough to deluge you with the milk-and-water of a first love. Time rolled on, and I saw Matilda nearly every day, which did not advance me in my studies much. She wrote a very pretty hand, which I was never tired of looking at, in the frequent notes she sent to Mrs. Tithewell; and every scrap of paper in the house, not excepting the title-pages of the doctor's books, were scribbled over with my clumsy imitations of Matilda's pretty hand-writing. So that, at last, with her usual amiable attention to my *comforts*, Mrs. Tithewell used to make over to me all Miss Markham's billets, and no *millionaire* ever felt more satisfied with his possessions than I did in my reversionary property, not in those days having heard anything against the paper currency. *Mrs. Doctor* Tims, as her *own* card announced, at length arrived at ——. The day had been too sultry to stir out; but the evening was so delicious that I could not stay at home, and, strange to say, without intending it, in a few minutes I found myself in Mr. Markham's garden; but I suppose my shoes were some relations to the seven-leagued boots, and knew their way by instinct. I scarcely ever asked if Mrs. Markham was at home, for if she was not, I was generally sure of finding some one that suited me quite as well. So, no sooner was the door opened, than I walked into the hall as usual, and was proceeding to the drawing-room, when Matilda rushed into the hall, and exclaimed, in the greatest agitation,—"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Clavering, mamma is not at home; there is no one at home; the—they—are all out," and she moved on into the lawn, thereby compelling me to follow her. Her agitation!—her embarrassment! What did it—what could it mean? Vanity! vanity! thou art always the first person to break silence in the council!—that a *man*—even an ugly man—aye, even the *ugliest* man—holds with his own heart;—and you whispered me that Matilda must love me; and with that intensity of nervous fear, which is always inseparable from a real but unacknowledged passion, there was nothing she dreaded, because nothing she wished, so much as a tête-a-tête with me. The mere thought seemed to turn the blood in every vein into so much liquid fire. My spirit was so buoyant within me, that it would have been a positive relief to have heard some bad tidings at the moment, to have forced it back into its usual resting-place, and have prevented it soaring up with me to the seventh heaven, and thereby putting my unhappy brain in a whirl that almost endangered my reason. Father, mother, pride, birth, "the world's dread laugh,"—all were forgotten or despised. My only thought was, that Matilda loved me, and the next moment would have seen me at the feet of the linen-draper's daughter, offering her myself and all my worldly possessions; but fate,

for once, befriended me, though in the shape of a footman. Of course I at first consigned him, and all his tribe, to as many devils as would accept the ignoble boon; but, God knows, I have gratefully recanted since, and every footman that has ever lived with me can testify that I have been a most liberal and indulgent master. I had rushed forward: to seize Matilda'a hand was the work of an instant. Next came the speech. I had got as far as—"Oh! Matilda, only tell me that you——" when, lo! a vision of a drab coat, turned up with scarlet, and nankeen shorts, crossed our path, and accosted Matilda with an—"If you please, Ma'am, master wants the newspaper as you had before dinner." Matilda broke from me in greater agitation than ever. No wonder. What woman, or man either, could bear to have the most sublime—the most delicate—and the most mysterious of all their feelings witnessed by a footman! * * *

The whole of that night I passed in writing volumes to Matilda, and telling her all I had not been let to say. I rose early, meaning to be my own Mercury, and return before breakfast. I jumped over the garden paling, in order to go a shorter way through a field. In turning to disentangle my coat, which had caught on one of the palings, I beheld, flying away under Mrs. Tithewell's bedroom-window, a note in Matilda's well-known hand, torn in two. I instantly seized the precious paper, and having kissed and re-kissed the fairy characters, I proceeded to read it, which I did without the slightest compunction, as every note of Matilda's had hitherto become my lawful property. It was dated the evening before—that eventful evening—how then could I resist reading it; it ran thus:—

"Monday evening.

"Dear Mrs. Tithewell,—I have a little request to make to you, which I am sure you are too kind to refuse; it is this:—will you contrive some means to prevent Mr. Clavering coming to us during the next week, while Maria is with us, for you know how nervous she is; and, considering the situation she is in for the first time, Dr. Tims is afraid, were she to see our poor friend, (though of course, poor man, he cannot help being so ugly,) it might be productive of the very worst consequences to her, either in losing her maternal hopes entirely, or, what would be even worse, having a young monster. Poor man, he called this evening, and I was *so* afraid he would come in where Maria was, after what Dr. Tims had said, that I rushed out to prevent his coming any farther. I was so flurried, that he must have thought me very strange; but I hope he did not suspect they were at home, as one would not like to hurt his feelings. I don't know what excuse I could have made, or how I should have got away, if, luckily, papa had not sent out James to ask for the newspaper, for poor Mr. Clavering had taken my hand very kindly, no doubt thinking I was ill. It was very wrong of me, but I then thought him more ugly and more horrible than ever; but after dear Charles (I wonder how far he has got on his voyage by this!) I could think no one handsome, even if they were so. How I long for his first letter, as I have now nothing to console me but his picture, which I wear night and day. Trusting to your tact to manage about poor Mr. Clavering, believe me, dear Mrs. Tithewell, ever yours,

"Matilda Markham."

This, then, was the termination of my first love. Madman—fool—idiot!—and so, forsooth, you could suppose that even a linen-draper's daughter could love you! And you could suppose no better destination for the broad lands, that had belonged to your fathers before the conquest, than to offer them to a linen-draper's daughter, who was in love with a *lieutenant in the Bengal Cavalry!!* and whose sisterly affection was on the rack, for fear the very sight of you should blight the hopes of a *Mrs. Doctor Tims!*

I shall pass over my college adventures, and begin my next volume with my *Lachrymæ Londini.*

VOLUME II.

Behold me, then, in London, that focus at once of human bliss and bane, where most persons find their level, whether for wealth or for poverty, for birth, for talent, or for folly, for beauty, or for——yes, for ugliness. Why, then, might not *I* hope what others fear—to be outdone? Yes, for a whole week, while "I took mine ease at mine inn," I laid this "flattering unction to my soul," for I read no warning in the obsequious bows and smiling *impressement* of the waiters at the Clarendon. Moreover, I had accumulated a valuable moral capital of maxims, from which I was beginning to derive a comfortable income of self-conceit. I treasured up the memorable boast of that arch-scoundrel, John Wilkes, that there was only a fortnight's difference between him and the handsomest man in England in gaining a woman's affections. I feasted on the false and absurd assertion of Philip Thicknesse, that "nothing is completely ugly that is not old," (I was only thirty, and lulled myself into a fool's paradise, by carefully weeding my library of "Mason on Self-Knowledge," and all such egoistical "Daily Remembrancers." Matilda Markham had given me a surfeit of teens, blue eyes, flaxen hair, and bread-and-butter passions. Having determined to "turn my" own "silver lining on the" crowd, and dazzle and conquer by the beauties of my mind, I began to look about for a handsome, *sensible* woman, not *too young*, half Juno, half Minerva, who would be too intellectual to think of a man's person; but although this "bright Egeria" was not to think about my appearance, that was no reason why *I* should be equally regardless of it. My hair was decidedly against my inspiring a devoted passion, as it might have been easily mistaken for burnt flax; I therefore determined upon educating it into a state of perfectibility, through the medium of Mr. Rigmarole's Tyrian Dye. I never rightly understood the meaning of "the purple light of love," till I saw my own head in the glass the next morning, after my first application of Mr. Rigmarole's promises; but, like a too vivid painting, it mellowed down in the course of time, and a few hours after my head presented the appearance of a fine old Rembrandt, a great relief after it had so long glared upon my sight in all the aching paleness of one of Flaxman's illustrations: from that hour I began to look—

> "As hyænas in love are supposed for to look, or
> A something between Abelard and old Blucher."

The deuce was in it, if, after literally *dying* to please the women, I could not succeed. As I was extended on the sofa one morning in the dog-

days, quaffing hock and soda water, in order to allay the parching heat of a large fire which I was enduring, that my hair might dry the sooner, and enable me to get out to Richmond to dinner, my man entered with a note—"From Lord Castleton, sir—the servant waits an answer." Castleton was a college chum of mine, the best fellow in the world; in short, my *fidus Achates*; yet some how or other he had always (though unwittingly) crossed me in every thing; in a word, he had played the Leopold to my Prince of Orange, ever since I had known him. His note ran thus:—

"Dear Clavering,—If you have not disposed of yourself for this evening, either positively or conditionally, will you look in at Mrs. Damer's, No. —, Grosvenor-street? She is a beauty, a blue, and a widow, therefore thought she might be in your way, and, as she gave me a *carte blanche*, have filled it up with your name; but mind, I give you fair warning, not to think of her sister, who is a perfect goddess *de seize ans*, as refreshing, as sparkling, and as cold too, I fear, d—n her, as iced champagne—*à ce soir*—Vale,

"Ever yours,

"Castleton."

This note caused me to relinquish all ideas of Richmond for that day, lest fatigue, heat, and dust should be more malicious than nature, and make me look less attractive still. I was already in love with Mrs. Damer, for Castleton's sneer of her being a blue was quite as efficacious a spell as six whole months of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," would have been to any other mortal. "You need not fear, Castleton," cried I, in an extacy, as I poured out the remainder of the bottle of hock: "no flippancy and fifteen for me;" and so saying, I rang the bell violently, when my servant entered. "Jefferson," said I, "order Ganymede to be saddled *instantly*, and go *yourself* to Henderson's for my violets." "Ganymede has been bled this morning, sir." "Well, then, take May-fly, and tell them to be sure and send me the large double violets." From the moment of my coming to town, I had contracted with Henderson to let me have violets, *all the year round*, for 150*l.* a year, and I should strenuously recommend ——, and ——, and ——, *cum multis aliis*, who possess no more personal attractions than myself, *never* to be without a bouquet of violets, *except* in the months of February and March, (when all the world can have them, and therefore a moss-rose should be substituted); but it is astonishing the sensation they produce, and the notice they obtain for one, in December or July. Then you will see eyes, that never would have glanced towards you otherwise, fixed admiringly on you; then you will hear the sweetest voices exclaim—"Oh, Mr. Such-a-one, or Lord So-and-so, where *did* you get those *dear* violets?" To have anything belonging to one called dear, and still more, the next moment, to see what was dear in you transferred to the most beautiful bosom in the world! *This*, at least, is cheap at 150*l.* a year; but *I* am obliged to go farther. Having always a collection of very costly and beautifully designed rings hanging to my chain, they are sure to attract the attention of some fair creature or other; upon which I immediately invent some Polish, or Turkish superstition, as belonging to them, which serves as a pretext for my presenting, and their accepting them! Oh

La dépense d'être laid!

I could hardly wait patiently till half past ten, to present myself at Mrs. Damer's. A beauty—she was a perfect goddess; a blue indeed! She was *the* cleverest woman I had ever met in my life; and then, *such* a voice! She *thanked* me for coming, and said she had heard so much of me from Castleton. I need not say my violets were in her bosom at the end of half an hour. The sister was certainly pretty, looked like a Psyche, not come out, half cherub, half coquette; but the corners of her mouth curled up too much, and her eye was too laughing and restless for me to venture much near her. I soon became an *habitué* in Grosvenor-street. Oh those delicious, long, lounging morning visits!—when I had the extacy of hearing—"Not at home" to every one but myself! We talked politics, metaphysics, physiology, and even sometimes common sense; but we had not yet got to sentiment—*N'importe cela viendra*, thought I, and in thinking so, every morning found some new offering on Mrs. Damer's shrine from her devoted slave. I happened to possess a copy of the original edition of "Shaftesbury's Characteristics;" I had valued it as the apple of my eye, but this too was sacrificed to my celestial, or, as Castleton called it, cerulean passion; but I was more than repaid by the grateful delight with which it was received. A few days after this my last gift, I received a note from Mrs. Damer; it was the first note I had ever had from her. Oh the effect of that *first note* from a woman one loves! I do not know whether to call it electricity or natural magic, or what; the note was only to ask me if I would go with her and Dora (her sister) to Deville's, and she would call for me at three; but it was read, and re-read, and I thought the hand prettier than Matilda Markham's; and I had to write my answer over six times before I could indite to my satisfaction this eloquent reply:—

"Dear Mrs. Damer,—Yes, with the greatest pleasure, and I shall be ready when you call for me at three.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"Augustus Clavering."

Mrs. Damer and Dora were half-an-hour later than they said, and I thought it six hours at least; at length we were *en route*, and I was sitting opposite to all that I cared to behold in the world! I reaped comfort from the harvest of human ugliness which is always to be found in the Strand, and my thoughts actually became pleasant thereupon, till I saw two or three successive pattened and umbrellaed damsels touch their companion's arms, look at me, and laugh; then all became doubt, strife, and bitterness within me—so true is it that

"Life is a comedy to those who think,
A tragedy to those who feel."

Mr. Deville soon explained to us all the "*wacuums*" and "*horgans*" in our respective craniums; but said so much of the wonders of mine in particular, that Mrs. Damer and Dora became very urgent that I should have a cast of my head taken. I resolutely refused, for very cogent reasons. Mr. Deville pushed back a phalanx of skulls and lamps, and began entreating me with great gesticulation and oratory; still I was immoveable, till Dora whispered me, with her little malicious will-o'-the-wisp smile, "If you so obstinately refuse to become a slave of the lamp, you never can expect to have a slave of the ring." Mrs.

Damer coloured at this speech, and said, imploringly, "*Do*, Mr. Clavering, let Mr. Deville take a cast of your head. I should *so* like to have it." There was no resisting this; so, with the air of a martyr, I sat down, and, like an excommunicated nun, was soon walled up alive. When I was released from my plaster Pandemonium, Mrs. Damer and her sister were laughing, almost convulsively, over a slip of paper that Miss Dora was holding. I begged to be let into the jest, but they refused. Emboldened by my own great stretch of complaisance, I snatched the paper out of Dora's hand, and had the satisfaction of reading the following epigram on myself, which she had scribbled with a pencil, while I was enduring the torments of the d——d to please herself and her sister:—

Love triumphs, and the struggle 's past;
To seem less strange in beauty's eye
He'll 'set his fate upon a *cast*,
And stand the hazard of the *dye*.' *

This was too, too much. No sooner were we reseated in the carriage, than I began a pathetic remonstrance with Mrs. Damer upon the impropriety of her allowing her mad-cap of a sister to turn everything into ridicule, and make a laughing-stock of everybody. She replied, with the most insulting *sang froid*, "Really, Mr. Clavering, in this instance I must acquit Dora; for, as Lord Shaftesbury very justly observes, 'there is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.'" This was indeed barbing the arrow with a feather from my own wing, and so making the wound rankle more deeply. Was there ever such heartlessness?—but those *clever women never* have any heart. With this thought I dashed open the carriage-door, and sprang into the street. I hurried on, and never stopped till I arrived at my own room; there I forswore all ideas of love, at least of marriage, from that day.

Three years have elapsed since my adventure at Deville's. I am now thirty-four, and most true is it that

"Time, who steals our years away,
Steals our pleasures too;"

for it has stolen away the only pleasure I ever had—*hope*. I am now too old to hope, and consequently unfit to live. My property is also considerably diminished, by foolish generosity to an ungrateful sex; in every grade, and in all attempts at propitiating them I have failed; even a little French opera-dancer, who took my diamonds when I addressed some verses to her, beginning with

"O toi à qui l'amour à pretoit tous les charmes,"

had the impertinence to return me Ninon de l'Enclos' well-known answer to a similar effusion—

"Eh bien si l'amour prëte des charmes,
Pourquoi n'empruntois tu pas."

I shall only record one more of my adventures, or rather failures, as Lord Byron's journal of Mr. Hobhouse's piscatory exploits would, with a slight alteration in the wording, serve right well for "an abstract and

* I have heard, Mr. Editor, another story respecting the origin of this epigram, and have known it attributed to another lady. I say, with Mahomet, "Mine is the only true account."

brief chronicle of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of my *bonnes fortunes*,"—*i. e.* "Hobhouse went out to fish—caught nothing."

I was beginning to forget the many bitter lessons I had learnt, and feel a great deal more than was either prudent or proper for that prettiest of all pretty women, Lady ——; for at all times, and at all places, she not only spoke to me, but spoke kindly to me. She asked me one night if I would go to the Opera with her. We were *tête-à-tête* till nearly the last act of the "Medea." I have no doubt Pasta was more divine than ever, but I neither saw nor heard; I was thinking I had never seen such eyes, or such an arm as Lady ——'s. I was going to tell her so, when the door opened, and Castleton came in. He was my best friend, but I wished him most sincerely at the d—l; he stayed out the whole *ballet*, but he left us in the crush-room. Georgiana, as I now began to call her in my own mind, leant on me; I put her into her carriage; in getting in she dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up, and thought I never heard such music as the voice in which she said "Thank you;" she would have said it just as sweetly to an adder that had got out of her way. The next morning saw me in Belgrave-square by two o'clock. I was admitted; Lady —— was in her boudoir; the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of flowers, and the deep shade of the rose-coloured blinds at first prevented my perceiving that she had been in tears. She withdrew her handkerchief, and tried to smile when I came in. "Good heavens, Lady ——," said I, "what can have made you so unhappy? I do not ask *who* has done so, for no *one could* be barbarian enough." After a little hesitation, and a fresh burst of tears, she at length sobbed out, "Lord —— is so very unkind to me—so—so angry—about the Opera—last night." The next moment I was at her feet, and grasping her hand, exclaimed, "Dearest Lady ——! angry at your going with me!" She withdrew her hand hastily, and smiling, nay almost laughing outright, through her tears, said, "Jealous of *you!* Oh no, no! Mr. Clavering, no one *could* be jealous of *you*, which was the reason I asked you; but it was be—be—because Lord Castleton came into my box, though I am sure he did not stay ten minutes." Here was another agreeable *denouement*. I rose and strode to the window. My eyes fell upon my five hundred guinea horse (which I had bought solely because Lady —— had admired it).

"A shudder came o'er me, why wert thou so *dear*?"

I left the house—I vowed vengeance against love, and "all its dear, delightful, d——d sensations." I tried public life, and stood the other day for a certain borough, but all the women were against me, and—but what matter details—I lost my election. My father has been dead some years; my baronetcy is ancient enough, God knows; there is moreover a dormant peerage in our family. Will not these soften the heart of some gentle Zelica, and throw a silver veil over my unprepossessing physiognomy. Shall I try an advertisement?—mystery has great attractions—or——What's this, Jefferson? a roll of paper—the last cariture. Ha! confusion—the Lovely Lover! What, this in St. James's-street!—crowds round the window! 'Sdeath!—I shall go mad! Caricature, indeed! I wish it was—it is an exact likeness—a copy from the very picture I gave to the French opera-dancer, after making the d—d painter flatter the resemblance as much as he could!

A. O. Z.

MEN AND BOOKS.

Bookstalls, and a Lover of them—A French Emigrant—Memoirs of Madame de Stahl—Whims of a patronizing Duchess—Exactions of a Princess—The Abbé de Chaulieu, and his gallantry at fourscore—A real love—Extraordinary and candid account of a series of husband-huntings—Dacier in his last days—Royal and considerate advertisement of a wife to let—Geometrical test of the amount of a man's affections.

I HAD scarcely written my first article under the above head, in the course of which I had occasion to touch upon the exacting selfishness of the royal, when I met with a proper bookstall-book, much connected with that matter. It was an old favourite of mine, which I had not seen for many years, the *Memoirs of Madame de Stahl;* not the Madame de Staël lately so famous, but a lady of nearly the same name, who lived in the time of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and was mixed up with the conspiracy of the Duchess du Maine. Before I touch upon it, however, the reader will allow me to indulge in a notice of my older favourites,—the bookstalls themselves.

I have been a lover of bookstalls all my life, and at all seasons of the year; I seemed to fall naturally upon them the moment I left school. I not only found my Juvenal and Horace upon them (whose names I was glad to see, though I had a schoolboy's objection to their substance), but there also I met with my beloved English poets, and with a world of old authors and love-stories,—all new to me, and precisely what I wanted. I had no prospects in life, and I did not wish to have any. I had all the faith in the present moment which youth, innocence, and fancy could bestow; and, perhaps, there were few happier persons than myself when I walked off with a new purchase under my arm, value ninepence, having the rest of the day, before dinner, to read it in, and a visit to somebody I loved for my prospect in the evening. It was still better if my purchase consisted of two volumes instead of one, for then I had the pleasure of carrying one in my hand, and of feeling the other making a square *bulge* in my pocket, delightfully inconvenient. No sooner did I walk off, than I fell reading "like a dragon," in the open street, but with so little ostentation, that the sarcasms of the errand-boys, and other invidious passengers, gave me no concern; they only made me turn up the alleys and bye-places whenever I could. Half the quieter thoroughfares in Holborn and Oxford-street are endeared to me from the recollection.

I have to *think* now, and do not read with such mere uninterruptedness, though it is in the spirit of truth that I have described my reading as incessant. The bookstalls I love as much as ever; it is with difficulty I pass one, upon whatever business I am bound, or in whatever weather. Rain prevents me, only because the books are taken indoors; and though conversant with the inner shelves, I do not take such delight in them as in those outside the window; I am too conscious that somebody is watching me, and I have the weakness of hating to quit a shop without buying something. I know that *the man* is glad to see me, and that he thinks I shall buy something next time, or go away with some memorandum,

profitable to him in the long run; but I cannot help fearing that he will take me for a shabby fellow, and make unpleasant comparisons between the natural generosity of a love of letters, and its contradiction in my person.

Upon the same principle I have never been able to arrive at a proper sense of *bating* the man down, and giving him a shilling when he asks eighteen-pence. I acknowledge the reasonableness of so doing, and the expectation he has to that effect; but I have such a love of every kind of book which is at all worth purchasing, that it is only by dint of calling to mind very grave reasons for the economy, that I can persuade myself to pretend that a few pence ought to be taken off the price. I am insensible to the taunt of what the man will think of my easiness and folly; people to whom we pay too much, unless the very stupidest of the "knowing," always think better than worse of you for spending your money handsomely. If you boggle at it, I grant you must stand it out, or they will think you have the desire to be economical without the courage, and thus you force upon them a sense of your feebleness; but if you give what they ask freely, and with a good air, and the demand is not out of all reason, they think you have a soul above the difference, and are "a gentleman." The fine thing is, when, with plenty of money to spend, and the want of certain books which you are pretty sure to find, you ransack the bookstalls, outside and in, and carry off, not only those, but others. The only interferences with your pleasure are, when the volumes are in a condition unreasonably dirty, or the prices ill-scrawled and carelessly stuck on upon dirty white slips of paper, or *the man*, or, worse than all, *the woman*, stands watching you at the door. I hate her for being of a sex, as well as an occupation, that ought to be more liberal, and for not knowing, by instinct, that I am honest.

The authors I prefer seeing on the stalls, are the bookmen alluded to in my last,—authors made by books, and therefore more suitable to collections of this kind, in which you must like the books for their own sakes, or you will sometimes not like them at all. The old French wits and scholars look well there on this account, and the French writers of memoirs. They have a taste of life at once artificial and natural, polite and familiar, and seem to have written in times when every man had his collection of wits and classics, as well as his "affair of the heart." One's staple authors are in one's home, like home itself, or our prospects, or our own heart and imagination;—yet it is delightful to meet with these in their proper old editions, such as the old folio Spensers and Boccaccios. Dryden and Pope may be "proud to be less." The French books and the classics ought to be small, and the older they are the better. The new ones are too often printed in an unfeeling, cutting stereotype, without any humanity of engraving, or other ornament. The old type is softer; you get plates of some sort in the old books, and they seem coeval with the times in which they were written. We are not sure that Molière, or Chaulieu, or Racine, or Gay, or Swift (a great hunter of bookstalls), has not handled them himself.

The *Tatlers* and *Guardians* look becoming on a stall (the *Spectator* is too common); all the writers of Charles and Queen Anne's time suit it; the Elzevir classics; the *Poetæ minores Græci;* and the novels of the last century, from Fielding to Miss Minifie: in short, to *me*, whatever was the favourite reading of one's grandfather and grandmother,

and in houses built two hundred years back. Succeeding generations, I suppose, will love a different or additional set of stalls,—delighting to see upon them the books of the present day, which, for my part, I hate there; they look as if they had not "sold," and as if the authors must be uncomfortable. The crown of bookstall uneasiness is to see a work of one's own, marked at a third of the price, with the significant addition of—"same as sells at five shillings."

The only other uncomfortableness I know of, in connexion with this luxury, is the box which is sometimes put on one side of a stall, containing a set of miserable books, all at "sixpence a piece." I never got any good out of it. I have a hundred times vowed internally I would never look into it again, but generally find myself breaking my vow, and meeting with the same mouldy literature,—odd volumes of history, old calendars, red-books, and pamphlets, old grammars, books of arithmetic, French Testaments, &c. Now and then you discern a promising cover, and drag the volume forth;—it is a *Pharmacopœia*, or the *Gauger's Vade Mecum*.

It is an elegance, in my eyes, to meet with an old French emigrant sitting in the inside of one of these stalls, or coming out with some little classic in his hand, which he has read a million times, but which he finds ever new, because he himself is ever young, and his imagination has willing bounds. I speak of some respectable, clerical-looking man, in clean rusty black, with features at once light and serious, and with side-curls to his head, and powder. He is a Doctor of the Sorbonne, or Mons. l'Abbé somebody, who preached before Louis the Sixteenth, and missed a bishoprick. He does not go back to France, partly because he is too old to give up his new country, and partly because he goes every evening to see Madame la Marquise de Printemps, who was a beauty thirty years ago, and was bed-ridden at the restoration. I should like to hear what he has to say of the *Memoirs of Madame de Stahl*, if it would not hurt his feelings, or he could be impartial on such a subject. The look of old times is better preserved in his person than if he were living in modern Paris; and he feels this, and knows there is not so much to contradict it here in London, as if he were among Napoleon's dukes, or the military bourgeois of the new dynasty. With these thoughts he consoles himself, and with the aforesaid little Juvenal, a million times read, and eternally quoted. He is not more intimate with his own name than with the words "*omnibus in terris*," or "*semper ego auditor*." He doubts, more than ever, the merits of Shakspeare, because he understands that his revolutionary countrymen begin to like him; but he expresses his contempt in the politest manner, justifying it by his love for the "great Corneille," and condescending to soothe one's national feelings by expressing his regard for the Cato of "*Addisson*," and "the Essay on *Critique* of Mr. *Pop*;" and then he quotes, with an elaborate slowness, always dwelling on the wrong words, particularly the article,—

> "Notta—so—when—swift—*Cà-mil-là* scours *the* plain,
> Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along *the* main.

To return to our old acquaintance Madame de Stahl.—This lady's autobiography is of undoubted authenticity, and is remarkable for its self-knowledge, and the interest it excites for a querulous, disappointed, and even husband-hunting woman, by reason of her candour, her good

sense, and the justice of her complaints against fortune. Her great mischance—a rare and pitiable one—consisted in beginning life under circumstances too favourable for the expectations of her rank in society. All her misfortunes flowed from this source. Born of obscure parents, Mademoiselle de Launay (her maiden name) became, by accident, the infant pet of a nunnery, and got so used to service and worship, that she never recovered the effect of it when thrown out upon the world. An early consciousness of her natural powers gave her a good opinion of herself; the good nuns converted it into a sovereign one, and made her impatient of a want. It is one of the charms of her book, to see how she found out her defects, and what mortifications she endured to render her capable of the discovery.

"The Convent of St. Louis," she says, "was a little state where I reigned supreme. The chief care of the abbess, and her sister, was to please my humour and prevent my desires. I had a room in her apartment, than which nothing could be more convenient and elegant. No less than four sisters attended me, and the rovings of my giddy fancy kept them all sufficiently employed. When checked in nothing, we desire a great deal. The abbess's nieces, whom, out of regard to her family, she had taken under her care, were, though much against their will, my playfellows; and the whole house found themselves obliged to pay their court to me. As all about me courted my favour, I little dreamed of any regard being due to them; accordingly, I showed them none, not even to the ladies whose blind fondness had erected this little empire for me."

The death of the abbess, and the accession, to that office, of a nun who had headed the opposition party in the convent, were the commencement of Mademoiselle de Launay's difficulties. She became a visitor to a succession of friends,—a very different position from that in the convent; though some of the friends were truly amiable, and the French have a greater generosity in money matters than is common with more commercial nations. At the first house she went to, she had the mortification to be well treated by an old gentleman on whom she had written some satirical verses; but she ingenuously gives us to understand that this was not her greatest. She had not yet lost enough of the vivacity of her pretensions. The old gentleman's niece, Mademoiselle du Tot, who was the friend that introduced her, humiliated her by being "*so unexceptionable in her behaviour*," that in addition to her having a great deal of wit, it subjected her to "*criticism which could not be retorted.*" And yet this was not the greatest blow:—

"One day I had the head-ache; this, heretofore, would have set the whole house in a bustle, abbess, sisters, and maids. Here only once or twice a message came to know if I did not want anything. I shall never forget my silly surprise, at seeing so little account made of what before I had seen treated with such concern and assiduity."

Before she left her convent, the wit and vivacity of Mademoiselle de Launay had procured her several admirers of the other sex, and she had, in one instance, fallen in love. But more of this when I come to give an account of her loves in general,—all innocent ones (as far as can be known), and none successful but the last,—which was none at all! Her fate, in everything, partook of the doubtfulness and distress of her unsettled prospects. Let us, at present, attend her to the house of

Madame la Duchesse de la Ferté, a chattering, fidgetty, patronizing old gentlewoman, who, taking a fancy to her, cried her up everywhere as a prodigy, and of whose manner she has left us some masterly sketches.

For the acquaintance of this flighty personage, she was indebted to one of the Duchess's chambermaids,—for Mademoiselle de Launay's sister, the introducer, was nothing greater; so different had been their modes of bringing up. An introduction of this nature partly accounts for the liberty the Duchess took in her style of patronage, and partly for the panegyrical excess of the patronage itself. A girl of wit and breeding, who was of no greater rank than her maid's sister, appeared to her like a prodigy of her own creation. The following is the way in which the Duchess went on when she first saw her:—

"After a few questions on her side," says Madame de Stahl, "and some very plain and possibly insipid answers on mine, 'Bless me!' said she, '*never creature talked so finely!* She comes just in the nick of time to write a letter for me to Monsieur Desmarets, which I must send him immediately. Come, Mademoiselle, some paper shall be brought to you, and you need only write.' 'But what must I write, Madam?' answered I, much out of countenance. 'You may give it what terms you please; it must be right. I insist on his complying with what I ask.' 'But, Madam,' replied I, 'still I should know *what* you would say to him.' 'No, no, you understand me.' What could I gather from such vague sallies? But it was in vain to insist on any further explanation. At last, connecting the broken sentences which came from her, I pretty nearly guessed the matter in hand. This was but one part of my task, for I was quite unacquainted with the customs and ceremonials of the great world, *and I very well perceived that she would not distinguish a fault of ignorance from the want of good sense.* However, the paper I took; and while she was getting up, fell to writing by conjecture. At length I finished the letter, and, with a palpitating heart, went and delivered it to her. 'Well,' cried she, 'this is just the whole of what I wished to say to him. 'Tis really strange that she should hit my thoughts so well. Hetty, your sister is a surprising girl. Oh, since she has such a knack at writing, I must have another letter to my steward; it can be despatched while I dress.' There was no asking a second time what she intended to say. A torrent of words issued from her mouth, with a rapidity which all my attention could not keep pace with; and I was still more embarrassed with this second essay. She had named her counsellor and her attorney, who constituted a great part of this letter; they were both utterly unknown to me, and, unfortunately, I took the name of the one for that of the other. 'The business is well couched,' said she, after reading my letter, 'but how could a girl of your wit call my counsellor by my attorney's name?' *By this she discovered the limits of my genius;* yet, by good fortune, it did not entirely lose me her esteem."

One day Madame de la Ferté takes it into her head that her protegé must go to the King's supper (Louis XIV.), and be taken notice of by the Duke of Burgundy, his grandson; and next day, having called upon the Duchess de Noailles, she sends for her in order to fling her at the Duchess:—

"'Here, Madam,' said she, 'is the person I was speaking of, who has

so much wit, and knows so many things. Come, Mademoiselle, speak; you'll see, Madam, how she talks.' She perceived me in a hesitation about answering, and thought of helping me, as the beginning of a song is sometimes hummed over to a singer. 'Let us have a word or two *about religion*,' said she; 'then you shall talk of something else.' There is no expressing the confusion I laboured under; I don't so much as remember how I acquitted myself."

Our heroine's patroness used to carry herself like a proper duchess in town, but was more than easy when in the country. Her familiarity was such, that she would sometimes get together, not only her servants, but her tradesfolk, place them round a large table, and play at a sort of lansquenet with them. On one of these occasions, she frequently whispered to Mademoiselle de Launay, "I cheat them, but 'tis because they rob me." At La Ferté, her country-seat, the usual good living went on, though she had not brought her cook, being out of humour with him for "asking for *larding-pins*." "Thus it is," said she, "that the quality are ruined,—*continually larding-pins*. It has cost the Marshal de la Ferté twelve hundred thousand livres for *larding-pins!*"

Mademoiselle de Launay was frightened at discovering that her patroness's favourites all terminated in becoming ladies'-maids, or worse; and therefore she secretly contrived to get transferred to the service of a princess, the Duchesse du Maine, with whom she fared no better. The pet of the convent was for many years neither more nor less than one of her Highness's *chamber-maids*,—always resenting her situation, everlastingly worried or treated with contempt or indifference by the princess, and yet (such is the influence of a slavish or tyrannical education, and of sympathy with any prevailing error) manifestly proud of her condition, purely because she lived in the presence of royalty. She would fain have bettered this condition by marrying somebody for love (a passion of which she was more capable, perhaps, than any person around her), but latterly she gave up this hope, and would have been content with any husband in a genteel rank of life,—a deliverance which she finally obtained when she scarcely thought it worth having. But before we give an account of her disappointments in love, we must notice her treatment by the princess.

The Duchess du Maine, daughter of the Great Condé, and wife of the Duke du Maine, one of the legitimatized sons of Louis XIV., was a pretending, officious woman, who incited a weak husband to reclaim certain privileges, which had been granted him by his father, and withheld by the Regent Duke of Orleans. To this end she was foolish enough to enter into a conspiracy, and become a party to certain antinational views of the Court of Spain. The conspiracy came to nothing, and the husband was reduced to his proper insignificance; but in the course of her measures the conspirators were thrown into prison, and Mademoiselle de Launay was put into the Bastille for not betraying her confidence. During this court intrigue, Mademoiselle de Launay was raised from the dignity of waiting-woman to that of reader (Madame D'Arblay's situation); not indeed by actual appointment, or with a salary, but for convenience-sake to the Duchess, who had discovered her talents, and resolved to profit by them for nothing. The following is the sort of life which she led in consequence:—

"Events had thrown the Duchess into such disquietude, that it

deprived her of her rest. The woman, who used to tell her stories till she fell asleep, *not being able to hold out*, she proposed to me to read to her. With great joy did I undertake this function, looking on it as an inlet to her confidence, and a means of gaining greater regard, and raising me above the flirts of chambermaids. I was not indeed mistaken in this; *but I found my constitution very unequal to this honourable exercise, which was constantly renewed every night.*"

* * * * * * *

"The press was taken up with the multitude of pamphlets, corroborating or refuting the arguments adduced for the claim of the Duke du Maine, though the subject was little more than rough-hewn by them. The complete piece was, 'The Memorial of the legitimatized Princes,' drawn up under the inspection of the Duchess du Maine, by the Cardinal de Polignac, Monsieur Malesieu, and Counsellor Davisart of the Parliament of Toulouse, who had been lately recommended to the Duke for his wit, and his extraordinary talents in business.

"The Duchess du Maine herself contributed not a little to this work, by her own knowledge and happy intellects, and likewise by very laborious researches. The greatest part of the night was spent in them. The mountainous heaps of volumes on her bed, she said, made her look like Enceladus, crushed under Mount Etna. I also assisted in the important toil, and used to turn over old chronicles, and civilians ancient and modern, *till excessive fatigue inclined the princess to take some rest, and then I had to read her to sleep.*"

All this while Mademoiselle de Launay lived in a miserable apartment, which had neither fire nor light, but what it received from an antechamber; she calls it her "cave." Her whole occupation was to subserve to the wants and humours of a pragmatical woman, who had no feeling for anybody but herself, and took the most absorbing attention as a matter of course.

Mademoiselle de Launay, now getting into middle life, had had a succession of lovers and attachments from an early period. She relates them with extraordinary and delightful candour. The first attachment, on her part, was a matter of vanity, in order to fancy herself of an age to have one, and to be of "importance." Monsieur de Rey, a married man, and the celebrated Abbé de Vertot, made her generous offers of pecuniary assistance, which appeared to her in too suspicious a light to accept; but she afterwards thought well of de Rey, who had proposed to settle on her an annuity for life, in order to hinder her from becoming a nun. The French memoirs are full of these instances of generosity, as genuine, on many occasions, as they are doubtless mixed up with less disinterested motives on others. Mademoiselle de Launay's first real attachment was to the Marquis de Silly, a brother of a friend of hers, who boarded in the convent; but the love was not returned. During her connexion with the Duchess de la Ferté, she became acquainted with the Abbé de Saint Pierre (the first of that name), with the celebrated Fontenelle, who esteemed her, and with Du Verney, a famous anatomist, who having understood that she had read one of his works and admired it, took a prodigious liking to her, and amused people with crying her up everywhere as "the woman, in all France, who had the best knowledge of the human body." Her situation at the Duchess du Maine's did not hinder her from being visited by many admirers, but

they were not marrying ones. Among them was the famous Abbé de Chaulieu, the poet of the French loves and graces, who would, perhaps, have married her had she wished it, and who gave her an unlimited command of his purse as well as his carriage; but she lets us understand that she shewed him no more regard than that of friendship and an agreeable kind of assumption, pleasant to old gallants, who are willing to think themselves of any sort of consequence; and we may believe her, not only for her natural candour, but because the Abbé was nearly eighty years of age, and blind. The lively old poet had been so used to fancy himself in love, and to pet somebody, that he could not leave it off. His wit however remained, and he appears to have been a really generous man, in spite of the cynical piece of pleasantry, *à la Northcote*, which is related in the following passage:—

"The Abbé de Chaulieu, who had for me as lively a passion as fourscore years is capable of, taxed me with a little coquetry. I assured him, that it was entirely owing to the necessity I was under of pleasing, in order to make the rigours of my position in some measure supportable; and that had I not seasoned my behaviour with a little of it, I should have been left to myself. I gave him my word, and I kept it, that when I should be the mistress of a window and a chimney, I should lay aside all thoughts of rendering myself agreeable. The poor Abbé, who was blind, attributed to me, in his imagination, those graces which were most apt to charm him; and as any of his own were now out of the question, he endeavoured to recommend himself by complaisance, and by anticipating whatever I could desire. I omit his verses on me, though they showed that, in such an advanced age, his wit retained all the sprightliness of youth. To this incense, which with some has so intoxicating a fragrancy, the Abbé also proposed to add presents; and one day, after some importunate instance, that I should accept of a thousand pistoles, I said to him, 'I advise you, in return for your generous offer, not to make the like to many women: you would find some one to take you at your word.' '*Oh!*' says he, '*I know whom I am speaking to.*' This ingenuous answer set me a-laughing. He was often persuading me to dress, and endeavoured to make me ashamed of my appearance. 'Abbé,' said I to him, 'what I am without is my ornament.' Having no other resource than his complaisances, he repeated them incessantly. He used to write a letter to me every morning, and came to see me every day, unless I directed otherwise. His letters were to know my pleasure; and, when I preferred his coach to his company, he sent it me without repining, and I disposed of it as I pleased; I was absolute all over his house."

The Abbé's love-letters were put on paper for him by a little footboy of his, in a charity-child's hand, and badly spelt. The poet died a few weeks after his fair friend's liberation from the Bastille. "I saw him," she tells us, "and observed, how in that condition, what is of no further service to us becomes indifferent. He had shown an extreme concern at my imprisonment, but manifested not the least joy at my deliverance. I had a true sense of the approaching loss of a friend, who seemed to make it his business to relieve my life with all the satisfaction and pleasure it was capable of. I was not, indeed, without some one who took care I should want nothing that was really necessary to me; but in this agreeable office he was never replaced."

The death-bed "indifference," mentioned in this passage, is a very French remark of the old school, and it was, perhaps, deserved; but for a man who had been bred up, and passed his life in the worldly way of this rich and joyous Abbé, the justice of it may be excused. Perhaps it was not altogether indifference; something of objection might be mixed up with it, to the carelessness with which Mademoiselle de Launay may have treated him during her imprisonment; for in the Bastille she conceived her second real attachment, the object of which was a fellow-prisoner, the Chevalier de Menil. It was returned, and went on prosperously for a good while, stimulated by the obstacles of prison difficulties and stolen interviews; but the Chevalier, when they were set free, contrived to throw it off; we fear, not without some reasons on the side of the lady's temper, which was never very perfect, and had been irritated by her anxiety to retain him. One unfortunate perversity seems to have attended her all her life, the effect, perhaps, of the self-will indulged in the nunnery: she had a propensity to like those most who cared least for her, and to be indifferent to the hearts she conquered. In the Bastille she made a conquest of a real lover, the sub-lieutenant of the place, a man of the name of Maisonrouge, somewhat blunt in his manner, but of so true an affection for her, that he served her in every possible way, at the risk of his office; procured her interviews, even at the expense of his peace, with the man she preferred; in short, to use her own words, evinced for her "attention without ceasing, complaisance without reserve, a perpetual tenderness without self-love, a greater desire of contenting her for his own sake than of being agreeable to her for his." The prison incidents (too long to repeat here) with which this excellent man is mixed up, throw an air of touching romance on this part of Mademoiselle de Launay's biography; but he got nothing by his devotion. When the Chevalier de Menil gave her up, she had "some thoughts," she tells us, "of rewarding poor Maisonrouge's faithful attachment;" but they were "disconcerted by his death." "A lingering illness, with which he was seized soon after our separation, obliged him to go into his native province for the benefit of the air, and to drink the water, but there he died; I lamented him infinitely more than I had been able to value him."

This phrase, "some thoughts," is affecting from its very air. The poor sub-lieutenant, with his want of cultivation, did not suit the accomplished "Abigail" of the Duchesse du Maine, and yet she found reason to regret him. It is difficult to know whether to regard our heroine's subsequent accounts of her husband-hunting (for such it plainly was) with more astonishment at its self-abasement, or admiration of its candour: pity will help the latter feeling to predominate. Mademoiselle de Launay, her friends, and the Duchesse du Maine herself, were all on the look-out for a husband for her,—the lady and her friends very sincerely, the Duchess with great earnestness, till the project was likely to be realized, and then, like a proper tyrant, she always turned against it. The first lover that presented himself, or rather that was found out for her (and this by her old acquaintance, the Duchesse de la Ferté, who had got a liking to her again from her imprisonment, and was as lively as ever), was the celebrated Dacier, who had just been deprived of his more celebrated wife.

"In returning from Versailles yesterday," says the Duchess, "I met poor Dacier, at the Marshal de Villeroy's; it really grieves one to see

him. He declared to us, that his grief was the same as at the very first day, and it would soon or late be his death. 'Well,' said I, 'there is still one way to relieve you; you must marry again.' 'Bless me!' cried he, 'where shall I find a woman to replace her whom I have lost?' 'Mademoiselle de Launay,' answered I. He appeared quite struck, and, after some pause, replied,—'She is the only one in the world with whom I could live, and who would not injure the memory of Madame Dacier.' The Marshal and I seeing him stagger, jointly pushed the overture, and have entirely brought him to listen to it. *He shall marry you.* He is a famous man, and has money, and you will succeed an illustrious woman; there will be honour and advantage too in this match." This I was well convinced of, and expressed *great acknowledgment of the care which she was still pleased to take of a provision for me.* She assured me that she would follow *the affair close*, and bring it to a good issue. However, other circumstances fell out, and the Duchess went a journey into the country, where diversion superseded her intention. *I mentioned it to Monsieur de Valincourt*, who approved of it, and took more connected measures *for bringing it about.* He was intimate with Monsieur Dacier from a similarity of talents and dispositions, and easily *got out of him* what the Duchesse de la Ferté had said. M. Dacier owned that the motion, though but slightly thrown, had made a strong impression on him, and that ever since his thoughts had been taken up with the means of rendering his views acceptable to me. Monsieur de Valincourt undertook to break the affair to me, and to let him know my inclinations."

Dacier was old, and really sorrowful for the loss of his wife, who, in every respect, suited him; but he had enough of the *vieux garçon* in his composition to give his wish for consolation a loving turn, and nothing remained to complete the affair but the consent of the Duchesse du Maine, who refused it. She had forbidden her attendant to take any step for bringing back the Chevalier de Menil, *but now was for reviving that connexion.* Mademoiselle de Launay, in spite of her wish to get free, was not in any hurry to obtain her liberty by means of the old scholar, notwithstanding his vivacity. She says, with great naivété (which is heightened by a bad translation), that she had once a conversation with him, in which he "shewed such an eagerness as made her draw back," and that she then felt the "*inconveniency*" of a husband who has such a degree of fondness "as one cannot bring one's self to." From this dilemma she was relieved, not without lamentations for the lost opportunity of procuring her freedom, by the death of poor Dacier; *and then the Duchesse du Maine expressed a provoking regret that she had missed a settlement.*

The next person to be conquered into matrimony was a Chevalier de G——, an arrogant sort of gentleman, whose temper was "so dry and unequal, that his very virtues were scarcely supportable;" yet he had made some "notable conquests," and poor Mademoiselle de Launay counted him a man of "probity," and "made *some advances* to him," which were not taken amiss. The reciprocity, however, was so doubtful, that the lady thought to bring the question to issue by threatening to go into a convent. The gallant Chevalier was not frightened, and the matter came to nothing. Among other offers, was that of a gentleman whose affairs were in such confusion, that the lady could not induce herself to enter a labyrinth from which there was no outlet. "A kind

of country gentleman" then took it into his head, that a person at court, and in favour with a princess, might make his fortune, and, in consequence, he offered to marry her; but he could not make out a decent prospect from his "accounts;" and so this new "affair" miscarried. Then came "a man of middling rank, but rich, living at Paris very retired, and wanting a discreet wife to keep him company, *but no questions were to be asked,*" and Mademoiselle de Launay wisely abstained from the wish of marrying a knave or a Blue-Beard. Then followed a gentleman about fifty, with a pretty estate in the country, who wished to complete it with a fair companion and a little more money (for at this part of her book, Mademoiselle de Launay tells us that her friends "had left her some marks of their affection"). The gentleman, however, would allow of no connexions but his own, and the lady would not enter into engagements which she knew the Duchess would not approve.

At length comes the important, the final man, and how does her Serene Highness think proper to introduce the lady to him? Under what flattering terms? Behold a specimen of royal consideration for feelings. The Duchess had commissioned an officer's lady to look out among the Swiss Guards, commanded by her husband, for "*one who would marry a woman without birth, youth, beauty, or fortune,*"—a discovery, says the authoress, "which the thirteen cantons put together could scarcely afford, so that the good gentlewoman was a long time about it!" If this is not the very excess of the candour of long-suffering, never did it exist. At length, however, the gentleman is found; he was a Monsieur de Stahl, a man of birth, middle-aged, and of an honest countenance, living with his two daughters in a neat, little country-house, with a dairy to it.

While the Swiss officer's lady was giving this and other accounts of him, "her discourse" (says the fair auto-biographer) "presented to my mind an image of natural life, the contrast of which with mine gave a relief to every object, and filled me with admiration of its mild and simple beauties. At that time I was *on a milk diet*, and nothing seemed to me *so satisfactory* as to have *cows of one's own.*" Then follows one of those affecting acknowledgments, of which this curious book is full:—"The pride of mankind carefully hides from them the low circumstances which have contributed to determine them on the most important occasions, and it is only an exact and difficult retrospect which can find them out. Now, behold me quite in love with the new kind of life which I propose to lead."

The stipulations on the part of Monsieur de Stahl were, first, that being a lieutenant in the Swiss Guards, and having a captain whose apoplectic tendencies had hindered him from performing his duties, he should succeed to his post when the apoplexy had finally settled him; and second, that having acted as captain meanwhile, he should at once re-receive the title of commandant. After receiving this favour as a pledge of the other, he was willing to marry the lady. "Some difficulties" took place; the lady herself became unwilling as the time approached; and the Duchesse du Maine played fast and loose till the very last, respecting the continuance of her connexion with her, alternately insisting upon it, and giving it up with true royal perversity. Even when the match had at length taken place, her Serene Highness, though she had declared that she would interfere with her duties no longer, layed her veto in the most peremptory manner upon her passing a particular week with

her husband, who was going on a campaign, though both husband and wife "passionately desired it." That was the reason for the veto. "You will a thing, do you? Then my will shall prove itself stronger than yours." This is the whole substance and secret of all such perplexities—of millions of wretched homes.

Mons. de Stahl turned out to be the honest man his wife had taken him for; not very remarkable for his wit, nor a very chatty companion; but a man of good plain understanding and an excellent temper. It is difficult to say which of the two had the worst or the best of the bargain; for if the gentleman wanted conversation for the lady, there is reason to suspect that a life of disappointments had soured her temper beyond redemption. One event however occurred which may have sweetened the last dregs. A friend of her's died, and left her her diamond-ring, and "a pretty country-house which had been her delight."

There is one thing, which must not be omitted in favour of the Duchesse du Maine, especially as it is the only one of the kind. In spite of her love of pleasure and dissipation, and her long indulgence in it, she attended her husband, through a painful illness, with the greatest and kindest assiduity. But, it is added, that his death deprived her of a husband, "over whom she had an invincible ascendancy, from which she used to draw the greatest advantages." However, the disposition could not have been radically bad which, for any purpose, could treat such a husband so well. A nature thoroughly deficient in well-disciplined feelings and good sense, tyrannizes over its victims on all occasions, and contrives to keep in a perpetual state of distress even those whom it professes to love.

To show how a piece of nature lays hold of us,—I had not read the *Memoirs of Madame de Stahl* since I was a youth, and the only thing that I particularly remembered in it was the circumstance related in the following passage:—

"I met with a very joyful reception at my convent, where I lived, as usual, with my select friends Mons. Brunel, Mademoiselle d'Epinay, and Mons. de Rey, who still showed a great regard for me; yet, from two or three slight circumstances, I discerned some decrease in his sentiments. I often used to visit Mademoiselle d'Epinay, where he seldom failed of being. As they lived very near the convent, I generally walked home and he accompanied me. In the way was a large square, *and in the beginning of our acquaintance he constantly kept along the sides of it, whereas he now crossed it;* whence I concluded his love to be diminished, at least the whole difference of the diagonal to the two sides of the square."

The sincerity which is the great charm of this book, (and by which we are to understand a real love of truth, apart from considerations of egotism, and not that ill-natured delight *in speaking one's mind*, as some people call it, which implies a wish to mortify, and a mind very unfit to be spoken,) was doubtless the great attraction in the character of the authoress, and what kept her young so long, and procured her the regard of Chaulieu in his old age. There is no virtue which it is so reviving to a man of the world to meet with, or which so enables him to believe in the existence of something good, when it has failed him in other quarters. The gallant Lord Peterborough, in his old age, fell in love with the Countess of Suffolk, for no other reason; and his love was reasonable on that account, old as he was.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

No. I.—A Minister's Salon.

Paris, January 30th, 1833.

You beg me to tell you something of Paris. Here are some leaves from my scrap-book.

I paid a visit this evening to Messrs. Guizot, Thiers, D'Argout, Soult. It is rather ridiculous in most cases,—the contrast between the splendid hotel of the minister, and the manners simple and somewhat rustic of the man. You see two parts of two different states of society badly joined together; one of the many instances of the strife between the manners and the ideas of the epoch. There is not a chair on which a republican sits that does not speak of the luxury of Louis XV. These ministerial *soirées* are attended by diplomats and deputies, each of whom go more or less to see or be seen by the other. It is the same troop which rushes from *salon* to *salon*, and seems never to have a word to say to its master. Now and then the great man is taken apart—he smiles and bows—it is a solicitor who has asked for a place, and is not much the nearer to it for having obtained a promise. In this country, where the fortunes are small, and the patronage excessive, people consider a place as we do the heritage of a relation, certain to come to us some day or other, sooner or later; they count upon it, live upon it, and get credit upon their chance of it from their friends and relations.

The persons for whom these days of reception are really wanted are the provincials, who would honestly imagine that no government existed, if they did not see it, and talk to it, and court it. The bow and the smile they receive is to them the *loi vivante*, and they enter the court-yard of the president of the council with the same feeling of security and satisfaction that they take up the code of the constitution.

It is this which sustains those princely *salons* in the monarchy of republican institutions. Every thing here is perishable and daily perishing. Legislation, a very Proteus, may array itself in its various forms, and be called by its various names of monarchy, legitimate or illegitimate, republic, communal or directorial; but as long as the morals and manners of the people change but little, there will, in fact, be little difference in the government: nor will it be easy to associate those desires of luxury and elegance in which the ancient aristocracy still exercises its influence with that equality which is called for by the popular voice of the present day. The passion for equality which proceeds, not from any feeling of individual greatness and independence, but from a restless jealousy for every one placed a step above ourselves, is a hateful passion—it is the passion which pervades the society of France, and gives its people their alternate tone of insolence and servility—it is the passion which permits no public man to enjoy an honest reputation, and which fills the *salons* of every man in power, whatever his dishonesty may be, with hosts of flatterers and solicitors.

The most superficial observer of what is passing here will see that the habits are pushing to a despotism, the ideas to a republic.

That government will alone be stable which unites the two: a mo-

narchy with republican institutions did this in name, and the people at once sympathized with the name; but a monarchy with republican institutions is an impossible monster, and the next attempt very probably will be at a republic, in the spirit and with the institutions of a monarchy.

Mons. Dupin, when he stated the simple fact that, in 1827, the purchase of furniture, plate, and jewellery was increasing by twenty millions of francs a year, gave us a sounder basis for any political theory we may choose to build here, than we shall find in the rhapsodies of Mons. Chateaubriand, or the declamations of Mons. Mauguin.

As to the present Ministers themselves, their history is to be read in the Gazette or the Debats, and there is, perhaps, as much truth spoken of them in one as in the other. It matters less that the Duc de Broglie is a doctrinaire, or that M. Guizot was a royalist, or that Marshal Soult is a hypocrite, or that M. D'Argout is a turncoat, or that M. Thiers is a thief, than that of the most capable men in France there is not one who is not accused of being *sans principes*, save him who is ridiculed *pour en avoir trop*. Personally, there is little to say of them, except that they pretty well realize the idea one might have formed.

Mons. Guizot, a little, dark man, with a mild, pedagogic manner, *physiquement* as well as *moralement epuisé*, has the air, in opening his *salon*, of a schoolmaster who is just receiving after the holidays. He is, however, gracious and *spirituel* in his conversation, and gives one decidedly the idea of a man of merit, though one does not feel so sure that he is an able minister.

Mons. D'Argout I had no opportunity of speaking with. His tall, gaunt figure is unprepossessing; but his *salon*, and that of Soult, were filled with far better company than I found at Thiers' or Guizot's. Soult himself is now a very old man, cold and uncourtly in his address, and yet with a certain air of the Grand Seigneur, which he had not five years ago, and which may be compared with Peel's manner in the House of Commons, and comes from the same feeling, viz., that he is superior to all around him.

Thiers I did not speak to. I was disappointed in his countenance. It was less imaginative than I had expected; and the roguish leer in the eye was rather that of a man who was cheating at cards than playing with men.

No. II.—The Young Royalists.

The young M. de ——, who was lately compromised in the affair of La Vendée, is one of the best specimens of a young and liberal royalist of the school of Chateaubriand and Martignac.

Never seen at the Tuileries during the prosperity of Charles the Tenth, immediately on arriving from Algiers he hurried to Lulworth; and disdaining, as he says, to control a sentiment which he thinks chivalrous and noble, by any prudential calculations, he has ever since been ready for any enterprise, however desperate, which the misguided family at Holyrood have felt inclined to sanction. He will neither permit himself, nor any one else, to reason with him on this subject. "If the mob had been reasonable," he says, "they would never have ventured with an army of hackney-coaches to overthrow the ancient dynasty at Rambouillet."

One sees in this young man, more strongly than in any instance I ever met with, how much depends on circumstances; the benumbing, soporific effect of prosperity, and the advantages which, in the developement of intellect and character, adversity has at least the merit to bestow.

Four years ago, ——— was a French dandy, occupied with nothing but his horses, his tilbury, his neckcloths, his waistcoats, and pantaloons. Hurrying from amusement to amusement, the only thought that ever came across him at times was, that he—bored. With an easy income, and one of the most illustrious names in France (at that time a fortune), handsome, graceful, and just married to a wife in every way accomplished, the grand-daughter of the Duc de C——, and an heiress, he had every thing to be desired; and yet, with all these advantages, there is no comparison in the measure of respect which he received from those who knew him then, and that which is paid him by those who know him now.

The life he leads, and has led, is curious, as a specimen of that pursued by many in the same situation.

For the last two years he has spent eight months of each year in a lonely chateau in the country, with his thoughts and books. He has dismissed even the appearance of pleasure—horses, equipage, &c. In Paris he goes no where, but to the club in the Rue de Grammont. At home he never receives visitors, and is only to be found by one or two friends, whom he invites to a dinner which is nowise changed on their account. If he has any society, it is that of artists and men of letters, who, he feels by a certain instinct, will throw a kind of dignity and poesy about his position. Such, too, is in general the society of that class of royalists to which he belongs; partly because the head of their party inspires a respect for his own distinction, and partly because there is in their feelings and politics a hazardous situation,—a something noble, imaginative, and dangerous, which seeks for thoughts and sympathies higher than those of the ordinary herd.

With a feeling that he should be disgraced by the *mauvaise compagnie* of the court, he begged me to get him introduced to the *soirées* of a bookseller. ——— has a small house in the Rue Blanche; with two suites of apartments, one below for reception, consisting of an entrance-hall, two *salons*, and a *salle à manger*—one above in which he usually lives. The entrance-hall opens into a *salon*, on one side of which are Madame ———'s bed-room and cabinet, on the other his study and bed-room. The nursery and servants' rooms are on the second story. The whole house is furnished with that nice tact, almost exclusively aristocratic, which escapes being ostentatious, without falling into the still more vulgar affectation of simplicity. One of the *salons* below is in chintz, the other in the old damask silk of Louis the XIV.; and the antique pieces of family porcelain, and the rich chairs of silver brocade, have each a kind of family history attached to it which makes their finery venerable. His own cabinet or study up stairs is *à la comfortable*—large and lounging chairs, plain mahogany bookcases, a commodious bureau or secretaire—on the side of the wall opposite the chimney-piece are suspended a variety of arms of curious and foreign workmanship, not bought in a broker's, but obtained each of them under some peculiar and interesting circumstance. A Bedouin's knife, a trophy of the battle of Algiers, a Turkish sabre or a Greek ataghan, a remembrance of the

expedition to the Morea, a Spanish dagger, wrested from the hands of an assassin in the romantic Cadiz. These, and two or three small pictures and sketches by the best modern masters, give to this little apartment a classic and picturesque appearance. With this family, as with all those of the same opinion, the present king is held in a kind of abhorrence.

The violence of parties, too, is carried to a much greater extent than we, even during the days of the reform-bill, have been accustomed to. Mons. de ——— sees none of his wife's relations. Madame, who shares her husband's opinions, speaks of everybody as *bien* or *mal pensant*. There is a portrait of Henry the Fifth, above and below, and the black man with whom the children are frightened is Louis Philippe.

I was sitting alone with ———, his wife having left us after dinner to go to the opera, when the door opened quickly, and she entered with a flushed countenance and an agitation difficult to describe. "Madame est prise!" were the first words she uttered; and if his father's death had been announced to him, ———'s face could hardly have undergone a more sudden or terrible alteration. "Comment le savez vous," said he, as if desirous to doubt the fact. "Ce'st vrai, ce'st bien vrai: elle est prise—tout le monde l'a su à l'opera—et Mons. de Gerardin en est sorti toute suite. D'ailleurs 'La Nouvelliste' (a ministerial evening journal), l'a dit." ——— and I immediately went to the club. The capture of Madame de B. *was* in the "Nouvelliste;" and ——— left me to visit some friend in the Faubourg St. Germain.

To this family loyalty historically belongs. If it is for any one, it is for the descendants of James II. to shew respect for the misfortunes of Charles X.; and let us not disguise the fact, that there is in these days of calculating egotism, something in the noble devotion to any political principle, be it royalism, or republicanism, which makes us respect even those whose theories are impracticable, or those whose superstition is gone by.

But we must not confound opinions; among that class of royalists to which M. de —— belongs, the principle of hereditary succession, though accompanied by a personal respect and affection for the prince, is by no means attached to the idea of his possessing any divine right to the throne of his fathers. Henri V. is considered as a guarantee of stability and durability; as a link between the past and the present—as a decoration and an illustration to that system in which the name of a monarchy is preserved; it would be as absurd to accuse M. de Chateaubriand of wishing to restore the system of Louis XIV. as it would be to reproach M. Mauguin with the desire of consecrating the reign of Reason, and repeating the frenzied crimes of Robespierre. "Il n'y a plus d'oriflamme ni de Chevaliers bardés de fer et prets à suivre la panache blanche," &c. &c.

No. III.—A Duchess of the Empire.

One of the singularities of the present state of society here, is a Bookseller introducing me to a Duchess of the Empire, who lives in a convent. You mount a small staircase to the right. The two rooms that were furnished—the larger one is waiting a second edition of the memoirs perhaps—are pretty, but small.

About twenty persons were crowded in there; and the company was

of a mosaic description, that corresponded with the combination which had brought my introducer and my hostess into acquaintanceship.

Here was a general of Napoleon—there a member of the Institut—an antique beauty of the Directory, flirting with a young poet—and a dandy of the day (with a cravat almost as high and as stiff as I remember, in 1817, the sixth form rejoiced in at Harrow), in earnest *coquetterie* with a *femme de lettres*, already more immortal than her works. My patron, who, in the circle before us, found himself the life, and soul, and bread, and soup, and fame, and glory, of at least a dozen who wrote works which they did not sign, or signed works which they did not write, held up his head and regulated his regards with all the magnanimity of a Mecænas; and was, what the Duke de Choiseul would have been in a similar circle seventy years ago.

La librairie est une des aristocraties de l'époque, and a bookseller, of talent and reputation, is, in point of power and consequence, far above a peer of France.

Madame Junot herself is a little woman, with a stature indecisive between the fat and the *en bon point*. Her face could never have been pretty or beautiful, but piquant, original, and voluptuous. Her eyes are dark and full of fire, and her bosom, though she must be between fifty and sixty, firm and smooth as satin. So that in spite of wrinkles, rouge, and a certain air of age about the mouth, one can understand, that two years ago M. Balzac was her lover, and that, at the present moment, there are many with similar pretensions.

She has a *ton bref* and *tant soit peu brutal*, which has as much of the *vivandière* as the *maréchale* in it; but she is *spirituelle*, quick, and full of that kind of passion to speak, which puts a conversation at once *en train*.

No. IV.—The Courtier of the Old Regime.

I dined with M. de —— and a gentleman, the Marquis de ——, *homme à la mode* in the reign of Louis XVI., and who had seen Louis XV. sup with Mde. Dubarri. "What do you think of society now and society then, Marquis?"—"For society to those who lived when I did, there is no society now. How can you expect there should be any, when here was my young friend who was going to cut my throat during dinner, because we don't happen to have the same political opinions? When I was a young man, Sir, the only thought and occupation of every one was, 'How shall we most amuse ourselves!' All the wit and all the talent which is now working itself out in a variety of channels was then concentred in creating pleasure." "But the shopkeepers, they were a different race?" "O yes, they lived frugally and laid by their money, not with the idea of becoming gentlemen themselves, but with the hope and expectation that their great-grand-children might become so. People rose gradually;—the son of a shopkeeper purchased a charge; his son purchased one higher;—by degrees the family rose to the dignities of the magistrature and the parliament; and thus it arrived there prepared for a situation which had gradually approached.

"The common people had less desires, and were consequently more happy in their poverty, and more virtuous, being less exposed to temptation. This reminded me of the old lady from Bretagne whom I met the other day, 'And how are the peasantry in your country?'—'Oh!

Monsieur,' said she, 'naivement, ils sont les meilleurs gens du monde, car ils sont si ignorans;' and for luxury and comfort and all that sort of thing, M. le Marquis? There was a greater kind of luxury,—more servants, more plate, more horses,—but the table-cloth was not so fine and so clean,—the rooms were not so well lighted,—all the little articles of luxury were not so much attended to. But when you talk of luxury you must remember that one class of persons, the most luxurious, is entirely extinct. The courtezan exists no more than the mammoth. In my time she kept her carriage,—had her beautiful apartments or her *petite maison*,—gave her *soirées*, which were more difficult to get to than those of the queen. Everything about her breathed that *volupté* and that desire to which she devoted herself." "And how did she support her establishment?" "Oh, she lived either with a gambler or a Grand Seigneur. I remember your grandfather, Jaques, saying, when he had lost all his fortune, 'au moins puis-je garder Julie et un cabriolet!' The Prince de Soubise had seven *figurantes* who had each their night. He allowed them lovers, but they were obliged to be of the *noblesse*. I remember the Count de Segur was very much in love with Mdlle. Adèle. 'Ah, Prince,' said some one to him, 'if you knew the pain every Tuesday that you give to the poor Segur. Mais qu'a-t-il donc? Il aime Mdlle. Adèle. Quels enfans! pourquoi ne me l'ont-ils pas dit? Elle ne viendra donc plus que jusque cela soit passé;—cela passera.'"

No. V.—The Booksellers.

I went to M. ——, publisher and bookseller. Janin was there, the author of the "Ane Morte, Barnave," &c., a little dark man with a brilliant olive complexion, and an Italian countenance; vulgar, very gesticulatory, and handsome if he had not a squint. He lives with Mdlle. Georges, and makes about 2000 napoleons a-year. He is accused of having no principles,—of writing in every newspaper 'Juste milieu,'—royalist and republican. Of course, he did nothing but talk of the want of principle in France; and I saw, as he continued to talk, that he did not exactly know what principle was. I observed this to my next neighbour. "You are right," said he, "Janin wants a conscience, poor fellow; it is not his fault, he was born without one, just as another man may be born without an arm or a leg."

It is this which shocks one in the present state of France,—not the predominating influence of talent, which indeed is the only influence; but that talent, without honour or principle, should possess this influence. It is, in fact, stripping the empire of genius of all its advantages,—its poesy,—its beauty,—its chivalry. It is those advantages for which we wish and feel an interest in the triumph of intellect, because we believe that it will bring to the affairs of the world the greatness and the sublimity which can only be learnt in the closet,—that it will invest with poesy and grandeur the things which have hitherto been treated by vulgar minds as incompatible with such poesy and such grandeur.

But if the talent which succeeds is to be the talent of a Crispin or a Scapin,—if the cunning and intrigue of the *parvenu* is to take the place of the insolence and prerogatives of the ancient nobility;—if France is to be governed, and the world is to be governed, by men who, if they were not ministers and men of letters, would be swindlers at the Palais

Royal; swindlers with loaded dice; packers and shufflers of cards,—we have retrograded instead of advanced, and we shall be obliged to go back to something worse than we started from in order to arrive at better things.

Mr. F——'s apartments are up one pair of stairs only; but that pair is a dirty and ill-lighted one. His lodging, too, is small; three little rooms,—prettily furnished,—and with that kind of taste which we should call feminine in England, and which shows in its prevalence that the men live much more with the women here than with us. M. F——, however, complains of his lodging as not fine enough. He is going to get another;—"200 or 300 francs, more or less, for a *soirée*." "What is that to me?" said he,—and this is the genius of the present race of young men engaged in commerce and affairs.

You find the taste and the manners of the aristocracy have been divided in the same manner as the fortunes.

The antique nobility is not destroyed, it has only been cut up into pieces. Society is the Hôtel de Montmorency divided out into apartments; and, of one Grand Seigneur, time has made an infinity of little ones.

THE HERMIT OF THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TALE OF THE FINE ARTS.

——————————— the good die first,
But those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the sockets.—*Wordsworth.*

SOME time since, at one of the artists' conversazioni which are held in London, I recognized an individual whom I had previously known at Rome. He was considered, in that metropolis of the arts, a young man of first-rate genius; and certainly those of his productions which had come before my notice, I thought fully entitled him to lay claim to so exalted a character. We became intimate, and were much in each other's society. I found, as I listened to his observations on his favourite study, which he idolized with an exalted enthusiasm, that, to the exquisite taste and mature judgment he evinced on every subject connected with art, he joined a highly poetical imagination, and a mind well stored with the treasures of classical literature. When I left Italy we parted with mutual regret, and I proceeded on my travels, leaving him to continue his studies with every probability of his soon becoming famous. Since then I had not heard from him, although I was frequently an ear-witness of his praises: the joy, therefore, with which we met may easily be imagined.

I observed a strange alteration in his person and features. When I left him he possessed a handsome athletic form, eyes flashing with animation, and a countenance whereon the hues of health and manly beauty had been mellowed beneath the influence of a southern sun. He now appeared thin and pale, a shadow of deep melancholy enshrouded his features; and his gaze, which used to make all glad on which it fell, forced the spectator to participate in the wretchedness it expressed: he was evidently suffering from illness.

"Good God! Arthur," I exclaimed, as I approached him, "what has caused this fearful change? Have you been ill?"

He seemed pleased at meeting me, but did not answer my question. I repeated it, and with a forced laugh he answered me that he was very well, laying an emphasis on the two last words. He then changed the subject, and we talked of old times and old adventures; our troubles after Raffaelles and Salvators among monasteries and palaces; and our dangers in search of the picturesque among mountains and brigands. He entered into the conversation, but he had lost all that sparkling vivacity which had always made him so agreeable a companion. He smiled occasionally, when I brought to his recollection any odd incident which had previously given us food for many hours' laughter; but the smile was so faint, that it only showed more vividly the suffering it attempted to conceal. It was quite painful to me to observe the change which had taken place, and my heart ached as I listened to his broken voice.

I received the most pressing invitations to visit him frequently, of which, on the first opportunity, I gladly availed myself; for all my sympathies were awakened for his appearance, and I thought if I could find out the cause of the alteration, I might possibly discover some remedy which would restore him to the health and happiness he had previously enjoyed. On my first visit he showed me several of his productions. Many of them were grand, some remarkably beautiful, and all gave signs of extraordinary genius. The subjects were mostly historical; but there were some landscapes and imaginative compositions, and a few portraits; they possessed a richness of colour, and a correctness of drawing, rarely equalled in modern painting. His figures were designed in a masterly style—his females particularly; they were worthy of the highest praise, and possessed a characte r of intellectual beauty which made one feel disposed to worship them as beings of a superior order. One painting only he neglected to show me; it was in his *studio*, carefully veiled with a green curtain. I thought it at first rather strange that he should pass it unnoticed; but imagining it to be unfinished, I made no remark upon the subject.

I afterwards visited him frequently. The only real pleasure he seemed to enjoy was, when I sat by his easel while he was busily employed, and read to him the best classic authors; but his health did not improve. He seemed declining rapidly, and I began to fear he was labouring under the effects of some malady which was secretly undermining his constitution; yet he never complained, and when I asked him if he was ill, he would always reply in the negative. He took but little nourishment, and drank very sparingly of wine. At last he seemed wasting away so rapidly, that I found it impossible any longer to restrain myself from interfering, and determined, at any risk, to get at the knowledge of the hidden mischief, whose effects appeared every day to me becoming more dangerous.

One day after I had been reading Plato to him in the original, to whose philosophy he listened as if his soul was bound up in the words, I laid the book aside, and addressed him in the most kind and persuasive language I could use, while I watched to observe what effect my discourse produced.

"Arthur," said I, "it is evident to me that you have some secret which is ruining your peace of mind, and destroying your health."

I observed that he trembled, and changed colour, but did not speak.

"Pardon me," I continued, "if I am intruding upon your private thoughts. I am influenced by a regard for your welfare, and I cannot retain the sacred name of friend, if I see that you are miserable, and attempt nothing to render you happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed involuntarily, but with such an expression of anguish as can scarcely be imagined; and then relapsed into silence.

"I knew you," I proceeded, "at one time, when you seemed not to have a care in the world; when your heart was buoyant and your step light. I now find you like one who, in the world, has no occupation—whose soul is oppressed with a multitude of griefs—and whose foot clings to the earth as if the limbs were rooted to the ground. I am certain that some heavy disap-

pointment has fallen upon you, on which your happiness chiefly depended. I do not desire to participate in your secrets from feelings of idle curiosity; I am actuated by motives of a far higher character; but I must say, that I consider you very wrong in keeping your afflictions to yourself, when there is one beside you who is ever ready to share them, and to offer whatever consolation it is in his power to bestow."

He shook his head mournfully, as if to intimate that the remedy was beyond my aid.

"You ought to be convinced, my dear friend," I continued, "that the encouragement of any secret grief is wrong; there is a selfishness about it; it generates misanthropic feelings; is often followed by consequences of a debasing character to the moral excellence of the human heart; and I must think that mind little influenced by the golden truths of philosophy, that can continue in a practice so contrary to social love and generous fellowship. I know that you will not take offence at anything I can say to you on such an occasion as this, when I can regard nothing but the human wreck which I see before me, and can desire nothing but a speedy return to 'all its original brightness.' You may reply, perhaps, that there is a luxury in the sole enjoyment of grief; but it is one that should not be indulged in. Anything carried to excess is injurious—the feelings and passions of humanity particularly so; they create a delirious poison that runs through the blood, infecting all the channels of vitality, till the heart and soul are deprived of all their social qualities under its withering influence. For what are we endowed with reason, my dear Arthur, but to show how far we are superior to the rest of the creation, and to keep us from acting under the blind impulses of passion? You have allowed your feelings to get the better of your reason, and a morbid sloth has overpowered your better nature. Shake off this incubus—shake it off, I implore you." I observed a slight twitching of the muscles of the face as I concluded; his eyes glistened; he laid hold of one of my hands with a convulsive grasp, and nature, after a short struggle, triumphed. He turned away to conceal the weakness he had evinced, and I returned him a cordial pressure of the hand. I allowed him the full indulgence of his feelings, knowing that their influence would go farther towards producing the state of mind in which I wished to keep him, than all the eloquence of which I was master. At last he broke silence,—

"I had thought," said he, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "that the secret would have gone with me to the grave; but it is for the best, perhaps, that it should be divulged,—therefore I will tell you all."

He seemed as if he was preparing himself for an effort, and then continued—

"In my early youth I became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty I will not eulogize, because you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. I loved her; we were both young, but I was, by a few years, her senior; and in a short time she returned my affection with all the devotedness of woman's first love. We lived within a short distance of each other. My family had once moved in a sphere of the highest respectability, but misfortunes had humbled them, and they were obliged to find associates in a different community. Her father had amassed a considerable fortune by the most industrious habits, and in his old age continued the same employment with as much perseverance as he had practised in his youth. As long as he saw his family comfortable and his business productive, he cared not how the world went, and never interfered in domestic matters. Her mother was a vulgar and ignorant woman, of a tyrannical disposition, who considered wealth the only sign of respectability: she ruled everywhere. She took care that her children should be educated as well as money could make them, in the hope of their forming alliances that would increase her importance. Laura was the youngest of them all; it was strange that a form and nature of such rare workmanship should have been produced from

such materials; but nature loves to disappoint the calculations of philosophers. She had but one brother, who was a few years older than herself; he was the counterpart of his mother in all things, and consequently her idol. It is almost needless to say that I was objected to by them; but this rather strengthened Laura's affection than the contrary, and we met clandestinely, and corresponded through the agency of her servant.

"At a very early age I had given evidence of a talent for painting, and I was educated for that profession. I have already told you that my family had been unfortunate; another reverse of fortune occurred, which obliged them to leave that neighbourhood for ever. At that time, having, I knew, nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, I thought that the world might suspect me of interested motives in retaining the affections of a young girl whose expectations were so far superior to my own; therefore, after a long and painful struggle with my feelings, I came to the determination of discontinuing the connexion rather than throw myself open to such debasing suspicions. I wrote, and resigned all claim to her hand and heart; as from my situation in society I was unable to offer her those advantages which I felt convinced she had a right to expect. Then, in language that can never fade from my memory, she replied—'When you have lost all affection for me, then, dearest Arthur, tell me that you cannot offer what I have a right to expect; and she who now feels in calling herself only *your* Laura, will no longer style herself by so enviable a name.' This silenced my scruples, and I resigned myself to the delightful enjoyment of loving and being loved.

"Some envious wretch, like the Evil One, when he beheld the felicity of our first parents, had witnessed our happiness only with a design to mar it, —he told her family of our secret meetings. They were of course very much enraged, took advantage of Laura's absence to break open her writing-desk, and there discovered several of my letters. Laura was instantly sent for, overwhelmed with abuse, which she bore with the meekness of an angel, and made to indite a very angry letter to me, the purport of which was to reprove me for my presumption in daring to aspire to an alliance with her family, and to forbid any further correspondence. When I received it, it caused me much anxiety, and I began to believe in the general fickleness of womankind, but the next post brought me a letter from her full of womanly tenderness, and of words—

'Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

It cleared up the mystery.

"Although she was watched with the most rigid espionage, and suffered every indignity from the family, because she would not promise to renounce me, for two years we continued to correspond with, and at intervals to meet, each other. She improved in beauty, and I in my profession. I studied long and earnestly for improvement, for I thought that only by attaining eminence I could prove myself worthy of her love. About this time her letters began to be less frequent, and our interviews at longer intervals. Yet in speech and in writing she seemed as kind as ever. At last she told me that our correspondence must be discontinued, as her mother had quarrelled with the faithful servant by whose agency it had been carried on; and as she had been dismissed from her service, no letters of mine could come to her without being discovered; she concluded her letter by saying—'I allow that time does make changes, but it never—never will in my regard for you; and I tell you, dear Arthur, that while I can hear that you still remain firm in your affection to your Laura, no power on earth shall force me to give my hand to another.' Although I could not but regret that the only channel of communication between us was no longer available, these assurances of her unalterable attachment convinced me of her sincerity, and I felt assured that the absence of my letters would make no difference in her regard for me. I placed the most unbounded confidence in her truth."

As he concluded the sentence, Arthur linked his arm within mine, and led me before the picture, which I have noticed as the one concealed by a curtain.

"So deeply," he continued, "were her features fixed upon my memory, that wanting to paint a picture from the story of Abelard and Heloise, I made her as a study for the latter, and endeavoured to trace upon the canvass those charms which had made so lasting an impression on my heart. I had then no opportunity of seeing her, but she was ever in my thoughts; therefore, from memory I am indebted for the strong resemblance which the portrait bears to the original. There is no composition with which I have taken so much pains; I lingered over it like a mother over her first-born; I touched, and retouched it, and endeavoured to bestow upon it all the exquisite finish of a Gerard Dow. I have lately closed the painting from view, because it became too painful a mockery for me to bear."

With a trembling hand he drew aside the curtain, and I never beheld anything so lovely as the being before me; the atmosphere seemed to grow bright, as if a burst of sunshine had flashed upon the room. Heloise was designed as rising from a couch, on which she had been reclining, while her lover, kneeling at her feet, had, in the passionate eloquence of verse, declared the eagerness of his love. Her hair was light and of a glossy hue, parted off her fair and open forehead, and rested in luxuriant tresses upon her dazzling throat and swelling breast; her eyes were of that deep rich blue that seem born of Heaven, from their resemblance to the fair clouds which veil it from our sight, and were filled with that deep and earnest expression of womanly tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. Beauty seemed to breathe in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. Her dress was in the picturesque costume of the twelfth century, allowing the graceful shape of the limbs to be seen beneath its folds. The room was decorated with tapestry, on which were delineated subjects from scriptural history, and the rich light which fell upon the eloquent features of Heloise came mellowed through a window of painted glass, whereon a virgin and child were drawn in clear and fadeless colours.

I looked upon the painting with unconcealed rapture: it was a masterpiece. It appeared to possess all the flowing richness of colour which belongs to the Italian school, united with the exquisite finish of the Flemish painters. I think I should have gazed at it till nightfall, entranced in admiration, had I not been started by a heavy sigh. I hastily let fall the curtain, and turned round; my friend had sunk into a seat; his face was buried in his hands, and his attenuated frame shook with violent convulsions.

"Arthur!" said I, taking his thin hand in mine, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," he replied, faintly, catching his breath at intervals, as if something impeded his respiration, "nothing—nothing—my friend; 'tis a slight attack to which I am sometimes subject, but it will soon be over; there—there—I am better now—I am much better—I will now go on with my narrative."

"No, no, Arthur," I exclaimed, observing the agitation he was endeavouring to control, "you can continue it at some other time."

"Perhaps not, my friend—perhaps not," he replied; "I dare not trifle with time." He made a violent effort to conquer his weakness, and then, with assumed composure, continued. "Soon afterwards my productions attracted the attention of a certain nobleman, well known for the liberality with which he patronizes the fine arts, and he was so pleased with my compositions, that, after a short acquaintance, he offered, at his own expense, to send me to Italy to pursue my studies. This was a temptation I could not resist, and I soon accepted his generous offer. Although I sought frequently, I found no opportunity of having an interview with Laura before I left England; but when I arrived in Rome I determined to confine

myself to one object, that of rising in my profession, for the sole purpose o becoming worthy of her affection. The name of my noble patron was a passport to every *palazzo* in Rome, and I quickly availed myself of its influence. I studied the glorious creations of the antique till I felt imbued with the spirit of their beauty, and the immortal designs of the great painters I had before my eyes, till I became familiar with every excellence they possessed. There I found the best living models to draw from—women as lovely as the Madonnas of Raffaelle, and men as finely shaped as the Deities of Canova.

"Three years I remained in Italy, seeking for eminence, and in some degree—in a degree which gave me a proud and happy consciousness of having succeeded in my endeavours—I obtained it. Yet Laura was never absent from my remembrance. I fed my heart with hopes of creating a name and fortune worthy her acceptance. I yearned for distinction, only for her sake. I was happy with the world and with all around me. I had obtained honours and rewards above my expectations, and I looked forward to the possession of Laura as the crowning gift which would give a value to the rest. She was present with me at all times, and in all places, and shed a line of beauty and excellence over all I did. If I wanted to design any figure possessing extraordinary grace, I thought of her, and creations of more than earth-born loveliness rose upon the canvass. It was her to whom I looked for inspiration; and all bright thoughts and glorious imaginings were centered in her remembrance. Visions of beauty thronged upon my mind, freshly bathed in the sunshine of her delicious smiles, or newly glorified by the soft brilliance of her enamoured eyes.

"The time drew near for my return to England, and I busied myself, during my voyage home, with delightful anticipations of my coming felicity. I thought of the joy with which she would welcome me after so long a separation, and seemed to behold the lustre of her dove-like eyes dwelling fondly on my own. I hailed the white cliffs of Dover, shining through the mist, for bringing me nearer to her presence. My fame had travelled before me; and I discovered, when I landed, that I was in as high estimation among my fellow-countrymen, as had followed my efforts in Italy. At the first opportunity I made inquiries for Laura and her family. I found that her father had died during my absence, leaving an immense fortune to be divided amongst his widow and children, who, with the exception of the son, had retired into the country. It was some time before I found out her residence, and when it was discovered, I had still greater difficulty in seeing her. At last I met her by accident in town. She appeared glad to see me, pressed my hand with extacy, and looked up into my face with all her usual tenderness; yet, afterwards, she blushed, hung down her head in silence, and seemed fearful of being seen in my company. I would not leave her till she had given me permission to write to her, and had received her promise to answer me. I was too much wrapped up in the happiness I felt in her society, short as the period was in which we were together, to observe, at the time, those signs of estrangement, which afterwards came before my memory with all the bitterness of disappointment. My friend—it was the last time we met!"

In the few last sentences his voice faltered, and at the conclusion it was so broken as to be scarcely audible; but, with a supernatural energy, he struggled with his feelings, and, in a few minutes, resumed his narrative with apparent composure.

"I wrote,"—he continued—"yes, I wrote to her; I told her how long I had loved her—how faithful had been my affection, and that my attachment could only cease with my existence. That to me all the glory I had obtained was worthless, unless she for whom only it was sought made it valuable by sharing it with me; and I implored her, by all her gentle endearments, and by all the happy moments we had passed in each other's society, to assure me, at once, either of the certainty of my happiness, or of my misery. I waited long and anxiously for an answer. When

any suspicion entered my mind of her inconstancy, I thought of all she had endured for my sake. I recalled to mind the letter she had written to me from the country, where she had been sent by her friends for the purpose of preventing any communication between us, in which she stated that the persecutions of her relations had become quite insupportable, and the waters of a lake, round which she was in the habit of walking, looked so clear, so tranquil, and so beautiful, that she had been tempted to put an end to her misery and her existence at once; but that the thoughts of possessing my love held her back, and she felt that she could not give up my affection, even to possess peace, and happiness, and heaven. Yes, I thought of these things, and my heart smote me for suspecting her of deceit. I waited without a murmur; laid the fault of the delay on a variety of different causes, and felt assured of my coming happiness. My friend! imagine my feelings when I received this letter."

With a trembling hand he gave me a note which appeared much crumpled, and felt damp to the touch; it was dated more than three months back, and I read as follows:—

"You have, perhaps, before this, accused me of neglect for not having answered your note before, but I have been unable to do so. Your letter was what might have been expected from you—noble and disinterested. I am grateful for your kind affection for me, though I can never repay it as you merit. Forget me, Arthur—I ask you to forget me; I am still your friend, and shall never cease to be so, but you will meet with those more likely to make you happy: you can then remember me as the friend of your adversity, and as one who would never have forsaken you in the day of trouble.

"Your sincere well wisher,

"Laura."

I was wondering, within myself, at the extraordinary fickleness of this girl, when my friend, with more composure than I could have expected from him, proceeded:—

"When I had perused that letter," he continued, "its meaning came with such a sudden shock upon my brain, as to derange, at once, every faculty it possessed; I was sensible only of a sudden and intense pain about the region of the heart. The rest I heard from my attendants; they were alarmed by hearing a noise in my room; they rushed in, and found me extended on the floor. For several months I was delirious; my life was despaired of; but I recovered to the state in which you now see me, to linger by a painful and declining death. What are to me fame, and name, and honour, and glory, now she for whom I sought them requires them not? What are to me the riches of the world, now her for whom I struggled to obtain them refuses to share them with me? I have no occupation—I have no incentive to occupation. The world holds out to me no prize worth struggling for, and the stimulus of earthly passions has no power over me. I am wasting away, gradually, but surely; all the functions of the body have lost their energy, though the soul still lives in the immortality of its youth. 'Tis hard, as Homer says, ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πάσχειν; but in a short time it will be over, and I shall be at peace with her and with all mankind."

I went home in a most melancholy state of mind from hearing my friend's eventful history. The next morning I called upon him at an early hour. I had left him tranquil and resigned; indeed I felt surprised and delighted at his composure. When I was taking my leave, he pressed my hand with more than his usual kindness of manner, while the tears were tracing their way along his haggard cheeks. I knocked at the door as I recalled these things to my mind; the servant opened it; his look alarmed me; I rushed up stairs into my friend's bed-room, and there I beheld the unhappy man extended lifeless on his bed! On the table, near him, lay a small bottle, which had contained poison of the deadliest nature. I saw how bitterly I had been deceived by his composure of the previous evening; he had evidently premeditated self-destruction, and had assumed tranquillity to avoid

suspicion. He seemed to have died without a struggle. As I was examining the corpse, I observed something glittering between its bony fingers; it was a gold locket, containing hair, and on the back of it was engraved the name of Laura.—He died as he had lived.

I witnessed the last honours paid to his remains, and then proceeded to examine his papers. He left his pictures to be sold for the benefit of his relations, except a few which he bequeathed to me as a testimony of his friendship; and one, which was "the Veiled Picture," he begged me to take to Laura, after he was buried, and to give into her hands at the same time the following letter:—

"I do not write either to complain or to reproach; I am as much above the one as I am superior to the other. Before these lines meet your gaze, the hand which now traces them will be cold, and the heart from whence they spring will have ceased to hold communion with the world: the dead complain of no injuries, and feel no wrongs. I write to assure you of my forgiveness, and that my last words may express, with heart and soul, and in spirit and in truth—God bless you! ARTHUR."

With some difficulty I discovered her dwelling, and learnt that she was going to be married the following week. After asking for the young lady, I was told by the servant she would be with me immediately, and was desired to walk into a handsomely decorated room. I placed the picture in the most advantageous light, and awaited her coming. In a short time she appeared. She was fully as beautiful as she had been described; but there was a trace of melancholy in the features of the original, which the portrait did not possess. I wondered not at the infatuation of my unfortunate friend, as I gazed on the charms with which this Circe had bound his existence in her love. I said nothing to her, fearing to trust my voice in her presence, but gently undrew the curtain of the picture. As soon as she beheld it, a flood of sweet recollections seemed to rush upon her heart, and her whole soul appeared absorbed in the scene before her. As she gazed upon it, she drew in her breath eagerly, so as to make her respiration distinctly audible, and her looks were expressive of the most intense interest. I gently put into her hand the letter; she took it almost mechanically, but without taking the least notice of my presence; her eyes fell upon the characters, which she recognized and read. As soon as she had perused it through, she turned her gaze upon me with a glassiness of eye that riveted me to the spot. Her beautiful mouth became momentarily distorted; her lovely features underwent a sudden and complete transformation, expressive of deep and silent agony—she dropped the letter at my feet—uttered a long and horrid laugh, and sunk down upon the floor in violent hysterics.

For several days she was in a state of raving madness; and though the fit left her in a precarious state of weakness, on her first return to sensibility she sent for me. She bade me relate to her all I knew of her lover. I did so; and she continually interrupted my narration with execrations on her cruelty and falsehood. After she had heard me out, she told me she was the victim of her mother's ambition. During Arthur's absence, she had tried every scheme to thrust him from her affections, and to bring about a marriage which she considered more advantageous. She had succeeded but too well. Laura's heart had been humbled by threats, and her life had been rendered miserable by unkindness. Receiving no intelligence of her lover, in a moment of weakness she agreed to all her mother proposed. She now exclaimed against her inhumanity, her falsehood, and her treachery, and accused herself of being the murderer of her lover. Although great attention was paid to her by her friends, she received a shock from which she never recovered; and before the day arrived which was to have seen her a bride, the grave possessed all that remained of one of the loveliest forms that death had ever disrobed of beauty.

W*.

THE PRAYER OF MARMADUKE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Part I.

Dame Ellinor from her bed rose up,
A little past midnight up rose she;
"And oh!" she said, "this dream of mine
An evil thing betokeneth me!

"Alas! my Lord, that you are false,
That our home's peace is overthrown!
Oh! woman's heart is a heart of flesh;
But the heart of man is made of stone.

"And now 'tis nine long years and more
Since you, on that false embassy,
Went to the fatal court of France;—
How could you leave your babes and me!

"They say the young Queen loves you more
Than any noble in her land:
My dream betokened other things,—
The dungeon-chain, the ruffian's hand.

"Ah! though you have been false to me,
I never can forswear my truth;
And they were evil counsellors,
My Lord, that did misguide your youth."

And so she spoke, and wrung her hands,
And paced the floor in wild dismay:
At length she turned her toward the bed
Whereon her maiden daughter lay;—

Beautiful in her blooming youth,
Her bright hair on the pillow spread;
And in her deep sleep's holy calm
Resting her innocent young head.

"Oh! would," she cried, "ye were a man,
To ride by land, to sail by sea,
That ye might seek your father out,
And save him from this jeopardy!

"Or would I were a childless wife,
Whose life had but one love at stake;
So would I give my own heart's blood
A ransom for my dear Lord's sake!"

With that, up sprung young Marmaduke
From the little bed whereon he lay,—
"I've heard your words, dear mother," he said,
"And let me go to France, I pray.

"I will up, and ride by morning light,—
I will up, and sail across the sea,—
I will hie me to the court of France,
And bring my father back with me."

"Alas! my child," his mother spake,
"What couldst thou do?—there's wood and wold—
Mountain and sea,—a thousand miles
To go,—and thou'rt but ten years old!"

"Oh! heed not that, dear mother," he said,
"And of my travel take no heed:
God will go with me night and day;
I feel that I can do this deed."

"My noble boy!" his mother said,
"If God go with thee, all is right!
Now lay thee down and sleep again,—
Lie down and sleep till morning light."

Then callèd she her maidens three,
Long ere the dawning day begun;
And speedily the three rose up,
Much marv'lling what was to be done.

And the lady she took silk and lawn,
And velvet rich, and cramoisie,
And woollen cloth that was fine as silk,
And laid them all before the three.

"And see that ye make a goodly dress,—
A goodly dress that ye make with care,
Well fitted to my son Marmaduke,—
E'en such as the King's own son might wear."

And so they wrought with mickle thought,
The skilfullest maidens in the land;
And in three days' time their work was done;
And his mother took him by the hand;

And she clothed him in the Holland lawn,
The finest that the loom could spin;
And a snow-white collar of needle-work
She pinned on with a diamond pin.

And she put him on a vest of green,
So shapely made, with many a fold;
And she belted him like a little earl,
And clasped the belt with a clasp of gold.

Then she drew on his leg the silken hose,
As fine as hose of silk could be,
And she laced on his shoes with ribbon strings
Midway below his graceful knee.

And again she took him by the hand,
And thus she spoke to an ancient knight:—
"As I have told you, trusty friend,
Be ready to ride by morning light.

"And here is my son Marmaduke,
And, with God's blessing, good Sir Hugh,
As soon as the morning's prayer is said
He shall be ready to ride with you.

"But look ye, as I have him dressed
In this fair robe of forest green,
When he is come to the court of France
Let him appear before the queen.

"And so God's blessing go with you!
I've little to say which I have not said,—
But keep in mind that he is young,
And as yet but little hath travelled.

So bethink you of his tender age,—
That he may weary long ere you;
Therefore take rest at the hostelrie
Of each good town you travel through.

"And, lack ye time, be up and ride
As soon's ye list by morning light;
But, good Sir Hugh, by a mother's prayer,
Ride never long nor late at night.

"And if it chance that he fall sick,—
As God forfend that so it be,—
Convey him to a holy house,
And hasten back with speed for me.

"And when ye come to London town
Delay not, make no longer stay
Than ye would at the hostelrie
Of any town upon the way.

"For many men be in London town
To whom his noble father's known;
And, God forgive me, but I scorn
E'en pity by those proud men shown.

"And when to the end of fair England
Ye've ridden, ye'll come unto the sea,
And, mind you, that ye only cross
When the wind is fair as it can be.

"And cross not in a crazy boat,
Nor yet in a new one trust the tide,
For the crazy boat must have an end,
And the new one it has not been tried.

"And when ye come to the land of France,
As I know ye for a man discreet,
Say not one word of whence ye come,
Yet courteously the people greet;

"Else chance might be that quarrels rose
In a tongue ye little understand;
And if ill happed, what could ye do
With this poor child in that strange land?

"And now, once more, God be your guide,
And counsel you as shall be best!
But the sun is set, the night wears on,
So hasten to your needful rest."

Good rest had the knight and Marmaduke,
But little rest had the anxious lady;
And with the dawn, when the two rose up,
They found all things were waiting ready.

Then she booted the boy like a little knight,
And she put him on a golden spur,
And she gave him a cloak for his travel long,
Well lined and trimmed with minever.

And so she watched the two ride forth—
Through the portal high she watched them ride;
And she blessed aloud her noble son,
And the trusty old man by his side.

And her step was free, her eye was clear,
And her cheek with flushing crimson burned,
As she passed the people of her house,
And back into her hall returned.

But then she to her chamber went,
And the door of her chamber bolted she;
And she knelt beside his empty bed
And wept like a mother bitterly.

Part II.

Now twenty days they travelled,
Young Marmaduke and old Sir Hugh,
And they rested long at the hostelrie
Of each good town they travelled through.

And in each town that they went through,
The thronging people gazed and smiled;
Saying, "Yonder rides some great earl's son,"
Or "Blessings on your goodly child!"

And as they rode through London town,
They met the king and nobles nine;
And he said, to the lord on his right hand,
"I'faith I wish yon child were mine!"

And every lord, from first to last,
Turned in his saddle with sudden spring;
But not one lord of all the train
Whose son he was could tell the king.

And when they unto Dover came,
There did they rest one summer's day;
And then a steady wind arose,
And twenty ships were in the bay.

And, in the stoutest ship of all,
Before the morrow's sun went down,
The old man and young Marmaduke,
Sailed safely into Calais town.

And through the pleasant land of France
They rode, a joy in all men's sight;
And everywhere they left the name
Of the "noble child and the courteous knight."

And ere in Paris they abode
For seven days, they won such grace,
That 'mong the nobles of the court
The old knight and the boy had place.

And ere seven days were come and gone
The boy put on his vest of green,
And in his silken hose and shoes
Came in before the youthful queen.

The queen beside a table sate,
All radiant in her regal dress,
And a handsome man stood by her chair,
And they two laughed and played at chess.

At length the merry queen looked up,—
And "Ay, my lord," she said and smiled,
"Is that a pretty page of yours?—
Come here, thou grave and gentle child!"

That moment he stepped lightly up,
And bent upon his knee as soon:—
"I'm page to no good lord," he said,
"But I am come to crave a boon."

"Whate'er thy boon," she said, "tell on,
Fair boy; I will not say thee nay."
Then earnestly he spake:—"Oh, send
My father home with me this day!"

"Your father, child! and who is he?"
Amazed, the merry queen replied;
"And how may I your father know
From any gentleman beside?"

"You may know him for the bravest man,
With good broad-sword and tourney lance,—
And by the songs the people sing
Of him in every town of France.

At this the queen looked pale, then red;
"And how is this, my lord," said she;
"For whom has any minstrel sung,
Save you and your great chivalrie?"

"You may know him," still the boy went on,
"For the handsomest man in all the land;—
You may know him by a true-love ring
That he wears upon his own right hand."

At this the queen sprang up in ire,
And the noble clasped his hands in fear,
For she had the ring upon her hand
That she had worn for many a year.

"My lord," said she, "what meaneth this?"
And she snatched the ring from off her hand,
"How came you here to mock a queen
When you'd a wife in your own land?

"If you had a wife and children there,
You might have known a woman's mood;
By heaven, false man, my rage shall burn
Till it is quenched in your heart's blood!"

"Shed not his blood!" cried the little boy,
For his father spake no word at all,
"Or my mother's dream it will come true,
For it told her evil would befall."

"And what is your mother, child, to me
But a name to curse until I die!—
Hence, hence!—you shall carry back the news
That you saw your father bleeding lie!"

Scarce heard young Marmaduke these words,
When he sprang unto his feet,—and cried,
"Oh, say not so, I've a milk-white doe
At home, and seven fleet stags beside.

"And these I'll give to save his life—
The gentle doe and the stags so bold;
And my mother will give far more than these—
Broad lands and store of good red gold!

"But, for God's love, shed not his blood!
For if my words have wrought his bane,
My gentle mother may mourn us both,
For I can never go home again!"

The queen looked up, the queen looked down,
Then dashed away the tears that sprung;—
"And tell me, boy," she softly said,
"Is your mother beautiful and young?"

"Your hair," he said, "is yellow as gold,
My mother's is long and deeply brown;
She's kind and sad, and she often weeps—
Weeps long, but I never saw her frown.

"And if she comes, or if she goes,
All hands to wait on her are ready;
And the old men and the children small
Pour blessings on so good a lady.

"And night and morn she prays to see,
My father,—must she vainly pray?—
'Tis nine long years since he went forth,
Oh, send him home with me this day!"

The queen from her neck took a jewelled chain,
And clasped it round his neck with care;
"And now," she said, "go home, sweet boy,
My mood is changed—I grant thy prayer.

"But it is not for thy milk-white doe
That I have pardoned this man's offence;
And it is not for thy mother's gold,
But 'tis for thy young innocence!"

The earl he was a proud, proud man,
And he put on his haughtiest mien
As he took his fair son by the hand,
And hasted from before the queen.

But when he sate with him alone,
Sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled;
And long he mused and nothing spake,
At length he rose and blessed his child.

Saying, "Thou'st won me back, my boy,
The furious storm is hushed to rest;
Thou hast adventured life for me,—
My duteous child thou shalt be blest!"

And so they rode to Calais town,
And with a fair wind crossed the sea;
And through the pleasant English land
They passed along right lovingly.

And when he saw the ancient woods,
And towers of his own house arise,
Again he blessed his gentle boy,
And tears stood glistening in his eyes.

But when he stood on his hearth-stone,
And clasped his own true wife again;
In sooth the tears from both their eyes
Poured down like plenteous summer rain.

And a loud joy ran through the house,
Startling the old wood's solitude;
But their soul's joy was all too deep
To pour itself in riots rude.

And Marmaduke in after years
Became an earl of high renown;
And England's king, in civil strife,
Received from him the ransomed crown.

And in the chapel of his house
He sleeps among the dead of old;
And minstrels of that ancient time
Preserved the legend I have told.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Literary Loan Association—New House of Commons—The Spirit of the Nation—Cobbett and the Jews—The Passion for Light Reading—Arcana of Knowledge—Why do People hate their Servants to dress Fine?—Police Force, alias Police Violence—A modern Alderman.

LITERARY LOAN ASSOCIATION.—The suggestions which have reached us since the publication of the last commentation under this head, and which arose strictly out of the exigencies of the times, have more and more convinced us of the practicability and usefulness of the project. To the objection that great capitalists would not come into such a scheme, it may be answered, small capitalists perhaps would. There are those who, being now somewhat before the world, do not require the aid of this sort of Bank, but who might, and who, in that expectation, might contribute in some of the forms that would be framed for its maintenance.

Let it be borne in mind that this is not a Literary Charity, but a Literary Bank. The difference between this and other Banks being, that the officers understand the nature of *literary* security.

We ask, had Gibbon gone to a bank and shown his previous productions, exhibited his library, proved the expectations of his friends, and even laid before it an agreement with his responsible booksellers, could he have obtained 5*l.* on advance upon his great historical work, most inadequately paid by six thousand pounds? No, he might have starved and the work been aborted. But Gibbon had a private fortune; if he had not had one, it would seem then that his "History of the Decline and Fall" would never have appeared; and yet our bank would have enabled such a man to have produced his work. Were Mr. Baring to propose in the House a vote of sixteen thousand pounds, the cost of last year's Museum, in order to procure for English literature such an historical work as Gibbon's, would there be a dissentient voice except Cobbett's? To instance a later

work, Mr. Mill's "British India"—the publishers of this work, than whom there are not more respectable or enlightened men in any rank of society in this country, did all they could consistently with the ordinary principles of business, and yet, during its composition, we believe the author had to submit to severe privations; and it is probable that, had he had tastes less austere, or been gifted with a less determined spirit, this great work would never have appeared, and the author, discouraged, dispirited, perhaps broken-hearted or ruined, would have sought some obscure employment, or fallen a victim to disappointment. When Mr. Mill's work appeared, the East India Company saw the merit of it; the money received from Messrs. Baldwin and Co., though considerable, never could have made up for years of uncertainty; but the great East India Bank had it in its power immediately to repay the devotion of time and ability that had been spent upon the history of their affairs. Still this would not have been wanted if the booksellers could have distributed equally over the time employed the sum ultimately given for the work. Now it is this very accommodation which our Literary Loan Society would afford, and with advantage to itself.

It is one of the reasons why such an institution as we propose will not be established, that literary men are so careless and helpless in their own concerns, and yet this is the very strongest ground upon which such an establishment could be based.

New House of Commons.—Sentimentalism is a curious but also a dangerous vice, and ought to be speedily put down. When it was lately proposed to build a new House of Commons better adapted for present wants, Sir Robert Inglis allowed that the present house would not hold the members, but still maintained that no new house should be built. Why? Because the existing house had once been adapted to its purpose, and that many able and distinguished men had spoken in it. This sounds differently when such names as Pym and Hampden are coupled with such phrases as "these sacred precincts," "these old walls," "reverberating to the sound of this or that great man's solemn voice," &c. If a man were to say of his rat-trap, "To be sure it is grown utterly useless, and for a moderate expense I could buy a far better, but still, when I remember that this trap did once catch that big rat and this big rat, I cannot bear to bait another; no, here is a piece of bacon for the venerable old ruin!" he would of course be laughed at. Sir Robert spoke of Pym and Hampden, but these were not the names he meant.

What can be clearer than that a room ought to be big enough for the assembling of those whose bounden duty it is to meet in it daily and hourly? The argument that the number of members is too great for a deliberative meeting applies to that number, and not to the house. Reduce the number, if it is too great; if it is not too great, accommodate honourable gentlemen with a seat.

At the same time, be it observed, buildings in England are ordinarily made such jobs of, and frequently so mismanaged, that we should pause long before we pulled down the present house on the chance of getting a better. A bigger our architects will secure us, but we are scarcely prepared to depend upon them for one in which members can be *heard*.

Connected with the question of the due number of members occurs

another: Should the seats of members be fixed as in the American senate at Washington? There the seat is as fixed as the state for which the member is the delegate; and the most cursory glance shows not what honourable gentleman is absent, but what district for that evening is unrepresented. The absence of a sufficient member from an important debate is like striking such or such a district out of the catalogue of existence, as far as the business of that night is concerned.

We wonder that Mr. Hume's organ of economy has not suggested to him that, with no great expense or difficulty, a portion of Buckingham Palace might be well adapted to this purpose. There is a locality of that fine building that only wants a few thousand pounds to be spent upon it to be converted into one of the finest rooms in the world, always excepting the few rooms Lord Burlington built in this country, such as the York Assembly Rooms, and one or two others, which, as a whole,—we do not speak merely of size,—are perhaps unrivalled. The great mass of building, and the vast variety of rooms now existing in Buckingham Palace, would all be wanted for committee-rooms; besides which we would give each member his office or place of business. The gardens are unnecessarily large in this point of view, and a part of the ground might be most advantageously occupied by buildings appropriated to the temporary residence of bachelor and other members who came to reside in London only during the transaction of business*. This is a class that will increase every day: the Reformed Parliament has many such. The House of Commons must cease to be considered as a thing of fashion.

The Spirit of the Nation.—It is in vain to endeavour to resist the spirit of the nation; it will break out in spite of the efforts of learned imitators to mould it into some other form. The arts most surely follow all its caprices. We have heard a great deal of encouraging historical pictures: sacred history-painting flourished in Italy and other countries when the spirit of the mass of the nation was bigotry, or, at any rate, Romanism. In England much pains have been taken to divert the popular taste into the same channel; but it will not do, the heart is not in it,—amateurs and dilettanti pay their money and keep a few artists from starving, but the trade thrives not: the national caprice does not run in that way. The way in which it does run is indicated by the following paragraph:—

"Gin-Shop Finery.—The expense incurred in the fitting-up of public-house bars in London is almost incredible, every one vying with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass-work, finely-veined mahogany, and ornamental painting. The carving of one ornament alone, in that of the Grapes public-house, in Old Street Road, cost 100*l.*; the workmanship was by one of the first carvers in wood in London. Three public-houses, or rather gin-shops, have been lately fitted up in Lamb's Conduit Street, at an expense, for the bar alone, of upwards of 2000*l.* each."—*Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture.*

The luxury of the gin-shop owners is here attributed to competition;

* Alas! our worthy commentator is far kinder to members of Parliament than they will ever be to themselves. The new House, if built at all, will probably join the old one, which will then be left as a lobby.—Ed.

this is a mistake,—it arises out of the large profits produced from the immense consumption of spirits by the wayfaring people. Competition might lower the price of gin, but it would not lead to the lavishing of thousands on the scene of consumption, more especially as such places are not places of entertainment, and depend not at all upon their finery; the hard-working and fainting porter cares little about the beauty of brass-work; he thinks only of the heart-warming given by his favourite dram, which enables him to look bad weather and hard times in the face with a jolly countenance. At a late circuit of the Insolvent Debtor's Court, in the county of Somerset, half the insolvents appeared to be beer retailers. No gin-shop keeper is ever precipitated into the Gazette; his "blue-ruin" is something like the devil's blue fire—it consumes all but himself and his imps.

COBBETT AND THE JEWS.—Cobbett's objection to the Jews is that they don't plough: he would ask who could produce a Jew who ever dug, who ever went to plough? It is only very lately that Jews have been permitted to hold land: how were they to learn to plough? The only piece of earth that Jews of former years were permitted to possess was a burying-ground: and this little farm the Jews dug and trenched, after all the approved principles of the drill-husbandry. Are the Jews ever to be treated in this manner? they are to make bricks, but are denied straw: they are accused of not ploughing, and have been for ages denied land.

If surprise is expressed that Cobbett should be the giver of hard measure to the oppressed, the surprise is only felt by those who judge superficially. Cobbett is a sentimentalist; he loves agriculturists because they dwell in pure air, and work surrounded by the beauties of nature, and because he was one himself. His ideas of happiness are closely associated with the milking of cows: his paradise is still that of the farmer's boy. The *gusto* with which he writes of the country has been a grand cause of the popularity of his writings. The two *foibles* of the English (as also, in another sense, their sources of strength) are their love of the country and their adoration of the sea. Cobbett appears fresh from a chapter of Cottage Economy or Indian corn; and the "stinking Jew" is put under his nose. Pah! he has no toleration for a suppliant with a beard; a trafficker in cast-off garments, a pale unwashen worshipper of Mammon. His nostrils are full of the perfume of new-mown hay, and shall he suffer a skunker between the wind and his nobility? his first movement is to extinguish the "varmint." In Cobbett's mind, Jews go with stoats, weasels, foumarts, rats, foxes, and other sarpents: and this because the Jew is an unclean thing. No one will suspect Cobbett of a religious bigotry. Cobbett is a sentimental bigot—one who would sacrifice on the altar of taste: it is not because he is not great in landed property, not curious in equipage, that he should not be a bigot in taste: there are dandies of the plough as well as of the *robe de chambre*, and such is he. Cobbett, like all sentimentalists, is a good hater: he hates the Press: the newspapers have met him at every step: the broad sheet has been to him a diaphanous but impassable veil which has interposed between him and his prey: he sees but not hears through it. It is for this that he has set

himself against the intelligence taxes.* Radicals who take such a man for a guide must make up their minds to follow a more capricious course than the Irish will-o'the-wisp fiddle, that sets silk stockinged-legs dancing after it through a bog and quagmire.

There are some difficulties in the way of complete Jew emancipation, but they do not arise from Jews dealing in old clothes. Many of our civil forms are grounded on religious models: our public functionaries are obliged to avow a certain connexion with the church: a Judge, for instance, is under a sort of necessity to attend the cathedral service in the assize towns, and when he condems his criminal, it is the usage to do it with a sermon. These are difficulties, not in the spirit, but the letter: what has the legal functionary properly to do with the established church? there is, however, an actual connexion. Sir J. Campbell takes credit to himself, that he has lately assisted a Jew lawyer *over* the bar: it does him honour: nay, that and other right and liberal opinions upon which he acts make him an honour to his profession; but would there not be a difficulty in his helping a Jew barrister on to the bench? Let us see, however, whether any Jew will prove himself worthy of such elevation: it is a great injustice to debar a people from certain privileges, and then, when they have not entitled themselves to them, because they have no hope, to turn round and say, "you are not fit." A Jew, as such, we would not exclude from national employment, but being a Jew, we should require from him a more scrupulous probation than would be exacted from others who are born and bred more intimately bound to the country. Emancipate the Jews, and they will soon get them ties, but still time is required: Jews have been ill-treated; the effects are rooted fast in their habits and temper: it will be some time before the real benefits and more liberal proceedings of present times reach the heart. Give every eligibility to the Jew, but when the time of election comes, let the circumstance of his peculiar condition be weighed in the balance which tries him and his competitors. A Christian must consider Judaism a disadvantage, but in civil affairs the demerit may be greatly overbalanced.

The Passion for Light Reading.—We hear of this passion: does it exist? People read that which interests them: that interests them which is familiar to their comprehension, and may be drawn into a case of self. If more of novels, and what is called light reading, now occupies the attention of the people, it is because there are more readers, and that this description of reading appeals to sympathies that are born with us. What was the girl dreaming of who reckoned her chickens before they were hatched, and broke her basket of eggs? she was making a little novel of her own. To be rapt and charmed by most novels, requires but little experience of the world—to be but little educated; but, in fact, to possess all those sympathies which are born with every man, just as he is born with liver and lungs. What is called the Heart jumps into the world all ready to play its part, but the

* May he not think also that the repeal of the newspaper duties might give too many rivals to the "Register?"—Ed.

Head is a very awkward fellow, and demands much instruction before he can go through his exercise with tolerable facility. A work came out some time ago, called Sematology—a metaphysical essay on signs: probably six persons read it, and no doubt with eagerness and high gratification: if so, they must have been persons long accustomed to considerations of the kind, having pursued many similar speculations of their own, and feeling perpetual pleasure either in seeing new channels opened, or old ones cleared out. That which the mind perceives it can do easily and completely, that will it perform with pleasure. The majority of minds are undisciplined; what then can they make of subtle reasoning? History has some portion of personal interest: where it has not, persons are apt to observe, what is all this to me? "perhaps it is not true," they say, and if it were, it is the affair of statesmen. Once upon a time, the Bible was the popular book: religious feeling prevailed, and it was duly impressed upon the minds of the mass, that it much imported to their interest to study the sacred volume. This impression has greatly worn off, except in religious communities: the present world and its fluctuations, their own mortal joys and sorrows, occupy the attention of people, and naturally lead them to fiction: fiction chiefly working upon such materials. The hold which fiction has got of the public mind, may be proved from the religious world itself having recourse to it in their tracts and tales. A chapter in the Bible was formerly felt to be all sufficient for the consolation of the afflicted, and the encouragement of the faint-hearted: now it is the Dairyman's Daughter, or the Wicked Apprentice, that is expected to serve for guide and model. The cares of life and the difficulties in the way of obtaining subsistence are now so numerous and heavy, that it can hardly be expected that the majority should add to them the pains of study: the imagination is found to be the more easy and accommodating faculty: it carries the reader into a pleasanter society, and a more careless life: it is dreaming without sleep: it is an anodyne that lulls the external world, while it excites the internal one. People used to go to plays: they now stay at home and look through the magic peep-hole of one of Mr. Bentley's title-pages.

Arcana of Knowledge.—The *beau sexe* are to be congratulated on a remarkable discovery which has lately been made: the descendants of Eve must look to Sir Alexander Johnstone with gratitude; we envy him the female deputations that will set down at his door. He has sent a drawing to the "Gardener's Magazine" of Eve's apple tree, as it is found in Ceylon, by which it appears, that the said apples do not grow in the ordinary fashion, and that that fair original was probably led by accident into the commission of her crime. From this tree, the apples are suspended by a long peduncle, and bob about in the air like bobbing-cherries, and carry with them a strong look of "Come eat me," or at any rate, "Come feel me." In passing this tree, it would be impossible for any naturalist (and such surely was Eve—see South's "Sermon on the Employment of Adam in Paradise") to pass this curious production without just turning the vegetable ball as it hangs at the end of the thread, in the hand: but now the thread or peduncle is brittle, Eve handled it, and no doubt the apple *came off* in her fingers long before she had any idea of plucking it: and here was all the mischief. Of

course, having rifled the tree of its fruit, though without thinking any harm, she tasted, on the old principle of "in for a penny, in for a pound." The penalty of death being awarded against the small offence, it was natural to extract all the gratification out of the commission of the crime that did not increase the punishment. That this is the true Eve's apple is proved by the fact, that each specimen of the fruit appears as if a piece had been bitten out of it, and because it is poisonous: all who eat of it die, as is proved by the military annals of Ceylon, our soldiers having been seriously tempted thereby, and some having perished by a rash consumption of this Eve's apple.

WHY DO PEOPLE HATE THEIR SERVANTS TO DRESS FINE?—Nothing so surely excites the wrath of the mistress of a "regular family" as the detection of a cap of rich materials on the head of a servant; and if a few ringlets are observed to be making their way from under lace, the latter days of the world are surely at hand; the measure of the people's iniquity is filled; and, in short, "there are no good servants nowadays." Beauty is in itself a decided objection in female servants: tradesmen who procure the domestics of "respectable" people are always forbidden to send a beauty for approbation. "Oh, Ma'am, she is too good-looking for you." "The wretch!" exclaims the lady in her heart. "No, no, Mr. So-and-so: I have had enough of your beauties in my house. I want respectable-looking women"—that is to say, frights. Adornment is almost as bad as beauty:—"She is always thinking of the men, the creature." She is not of the only class of women whose thoughts turn a good deal on the other sex. The fear is, however, lest the men should be thinking of the creature. The lady of the house need not be alarmed that the charms of her domestics should be increased to a dangerous degree by finery. Men have no eyes for the quality of caps, and are not curious to distinguish between silk and stuff gowns. They are natural philosophers. That sort of instinctive jealousy which all women, high or low, feel for each other, may be set at ease, as far as regards fine clothes. There are some better reasons for the sumptuary laws of English households. The love of finery cannot be gratified to any great extent out of a female servant's wages: it is, therefore, a passion which, like other passions, may lead to transgressions against honesty and other virtues. Moderation should, therefore, be strictly inculcated; but that the heads of establishments should not take pleasure in the ornamental appearance of their handmaidens is a symptom of a narrow and illiberal spirit. Neatness of make, goodness of material, and a certain jauntiness of *mise*, are far more consistent with the really good qualities of a female domestic, than a sluttish indifference to costume. The sight of a young woman, though employed in household preparations, well dressed and well protected from climate, ought to be a pleasant object to the philanthropist: it argues, moreover, a self-respect and pride of person, likely to act as a guard against indiscretion. To dress well does not take up more time than to dress ill; and the neat person generally carries her neatness into her business. There is a flauntiness inconsistent with a due discharge of duty; this is both unbecoming and improper: the mistress, however, rarely sets about the correction in a charitable spirit, and, instead of improving the girl's taste, only outrages her self-respect.

POLICE FORCE, ALIAS POLICE VIOLENCE.—If we may judge from what passes in the police offices, the most dangerous persons in London are the police-officers. When the old watchmen played booty, or awoke in a dream and arrested the wrong person, it was only thought to be the error of imbecility, and as these persons were of no use, it was thought there was little harm in them. In appointing, however, an army of able-bodied adventurers to guard the metropolis and its suburbs, by night and by day, we have placed authority in hands where it may be grievously abused, and therefore we should look to the responsibility of these individuals, and the tests by which they are selected. Of the cases reported perhaps one in ten is that of an offending policeman. They are detected as thieves; they are found attributing crimes capriciously to innocent persons; many are brought off on the plea of drunkenness. It should be remembered that there is no person, as he walks in the streets, who may not be seized by one of these men, and had up to the nearest police-office. Imagine a dyspeptic police-officer wandering down Regent-street—if he has aggravated his complaint by a dram or two, visions of thieves begin to haunt his brain, and he soon fancies that every man he meets is a pickpocket or dog-stealer. How pleasant it is to be collared in a thoroughfare, and asked in the same breath where you got the poor purblind poodle at your heels, that perhaps, for a dozen years, has followed you unmolested in every country in Europe! And, if you do not give an instant and satisfactory answer, (and what is satisfactory to a brute all confused and flushed with liquor?) to be trundled to the next magistrate, to be charged, to be examined, and, oh, worse than all, to be published by some reporter who has just shared his pot with the identical gentleman in blue. Of course it ultimately appears that the policeman is drunk, or next to it: an inspector steps forward, and states he shall represent his conduct to the commissioners; the man is shaken by his comrades into an apology; and the dog and the gentleman are permitted to depart, paying the fees. At the best, suppose the inspector does report the case, which is improbable enough, and the man is suspended; is this a sufficient protection? Is it likely to prevent the repetition of the offence? The proceedings of this Board require looking into: in no situation are character and intelligence more indispensable than in the police force. Are even ordinary tests ever applied? May not, as far as investigation and sifting of character would affect this Service, may not "the Force" be termed "the Police Violence?"

A MODERN ALDERMAN.—We have made a good deal of fun of the absence of solemnity and judicial importance in their magistrates. They are either dull or want the humour to ridicule us in return. Do the Yankees read our police reports? there occur nice little accidents, pleasant to the republican ear. If the "Quarterly Review" rejoices in a brace of judges fisticuffing on the bench, can the "New York Patriot" find no amusement in the story of an Alderman of London shuffling down by-streets to avoid a toll, and, when stopped at the gate, teach his servant to tell a lie, and join chorus himself, in order to evade a just demand? There is nothing which saves this peccadillo but the smallness of the temptation: it could not be for twopence halfpenny

that the Alderman shuffled and wriggled, and then quivered and shook before the representative of justice in the shape of a turnpike-man, one hand extending a ticket, and the other thrust in an apron pocket full of copper. On the other hand, larger criminals are saved by the magnitude of their offences. Bankrupts glory in the sum for which they fail, and defaulters feel a pride at having been trusted to so enormous an amount. It is a pity that the principle in any moral transaction is so little regarded by any body. They who judge rightly well know that he who will teach his servant to lie, who will lie himself and cheat the turnpike due, be it of a farthing, is no true man. An Alderman is a magistrate; he has constituents; and, if there is any virtue extant in the city, these constituents will know what to do. If the thing can be contradicted, let it: here is the report,—it is either a base libel, or there is a ward in the city that has a duty to perform for the honour of the country:—

"UNION-HALL.—A few days ago summonses were applied for against Alderman Kelly and his groom, for evading the toll at Kennington turnpike. The latter attended to answer the charge.

"From the toll-collector's statement, it appeared that on Friday morning, the 15th instant, the Alderman and his groom passed through the Kennington-gate in a gig from Mount Nod, at Brixton, and paid the toll. In the evening the same parties returned, and when the collector inquired whether it was the same horse that they had in the gig that morning, both the Alderman and his groom were heard to answer in the affirmative. The collector who was on the morning duty, however, immediately discovered that it was a different horse, and accordingly summoned the parties.

"Mr. Everett, one of the lessees, stated that the Alderman had frequently evaded the toll under similar circumstances, and, in order that discovery should not take place, he drove down one of the streets north of Kennington-gate, leading into the Oval; and, by that plan, prevented the collector who had taken the toll in the morning, from seeing that a different horse had gone through the gate in the evening—a circumstance which rendered the Alderman liable to a payment of the additional toll.

"The groom, in the absence of the Alderman, admitted that he was in the gig with his master, and that it was a fresh horse they had on their return to Brixton in the evening. He added that the toll was paid when they went through the same morning to town, and he thought it cleared them in the evening.

"Mr. Wedgwood said that both the groom and his master must have been aware that if they drove a different horse through the turnpike in the evening on their return to Brixton, they were bound to pay an additional toll.

"Mr. Everett said that for the last year and a half the Alderman and his servants had evaded the toll in the manner already described.

"Mr. Wedgwood said that he should not consider he was doing his duty if he did not visit the offence with the full penalty the law allowed. It was proved that the defendant had told a direct falsehood for the purpose of evading the toll, and he (the Magistrate) should fine him 5*l*., together with the expenses of the attendance of witnesses to prove the case."

It is right to add, that since this was written, the Alderman has sent a letter to the "Times," contradicting the statement that he answered the turnpike. He says he did not know at the time that it was the same horse, and he denies the systematic evasion. The report is only ex-parte, and must be looked to.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

LONDON DURING A FIRE.

I.

Some two dull hours before the orb of day
Tinges the steeple-tops with ruddy light;
When London all in leaden slumber lay,
The dreariest, darkest, stillest time of night;
When youthful spirits flag in pleasure's spite,
And the long-look'd for revel tiresome grows;
When double vision cheats the student's sight,
And o'erwrought nature sickens for repose,
And novel-loving maids Sir Walter's pages close:

II.

When Pain and Sorrow find a little rest,
And Pity droops her head by sickness' side;
When sated drunkards lose their filthy zest,
Night's lonesome hour is indistinctly cried,
And tradesmen's doors by felons' fingers tried;
With desperate stakes when dicers deepest play,
Through the lone streets when noiseless shadows glide,
And flickering lamps 'gin shed a feeble ray
On outcast wanderers, without where their heads to lay;

III.

In such a dark and dreary time of night,
When all, who'd where to lay their heads, sought rest;
And none, save those in darkness who delight,
Or human wolves in blood and plunder's quest,
With weary feet the heavy pavement press'd;
There, where an antique arch doth span the street,
And shines, in bold relief, the city's crest;
Where wanton youths their painted harlots greet,
And lawyers add wherefore, to every why, they meet;

IV.

A narrow, crooked lane, winds its dark way,
But whither leads, the chaste muse never knew;
Suffice it—there's a house the light of day
Doth seldom penetrate, ycleped a stew;
But what its foul inside presents to view
May not be told; save that, in nightly round
Of beastly revel, an abandon'd crew
Their orgies hold—no good can there be found;
But want, guilt, shame, disease, and misery abound.

V.

There, while its inmates on foul revel bent,
And reckless how their ill-used lives may end,
Fierce flames, as from some prison closely pent,
Sudden break forth, to every part extend,

Burst through the roof, and to the clouds ascend;
One scream of horror wakes the drowsy night.
Upstarting on their legs—no way to wend;
Some dash to pieces, leaping from a height,
And some of suffocation die, and some of fright.

VI.

And soon a heap of ruins' crimson glow,
With a thin smokeless silvery flame scarce seen,
Is all that there, alas! is left to show
Of what man's habitation late had been,
And those poor wretches' mortal parts, I ween,
Whose hapless souls had to their audits pass'd
Without the time to breathe a prayer between;
For age, nor sickness there, nor trumpet's blast,
Did warn them of their living hours, approach'd the last.

VII.

Thence Vice was summon'd in his full career,
And sated Passion, from unwholesome sleep:
Without reflection, Youth—Age, without fear;
They through the night their filthy orgies keep,
While friends at home are left to watch and weep:
And lovely woman in degraded state,
Of the full wine-cup having drunken deep;—
All in the fulsome prime of joy, elate,
Are on the instant called, forth to attend their fate.

VIII.

Death—fearful Death—fell on them in the night!
And ne'er had city, by a furious foe
Surpris'd and sack'd, such sad cause of affright!
Vain then was woman's tear—her voice of woe,
Echo'd unanswer'd—round—above—below—
The tie was sever'd—and her partner fled.
And none did now that guilty creature know;
Vain were her lifted hands—in vain she shed
Tears, that would husband, brother, to her aid have sped.

IX.

The lost one had no husband, brother, then,
Or aged parent, on whom she could call;
And for the first time sadly miss'd them when
It was too late—she had no hope—of all
Bereft and friendless—ill must her befall.
A long-forgotten duty—lo! she kneels,
Although her peril well might her appal,
To Heaven for mercy, earnestly appeals,
And more than death's sharp pang her soul's sad anguish feels.

X.

The scene hath shifted, and its horror spread,
And two more houses in the ruin share;
And the red flames a frightful light have shed
On naked wretches, huddling here and there,
Some their poor persons shading—some at prayer;
Relentless Plunder, busy at his trade—
The flooded streets—the welkin's crimson glare—
Dense multitudes declining into shade,
And burning wretches shrieking, but in vain, for aid.

XI.

And many pray'd who seldom pray'd before,
And some had pray'd, but knew no form of prayer;
Some wept—some stood with terror mute—some swore
And though none had an instant now to spare,
One damsel, for her journey to prepare,
Straight from her pillow to her mirror flew,
And fondly loiter'd at that fatal snare,
Till, bridegroom like, the flames enamour'd grew,
And round her night-clad form their warm embraces threw

XII.

But what unlook'd for horror hath ensued!
Why is exertion check'd—why stand the bold
In that uncertain, listless attitude!
Their panting limbs and energies controll'd
By some appalling sight may not be told:
Whence is that long and agonizing yell!
What can so vast a concourse silent hold!
At once the fiercest uncurb'd passions quell,
And rob the loose blasphemer of an oath to tell.

XIII.

I see a poor wretch dangling from a beam,
Fix'd as a victim on a funeral pyre:
Vain human effort! Vain were Thames' broad stream!
Beneath him glows a bath of liquid fire,
As hot as bigot mercy could desire;
The quivering flames still higher, higher rise.
As human hate their fury did inspire.
He writhes, and, shrivelling o'er the furnace, dies,
And the rude mob avert their terror-loving eyes;

XIV.

And Silence broken with one rending yell,
Doth sleeping streets awaken and alarm;
And thus, releas'd from that horrific spell
That courage could control and passion charm,
Again to labour rais'd the ponderous arm,
Oath echoes oath—around the engines grow
With emulative cheers the willing swarm;
Again the hose is strain'd, the waters flow,
And boiling torrents bubble o'er the waste below.

XV.

Alas! what wretched victims are there more!
Of the fierce flames another house the prey;
Upon the kindling pile the engines pour;
Within, the intrepid firemen burst their way,
And just in time, a mother in dismay,
Seeking her child, discover—scorch'd and wet,
They bear her from the flaming pile away;
But she nor fire nor child shall e'er forget,
And in a maniac's cell still burns, and seeks him yet.

XVI.

No earthly solace can her bosom heal,
All, save the memory of that night, is fled;
Cold, thirst, nor hunger, seems she e'er to feel,
Aught here, or aught hereafter, seems to dread,

But lives for one sad task—ceaseless to tread
And search her gloomy cell and pallet o'er;
Sleep o'er her mind may sometimes haply shed
Forgetfulness—but waking, evermore
Till sleep again returns, she doth her cell explore.

XVII.

What fancies sometimes women will befal!
A beauteous maiden shrinking from the sight
Of the loose rabble, crouch'd beneath a wall;
Though nearly senseless with excessive fright,
She would not trust her beauty to the light;
To hide her half-clad figure all her care;
The wall began to totter in its height,
And scarce for mercy had she breath'd a prayer,
When with a crush it fell—but unscath'd left her there.

XVIII.

There motionless she stood, like chisell'd stone,
Develop'd her full form in the red glare;
A silk shawl, o'er her lovely shoulders thrown,
Was all that screen'd her from the eager stare
Of the loose rabble—yet no jest was there,
But the sad sight awed the vast multitude,
And scarce from weeping many could forbear;
All wondering gaz'd—so quietly she stood,
Nor deem'd that horror had her faculties subdued.

XIX.

At length, reviving, she at once descried
The gazing multitude; away she flew,
And, dashing all who'd check her course aside,
Quick from their wondering eyes her form withdrew;
One only did her naked steps pursue,
One, only one, among the many there,
To his vocation, spite of pity, true,
Track'd her sad steps unto a portal, where
He snatch'd her shawl and left her lovely figure bare.

XX.

In quick succession scenes of horror pass,
And sights—seen singly might become a part
Of memory—fade, like shadows in a glass,
And are forgotten: so, the brave of heart,
Though Death before them, cloth'd in terror start,
Fear not—while the poor frighted coward flies
At the but distant waving of his dart;
Use makes the coward brave, the foolish wise,
And calls forth all our nature's latent faculties.

XXI.

And the rough ragged heroes of this night,
For deeds of daring, long enduring toil,
Deserve eternal fame; even in despite
Of those low vices that fair honour soil,
And shine in their rude culture, as the foil
Where patience, courage, honest worth are set.
Few know the poor man's straits, his life's turmoil;
How want and care the noblest natures fret,
And how disdain and slight the fiery passions whet.

XXII.

But from the chimneys now thin vapours rise,
And pale-faced Morning lifts her dewy head;
Forth to his daily toil the labourer hies;
And, hark! the busy hum and heavy tread
Of men and beasts have through the city spread.
Comb'd, curl'd, and scented in their best array,
Now showy shopboys, to the counter bred,
Their shops, themselves, and merchandise display,
While lowing herds and high-piled waggons choke the way.

XXIII.

The scene soon changes, and, lo! Beauty there,
With fairy lightness, glides across the street—
Her taper legs and slender ankles bare;
Where carts and waggons clash'd, now coaches meet,
And where rude carters swore, fair ladies greet;
The hive is fully up—within—without—
All on some task intent. In calm retreat
Haply old age the bustling world shuts out,
While youth, health, strength, on worldly business are about.

XXIV.

By politicians now the club-room 's sought,
The shops by beauty, and the streets by beaux;
And, without sinning, fair ones now are naught,
For fair, as fair can be, that flowret grows
Whose lily leaves nor spot nor taint disclose;
Next from his desk the apish clerk is freed,
And westward the vast city's current flows;
To crowded shops the airy Parks succeed,
And the close carriage is deserted for the steed.

XXV.

And then the Park's deserted, and the steed
To his full rack and manger's gently led—
Were poor men so considered in their need,
So kindly tended, so profusely fed,
They had been wealth's protection, not its dread.
The gaudy train now homeward hungry go,
And savoury odours grateful incense shed,
The rich repast's laid out in glittering show,
And those who eat the countless dishes hardly know.

XXVI.

Another change, and, lo! the gilded room,
The silken hangings, and the dazzling sight
Of jewell'd beauty—lustres that illume,
And with meridian splendour gem the night.
Hark! the loud laugh, quick jest, and full delight,
The scheme successful, and the baffled plot;
Now sadness reigns—each face, in sorrow dight,
Lost for an instant to their happier lot
While last night's tale is told, regretted, and forgot.

XXVII.

How strange, in this our topsyturvy world,
To see two beings placed in strong contrast!
One in the giddy circle upmost whirl'd
Of fortune's wheel, his eyes closed to the past,

And proud, as rock his slippery seat were fast;
The other, in his misery, fearful lest
Among his species he should lose his caste,
Gain food, consideration, comfort, rest,
And haply as a brute be pamper'd and caress'd.

XXVIII.

Ask each one his opinion of the world,
His strange demeanour to the other mark;
Reflecting that they both are hither hurl'd
Upon the same frail tenure—and embark
On the same sea, where both are in the dark—
Tell each his duty to the other's love,
Love, of that love that died for them, a spark;
Behold their gorges rise, and sadly prove
What feelings want for wealth, and wealth for misery move.

XXIX.

Yet of such strange and jarring elements,
Thy myriads, London! form one peaceful whole;
So opposite in wishes and intents,
'Tis wonderful what hidden powers control,
Hold them in league unto one common goal.
Pleasure's the rich man's object, his life's end;
Want, fearful want, the poor man's constant dole:
Yet, side by side, each other they attend,
And little 'tis, oh God! the rich the poor befriend!

ZAMIEL.

HUMILITY AND DEFIANCE.

WHAT thoughts conflicting in my bosom rise!
This strikes me low, that lifts me to the skies!
Now I recline an infant at the breast,
Now stride a warrior with forbidding crest.
Here grovel base a helpless earthly clod,
There pant defiance to the oppressor's rod.
At first with not a finger to oppose,
There every pulse with hostile fury glows;
Or soft as rills which pour their sacred stream
In nightly murmurs on the poet's dream;
Or firm as rocks whose echo laughs to scorn
The puny summons of the huntsman's horn;
The windows of my soul at once reveal
A twig of osier, and a bar of steel:
Thus good and ill, and light and shade, combine,
And, though distinct, in folds together twine.
But lives there one in solitude or throng
So versed in practice, or in wit so strong,
Whose eye inhuman clearly can decide
The secret links which right and wrong divide,
Who, by some mental microscope, can show
Where virtue ends and vice begins to grow,
Can dive into the mazes of the mind,
All doubt annihilate, unfilm the blind,
Point out so far, and not beyond, to steer,
Where to press boldly on and where to fear,

Where to submit and due allegiance pay,
Where to resist the ruthless spoiler's sway,
Where to be hot as fire, or cool as ice,
Where life is infamy, where death is vice?
If such there live, on planet or in fame,
No mortal lineage can his kindred claim:
He, only He, our inmost thoughts can tell,
Who rules alike o'er heaven and earth and hell.
To him I bow—before his awful shrine
Each favour'd wish, each rebel thought resign:
If He but wills, and I that will can see,
That will be life, and breath, and all to me!
But not o'er me shall man tyrannic reign—
I scorn his bondage, and I rend his chain.
'Tis true, my viler limbs he may control,
Those be his share—but God's and mine my soul;
My soul, which in its deep recesses hates
Spoil-nurtur'd potentates, and crouching states.

A. C.

"The Buccaneer," to whose great merits we paid our critical tribute some three months since, has, we are happy to perceive, gone into a second edition. We trust this success will encourage the accomplished writer to favour us soon with another work in a class of composition in which she is calculated to hold so eminent a station.

Mr. Moore will shortly publish a work of a very singular nature, and full of theological research.

The evidence just published by the Commission to inquire into the Poor-laws is pregnant with most valuable and startling facts; the evidence of Mr. Chadwick is worthy of the great powers of thought, and singular felicity in exemplifying principles by details, which characterize that gentleman. Mr. E. L. Bulwer has given notice of a motion on the Poor-laws for the 6th of June (the earliest disengaged day in the Order-book), which will bring the evidence formally before Parliament.

EPIGRAM

ON THE STATUELESS COLUMN.

Why at the top of Carlton-place,
Consisting but of shaft and base,
Is York's high column planted?
Where is the top? Alas! too well
His creditors the truth can tell—
The *capital* is wanted.

F. J. L.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

LORD HUNTINGTOWER.

Lord Huntingtower died of apoplexy on the 7th March. He was the eldest son of George Manners, Esq. (eldest son of Lord W. Manners, son of John, second Duke of Rutland), and Louisa, present Countess of Dysart, who still survives, at a very advanced age, one of the most extraordinary women of the day. He was brother to the three celebrated beauties, Louisa, late Duchess of St. Alban's; Lady Sophia Heathcote; and the Honourable Mrs. Duff, wife of the present Earl of Fife, the circumstances of whose death created so great a sensation in the fashionable world many years ago. On his mother succeeding to the honours of her family at the decease of her brother, Wilbraham, Earl of Dysart, in 1821, he became Lord Huntingtower, and assumed, by royal permission, the name of Tollemache only. His Lordship, in 1790, married Catherine Rebecca, daughter of Francis Grey, Esq. of Lehena, in the county of Cork, by whom he leaves a surviving family of six sons and five daughters. Mr. Algernon Tollemache, his youngest son, was lately elected member of Parliament for Grantham. In the severe winters of 1828–9 he employed no less than 528 labourers in the vicinity of Buckminster.

Though occasionally exhibiting peculiar eccentricities of conduct, Lord Huntingtower possessed singular tact in estimating the characters of all with whom he came in contact, joined to uncommon shrewdness and ability in the every-day concerns of life. His genealogical and heraldic knowledge was of an extraordinary and diffusive character, from the retentiveness of his memory, and its constituting a favourite branch of his constant study. His Lordship's eldest son, the Hon. Lionel William John Manners Tollemache, succeeds to the title of Huntingtower, and to the very large paternal estates of the family. His Lordship also comes next in succession to the Earldom of Dysart. He was born in 1794, and married Miss Toone, daughter of Colonel Toone, by whom he has one son, aged 13.

The very ancient family of Tollemache claims Saxon descent, and the name is said to be a corruption of the Saxon word "tollmack," tolling of the bell. The Tollemaches have flourished with the greatest honour in an uninterrupted male succession in the county of Suffolk since the first arrival of the Saxons in England, a period of more than thirteen centuries. Tollemache, Lord of Bentley, in Suffolk, and Stoke Tollemache, in the county of Oxford, lived in the sixth century; and upon the old manor-house at Bentley (which the family occupied previous to the magnificent seat at Helmingham coming into their possession) may still be seen the following inscription:—

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my name."

PRINCE STANISLAUS PONIATOWSKI.

The Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski died at Florence, on the 13th February. He was born at Warsaw in 1754, and was the son of Casimir, brother of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of the Poles. He was a liberal patron of the arts and literature, and retired to Florence, after having defended the interests of his country with manly eloquence in the Diets of Poland. This Prince was the first who set the example of a useful and glorious reform by emancipating the serfs of his extensive domain.

SIR GEORGE AIREY.

The late Lieutenant-General Sir G. Airey, who died at Paris, commanded, in the year 1810, a brigade in Sicily, and was employed with the other troops in the defence of the coast during the threatened invasion of Murat, in addition to his duties of deputy adjutant-general. In February, 1811, he was appointed brigadier-general, and thereby vacated the situation of deputy adjutant-general. On the 4th of June, 1811, he was appointed major-general on the staff of Sicily; and, in December of the same year, was ordered to go to Zante, to take the command of the Ionian Islands. He remained there in command, until succeeded by Lieut.-Gen. Campbell in the year 1813. He was appointed to the colonelcy of the 39th (or Dorsetshire) regiment, 28th of October, 1823. His commission as Lieut.-Gen. bears date 19th July, 1821. Sir George, by his marriage with Miss Talbot, of the family of Baroness Talbot de Malahide, has left a numerous family. His eldest

daughter is married to the Hon. and Rev. Sir Francis Jervis Stapleton, Bart., son of the late Lord Le Despencer. Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Robert O'Callaghan, the present commander-in-chief at Madras, is spoken of in the military circles as likely to succeed Sir George in the command of the 39th.

REV. F. B. HOOLE.

It is with feelings of deep sorrow we record the death of the Rev. Frederick B. Hoole, one of the curates of St. Andrew's, Holborn, who died on the 16th inst., in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Perhaps there was never a man more calculated to fill and fulfil the duties of the sacred office, which was his own free choice, than the individual whose loss we mourn in common with the many poor, on whom death has closed a hand "open as the day to melting charity." A curate's income is, indeed, prescribed, and if in any way he adds to it, it is by an increase of labour—a multiplicity of duty—under which the constitution sooner or later must. as in the present instance, faint and fall. There are few persons aware of the immense bodily exertion required to carry the curate of one of our overgrown Metropolitan parishes through the absolute business of the day, and for which, in general, a stipend is paid, according to the generosity, or the reverse, of the rector's principle. We have known instances, where, under the plea of "the pressure of the times," *half* the curate's salary has been withdrawn, although his labour continued undiminished—while the number of the rector's *servants* remained on full pay—to do their master's bidding!—The great merit in the humble and holy path pursued by the late curate of Saint Andrew's, was that he found wherewith to minister, not out of his abundance, but out of his necessities, to the wants of others. He performed the workhouse duty, for which he received, but never appropriated to his own use, the sum of 50*l.* per annum—it was invariably returned to the uttermost farthing, for the purpose of distribution amongst the poor—and this surely was no small sacrifice. It is selfish to deplore the loss of one whose mortality has put on immortality—and whose pure and gentle spirit is now with Him from whom it came. We mourn not for the dead, but for the poor who are bereaved of a true and indefatigable friend—"zealous of good works;" and that his mother—whose name is engraven on the hearts and memories of all the young, and many of the matured persons of this, and other lands—has now no son. Mrs. Hofland has somewhat advanced into the vale of years—and the staff upon which she leaned has been snapt in twain—it has been her sad task to close the eyes which she first taught to look on heaven. His last hours were, indeed, those of consolation to all around him; and free from every vestige of that suffering, which, during the past months, he endured with such exemplary patience.

JOHN O'KEEFE.

This venerable dramatist died during the past month at Southampton. He had attained the unusual age of eighty-six; and, though in great retirement, had lived in competency during his later years. Some time since, on a report that his circumstances were not so flourishing as might be desired, the committee of the Literary Fund voted and sent him a considerable sum; but it turned out that the rumour was erroneous; and O'Keefe sent back the donation, with a gratifying statement of his own comfortable situation, and a handsome acknowledgment of the intended kindness.

O'Keefe was a native of Dublin, and a Roman Catholic. He was educated by a learned Jesuit, father Austin; but took to the stage, and wrote a comedy at the age of fifteen. Coming to London he ceased to perform, but produced between thirty and forty dramas of every kind, we believe, except tragedy. We copy the following from the "Biographical Dictionary."

"In 1800, Mr. O'Keefe, being reduced by blindness and other misfortunes to a state of great embarrassment, obtained a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, and, at the end of the performance, he delivered a poetical address, in which humour and pathos were very happily blended. The printed works of this lively writer are as follow:—

"Tony Lumpkin in Town, fc. 8vo. 1778; Son-in-Law, 8vo. 1779; the Birth Day, 8vo. 1783; Omai, p. 8vo. 1783; Prisoner at Large, cr. 8vo. 1788; the Toy, cr. 8vo. 1789; World in a Village, com. 8vo. 1793; London Hermit, cr. 8vo. 1793; Wild Oats, cr. 8vo. 1794; Life's Vagaries, cr. 8vo. 1795; Irish Mimic (mus. ent.), 1795. In 1798 the following were collected and published: Alfred, a drama, 8vo.; the Basket-Maker (mus. enter.), 8vo.; a Beggar on Horseback, farce, 8vo.; the

Blacksmith of Antwerp, fc. 8vo.; the Castle of Andalusia, com. opera, 8vo.; the Czar Peter, ditto, 8vo.; the Doldrum, fc. 8vo.; the Farmer, fc. 8vo.; Fontainbleau, com. opera, 8vo.; Le Grenadier, pantomime, 8vo.; Highland Reel, com. opera, 8vo.; Little Hunchback, fc. 8vo.; Love in a Camp, fc. 8vo.; Man-Milliner, fc. 8vo.; Modern Antiques, fc. 8vo.; Poor Soldier, com. opera, 8vo.; Positive Man, fc. 8vo.; Sprigs of Laurel, com. opera, 8vo.; Tantarara Rogues all, fc. 8vo.; Wicklow Mountains, opera, 8vo. Besides these pieces, the author has produced many which remain in the hands of the proprietors of the theatres as stock-plays."

ROBERT C. SANDS, ESQ.

In the 34th year of his age, Robert C. Sands, Esq., one of the editors of the "New-York Commercial Advertiser." Our readers who will take the trouble to read a production from the pen of Mrs. Trollope, entitled "The Refugee," will there find a character under the name of Hannibal Burns. The author of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans" has laboured to depict a New-York editor; and by way of representing such a person in the most odious light, not only makes him a police-officer, but one especially celebrated in the capture of runaway Englishmen. Hannibal Burns is portrayed as a low, vulgar, ignorant ruffian; willing to undertake any case, or perform any act; whose only delight appears in deluding the runaway, and making his piety the shield for his duplicity. With these amiable qualifications, he is also an editor of a New-York paper. We have heard many sensible persons actually take the character for granted, and on the assumption argue, that any alteration in the stamp or advertisement duties would be likely to give us newspapers with a similar class of persons for their conductors. We need not refute trash so absurd and ridiculous; but we cannot refrain from disabusing the public mind on the representation which it is pretended to give of a transatlantic contemporary.

We were acquainted with Mr. Sands, and look back to the period when we knew him, with mingled sensations of sorrow and delight. We can scarcely trust our pen when we think of him—and then look at the being that malevolence would thrust upon our belief. Poor Sands—he was indeed a gentleman! We knew him but for a short time, but in that brief period we became acquainted with a truly worthy man—a fine scholar and elegant writer—a wit, poet, in fact, a being whose intellectual powers were of the highest and most envied. His education had been of the best description. He graduated at Colombia College in 1815, and received his degree with high honours. He afterwards published his juvenile and academic productions, and gained by it both credit and emolument. He was engaged in several light works soon after he left college; and in union with other literary men he commenced a series of essays, which, at the time they were published, attracted as much attention as the "Salmagundi" of Washington Irving. He was the principal author of the "Yamoyden," a poetic work, which gives a true, spirited, and faithful picture of the Aborigines of America. He had been the editor of the "Atlantic Magazine," of the "New-York Review," and, when he died, was an editor of the paper which we have mentioned. He was in the act of writing an article, when he was seized with a determination of blood from the head, and he fell from his chair and expired. He had studied for the bar, and had practised; but the profession of the law was not suited to his talents. He was only happy while engaged in literary pursuits, or in the society of those who had a kindred disposition. His manners were gentle and unassuming, his wit without acerbity, and his imagination powerful in the extreme. Many of his productions have appeared in annuals, and they are without exception marked with the vigorous and fertile genius, purity of taste, grace, ease, and correctness, for which he was celebrated.

These few remarks have been made by one who knew him to have been all, and more than has been stated above; and who considers that there cannot be afforded a better opportunity than this to refute a calumny, and thus convey a reproof to a carping, cynical, and disappointed novelist.—J. W. G.

MR. JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

We are indebted to the "Athenæum" for the following memoir of Mr. John Thomas Smith, the keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, who died suddenly on Friday the 8th. "He was well known, from the situation which he held, and the works which at various times he edited; and he will be long remembered by the frequenters of the Museum—not so much for his knowledge of works of art, as for his abundant gossip on matters connected therewith. He was the son of old Na-

thaniel Smith, the printseller, formerly of May's Buildings, a well-known jackal to the Walpoles, Gulstons, and Cracherodes, the great print collectors of other days. The father etched a little, and from his instruction the son acquired the like art. When a very young man he commenced a series of Illustrations of the Antiquities of London and its environs; the first number of which work was published so early as 1791, and the last not till 1800. During its progress he also published 'Remarks on Rural Scenery, with twenty etchings of Cottages from Nature,' &c. 4to. 1797; this was followed by the 'Antiquities of Westminster,' 1807; and in 1809 he published sixty-two additional plates to this latter work. In 1810 he commenced his 'Ancient Topography of London,' consisting principally of specimens of domestic architecture. After this appeared, with an introduction by Francis Douce, his 'Vagabondiana, or Etchings of remarkable Beggars, &c. of notoriety in London and its environs.' His last publication was the 'Life of Nollekens'—written in a spirit of disappointed spleen, universally and justly condemned. We understand he has left a posthumous work, entitled a 'History of his own Life and Times.'

"The most important matter now to be considered is, who shall be his successor at the Museum? We hope, for the credit of the country, that the place will be given to some one of ability and experience. Several candidates have started—two we have heard named, and both of them are well entitled to hope for it, while some dozen others have no pretension except personal influence."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A.

This is another admirable piece of biography furnished for the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." Of Mr. Tytler's qualifications for the task which he has executed with so much credit to himself, the world has been long acquainted, and any commendation of ours, by way of introducing him to the reader, would be quite superfluous. These pages not only present us with the history and character of an extraordinary man, who, perhaps more than any other of his age, combined profound views with practical knowledge and activity; but we behold him surrounded with groups of his most eminent contemporaries. If some of them are shaded more deeply than we have been accustomed to view them, we are indebted to the impartial justice of Mr. Tytler for a more faithful estimation of them than his predecessors either had the ability or the inclination to execute. Raleigh has passed through the severe and critical investigation of all that was before obscure and unintelligible in his eventful life with eminent advantage. The mistakes and aspersions of Hume are corrected and removed; the gross charges against his honour and veracity, examined and refuted. The only real blot on his fair fame is the letter to Cecil respecting the Earl of Essex: and the treatment he afterwards received from that crafty minister of a weak, malignant, and contemptible master, has in it something like retribution. The secret history of his offences, and the real facts attending his trial and condemnation, are minutely disclosed and faithfully narrated by Mr. Tytler. His execution was a foul murder: and Coke, the Attorney-General, whatever may be his fame as a lawyer, stands doomed to everlasting infamy on account of his conduct in this detestable violation of every principle of honour and justice, of integrity and humanity. His associates in this deed of blood, which stands as their reproach through all generations, are Cecil and the Royal James, one of the most despicable tyrants that ever abused a sceptre. It is not too much to say that we have read this work with deep interest. The unbroken stream of its narrative and the classical purity of its style afforded gratification to our task, while the new light it has shed upon many important passages in our national history has increased our stock of important information. We certainly hail it as the most authentic account of Sir Walter Raleigh which has yet been given to the public. We trust that the hint conveyed by the concluding paragraph of Mr. Tytler's preface will not be thrown out in vain.—"It is high time that state papers, documents, and journals, and all our national muniments, should be made accessible to the public; till this

is the case no proper history of England can be written." May we hope that, by the labours of the New Record Commission, the freedom of consultation and transcription will be at length established, not only in the State-Paper Office, but in the other great collections of the kingdom, many of which, as they at present exist, are not so much the repositories as the cemeteries of our national records.

A Critical Dissertation on the Nature, Measures, and Causes of Value, chiefly in reference to the Writings of Mr. Ricardo and his Followers. By the Author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," &c. &c. (Reviewed by the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes.")

Few men who, in this bread-taxed land, have to live by their own exertions, can afford to bestow on this book—which, to be understood, must not only be read, but deeply studied—the attention which it deserves; and, of course, no man who has not bestowed on it the attention which it deserves, can have a right to say that he differs from the author in opinion. If, then, I presume to dissent from any of his conclusions—after giving the Dissertation two careful and thorough perusals—it will become me, not to assent, but modestly to hint my dissent, in the shape of queries, which may lead to inquiry and discussion.

Throughout his first chapter, and indeed throughout the volume, Mr. Bailey seems to mistake *exchangeability* for *value*. He states, it is true, at the outset, "That value, in its ultimate sense, appears to mean the esteem in which any object is held." According to this true definition, a lock of hair cut from the head of a deceased child might be very valuable to the surviving parents, although nobody would buy it of them at any price. So far, all is well. But the author goes on to say, "That it is only when objects are considered together, as subjects of preference or exchange, that the specific feeling of value can arise."

Now, let us suppose that a sailor is shipwrecked, and that the wave which casts him on a barren rock throws up also a quantity of oysters. Will Mr. Bailey assert, that because there is no other useful article on the rock, the oysters are therefore of no value to the shipwrecked seaman? Or, if we suppose that the wave which cast the sailor and the oysters on the rock, threw up also a cask of biscuits, will Mr. Bailey assert, that if the oysters had not been cast up with the biscuits, the latter would have been of no value to the shipwrecked sailor? If he will not assert this, what becomes of his doctrine, "That a thing cannot be valuable in itself, without reference to another thing?" We can conceive, that the sailor might be under the necessity of resigning the biscuits or the oysters, and that he might determine to resign the oysters and keep the biscuits, which would prove, that in his estimation, the biscuits were worth the oysters; yet if the sailor happened afterwards to argue the question of value with the philosopher, he might reasonably contend, not only that oysters have always an intrinsic value, but that, in his case, the oysters supposed had a value *of which labour formed no part*. To the latter supposition, I think, Mr. Bailey ought himself to assent; for the ability with which, when refuting Ricardo and others, he demonstrates the truth of similar suppositions, in his masterly chapter on the Causes of Value, constitutes, in my opinion, the value of his publication.

As the limits of this Magazine will not permit me to follow the author of the Dissertation through all his chapters, I will make a quotation from the most important of them. How admirably, in the following passage, and in how few words, does he overthrow the pernicious sophistry of the famous theory of rent!

"The value of that corn which is produced on lands paying rent is not, it is acknowledged, in proportion either to the capital or to the labour actually expended in its production. It must be owing, therefore, to some other cause; and the only other cause is the state of the supply and demand, or the competition of the purchasers. This competition might raise the price to an indefinite height, if it were not for the existence of other lands, which, although they could produce corn only at a greater cost, would be brought into cultivation as soon as the price had risen sufficiently high to pay the ordinary profits on the capital required. It is, therefore, the possibility of producing corn, or the actual production of it, at a greater cost, which forms the limit to its value. But although this is the limit beyond which its value cannot rise, it cannot be said to be the cause of its value. It is the cause of its being no higher, not the cause of its being so high. A perforation in the side of a vessel, at any distance from the bottom, would effectually prevent its being filled to a greater height with water, but it would be no cause of the water attaining that height. At the utmost it could be considered as only a joint cause of the result.

"We accordingly find that the expression used by Mr. Ricardo on this subject is, not that the value of corn is *caused*, but that it is *regulated* by the cost of production on the least fertile lands.

The owners of land of superior fertility enjoy a monopoly, which, however, does not enable them to raise their commodity indefinitely, according to the varying wants and caprices of mankind, but which is bounded by the existence of inferior soils.

"It is simply out of this monopoly-value that rent arises. Rent proceeds, in fact, from the extraordinary profit which is obtained by the possession of an instrument of production, protected up to a certain point from competition. If the owner of this instrument, instead of using it himself, lets it out to another, he receives from him this surplus of profit under the denomination of rent. In this view of the subject, the extraordinary profit might exist, although the land in cultivation were all of the same quality; nay, must exist before inferior land was cultivated; for it could be only in consequence of extraordinary gains obtained by the monopolizers of the best land, that capital and labour would be expended on soils of a subordinate order. Rent, therefore, might exist, while all the land under cultivation was of equal fertility. Perhaps it might not exist under these circumstances during any long period, but its existence at all would prove that it was the effect of monopoly, an extraordinary profit, and not the consequence of the cultivation of inferior soils."

If the author had written nothing but his chapter on the Causes of Value, he would have deserved well of his country and mankind. Perhaps, we cannot yet say of Samuel Bailey, as of John Locke, that he has shot an arrow of lightning into the darkness of the human mind; but we can say, that he shoots deliberately, and with true aim, at errors in theory and nomenclature, which are already become practical mischiefs, if not public wrongs; and posterity will concede to the philosopher of Sheffield, that he, at least, possessed, in a very eminent degree, that power which distinguished, above all other men, the most useful of all, James Watt; I mean, the power of grasping, and holding fast, whatever idea, original or derived, he might have determined to examine. Indeed, if we can ascribe any fault to this profound thinker, it is, that he grasps his objects too tenaciously, stubbornly refusing to resign them, until he has pointed out differences which, if they exist at all, seem to be of little practical value. No person, however, will hastily contemn such distinctions, who reflects that many of the disputes, and much of the actual evil which we deplore, have arisen out of the abuse of words or terms, which either had no definite meaning, or to which different meanings were ascribed by the disputants; and surely the importance of establishing first principles will be disputed by no man who knows that one original and correct idea from the mind of a Scotch mechanic, —that of attaching the air-pump to the steam-engine,—is now, without a metaphor, not only *manufacturing* food for at least eight millions of human beings in Great Britain, but that it has actually called those millions into existence! Our bachelor philosopher of Burn Greave, while he smiles at this assertion, will assent to its truth. What married man, who has a family, knows not that matrimony is made of cakes and pudding? and the time is not distant, when the countrywomen of Harriet Martineau will, one and all, acknowledge that the great manufactory of mouths and bread is the *Mind* itself.

The New Road to Ruin, by Lady Stepney. London. Bentley.

It would be a curious and interesting matter deliberately to criticise and arrange under distinct heads the different tribes of novels which have appeared during the continuance of a novel-writing mania, that has filled the shelves of our booksellers and book readers during the last ten or fifteen years. We do not mean that we should scrutinize every work—a labour for a Hercules,—but, taking one of each class, investigate its taste, sentiment, and the probability which exists of its possessing more than an ephemeral existence. There are novels without tales, and tales that are not novel. The didactic, the prosaic, the poetic, the voluminous, the heroic, the romantic, the scientific, the philosophic, the historic, the——our goose-quill calls for a respite. Lady Stepney's "Road to Ruin" it would be difficult to characterize, partaking as it does of two principal attributes—the conversational and the descriptive;—description, not so much of the natural, as of the physical and moral world. But there is also a considerable degree of dramatic incident and bustle in many of its pages. This accomplished lady has not, from the commencement of her work, directed her reader's attention to the development of plot, so much as to the development of character. She flies, "and flying sparkles," from subject to subject, and time to time; mingling details of honesty and villany, love and hatred, romance and plain dealing, so as to form a species of portrait gallery; where some will most value the lovely and interesting Ellen, others will be delighted with the simple and natural Fanny; and many, with ourselves, "set most store by" the striking and vivid delineations of the pompous, weak, and wicked

Lord Darmaya. Lady Stepney possesses a happy faculty of light and *piquant badinage*—occasionally she makes, perhaps, a little too frequent use of the French language; but this characteristic of her style is also very characteristic of the dialogue fashionable to the present day. Nobody, perhaps, is better calculated than the charming lady to whom we are indebted for these volumes, to paint the manners and existence of the privileged idlers of the world. She observes, with a lively tact, the aspect of the society which she embellishes; and her portraitures are no less faithful than attractive. Many of the aphorisms, interspersed through the volumes, are stamped either with charming sentiment or acute remark. We grieve that our limits, and our usual custom of abstaining from quotation in works of fiction, will not allow us to indulge our reader with any extracts. We hail with pleasure so delightful an acquisition to the galaxy of living female writers.

Travels and Researches of Baron Humboldt. By W. Macgillivray, A.M.

This forms Vol. X. of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." It is a *condensed* narrative of the journeys of the indefatigable and adventurous traveller whose name is familiar to every person whose attention has been drawn to political statistics or natural philosophy. In the equinoctial regions of America, and in Asiatic Russia, Baron Humboldt pursued those researches and investigations, analyses of which are contained in the work before us. The compiler observes—"From the various works which the Baron has given to the world have been derived the chief materials of the narrative; and when additional particulars were wanted, application was made to M. de Humboldt himself, who kindly pointed out the sources whence the desired information might be obtained. The life of a man of letters, he justly observed, ought to be sought for in his books; and for this reason little has been said respecting his occupations during the intervals of repose which have succeeded his perilous journeys."

In the process of condensation, the spirit of the original has escaped. The phrases "our travellers," "they proceeded," "they went out," &c. &c. deprive the narrative of the lively interest which an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes has so much the power of conveying to his readers. Mr. Macgillivray has given us rather a dry report of the travels and researches of Baron Humboldt than the narrative and observations of the traveller himself. Yet we willingly join with the publishers in the hope that "the work, notwithstanding its abridged form, will prove beneficial in diffusing a knowledge of the researches of the eminent naturalist from whose original labours it has been taken, and leading to the study of those phenomena which present themselves daily to the eye."

Valpy's Family Classical Library. Euripides, Vol. III. Homer, Vol. II.

We have little to remark on the above, more than that they serve worthily to continue the reputation already acquired by their predecessors. The volume of Euripides contains six tragedies of that great master. The second volume of Homer comprises the last eleven books of the Iliad and four of the Odyssey. To comment upon the performances of Potter and Pope at this time of day would by many be considered useless labour, yet we cannot but think that something more spirited than Potter's and more faithful than Pope's translation might have been found by diligent seeking. We should have preferred taking, where practicable, the best translations separate, and writers. Uniformity in a work of this kind constitutes no particular commendation. We cannot forbear one word upon the fact, that, while the place of Homer's birth and the period of his existence are still concealed in the inscrutable arcana of the past,—while learned men are disputing whether he might not have been Ulysses or Solomon, or even "really, truly nobody at all,"—his verses are still with us an immortal possession, in which time has shed its influence only to consecrate and ennoble. Unfading associations are interwoven in our recollection of the verses of the "blind Mæonides." Scarcely less do we love him than the other great name who wore the dignity of the tragic muse with a princely grace. But why talk in this rambling strain of those whom fame has taken for her own? Truly it is a work of supererogation, and we at once give over.

Deloraine. By the Author of "Caleb Williams." Bentley.

When we look back upon the immense stride that literature has made since the period when the author of "Caleb Williams" struck boldly into a new and un-

trodden path, and laid bare the machinery of human passion, so as to tempt more youthful anatomists to the same daring, we confess ourselves astonished at the power by which Mr. Godwin has been enabled to maintain his station, at a time of life when man generally sinks into that state so pathetically described as—

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans everything."

Eighty years have rolled over the head of this extraordinary man, and yet behold! a mental Phœnix rises from the very ashes:—a creation of an imagination to the last degree wonderful, when we consider the hand is feeble, that traced the pages in which it is impossible not to see the master spirit, not indeed as it was in the strength and radiance of his early career, when, like the eagle on the mountain's brow, he stood or soared alone in his magnificence; but grand and striking as an outline of which, in his best days, he need not have been ashamed. "Deloraine" is by no means devoid of gentle interest, and the female character is, in many respects, beautifully developed; its proportions are at once correct and graceful, and this alone must render the volumes interesting to the general reader, not disposed to view it, with ourselves, as one of the curiosities of literature. We never analyse stories; it is, in our opinion, unfair both to the reader and the author. Who would sit down to view the sufferings of a heroine, the difficulties of a hero, did they know exactly how those sufferings and difficulties would terminate? *We* shall never forgive a certain elderly lady of our acquaintance, a worthy good soul in other respects, who adds to an insatiable literary appetite, as insatiable a literary digestion. "Have you read so-and-so?" she commences. "No; but we are going to;" or, "just in the second volume," is the reply. "Well, I can tell you all about it. I have just finished it." "My dear Madam, we would much rather *not* hear all about it. We prefer making it out." Upon this the old lady looks silenced; but only for a moment. She has as many turns and windings as a hare, and, by sundry inuendoes and insinuations, finishes our curiosity and the book at one and the same time. We have, therefore, a fellow-feeling for others, and prefer recommending to informing,—if, indeed, a new novel by the author of "Caleb Williams" need any recommendation to the reading public.

The Exile of Idria; a German Tale.

This German tale is one of deep interest. Its elements are love and injustice, patient and undeserved suffering, ultimate deliverance and long-continued happiness. These are, indeed, common materials, yet the incidents which are formed out of them are by no means common; and the poetry, though it be imitative in its style and structure, is often original. As a story, it cannot be read without deep and varied emotions; as a poem, it reflects infinite credit on the imaginative powers and refined taste of the author, with whom, indeed, we hope to be better acquainted.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. Part X.

This is by far the most interesting part of this useful work that we have seen. The fundamental principles for laying out villas, coming as they do from a man of Mr. Loudon's great experience as a landscape gardener, ought to be read attentively by every one who has a villa to build, or grounds to improve. We were much struck with the views of the Earl of Shrewsbury's extraordinary place in Staffordshire, Alton Towers. This is a complete extravaganza, designed by the late Earl, as though to show how far caprice, and almost unbounded wealth, could change the features of nature. The result is a scene of gorgeous splendour, reminding the beholder of the descriptions in the "Arabian Tales," and almost realizing the wildest visions of the poet's brain, yet totally destroying all the natural loveliness of the place. The sketch of Beau Ideal Villa, pointing out the comforts and luxuries required to form a complete villa, in the modern taste for a country gentleman of independent fortune, is an excellent idea, well executed. It is evidently written quite *con amore*.

Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi. With Remarks, by a Friend. 8vo.

We are afraid the public in general will feel little interest in this gossip and tittle-tattle. Mrs. Piozzi has long filled all the space she was ever entitled to in

the literature of the age to which she belonged; and we are perfectly sure these Piozziana will add nothing to her fame,—in fact, they tell us nothing that we care to inquire about. We read the pages before us as we remember once to have read the letters of the celebrated John Wilkes, published after his death,—we were just enough interested to go on; but it was the interest of expectation, which was extinguished, however, long before we arrived at the last page. The writer is, we doubt not, a very respectable old gentleman, who, before the waning of his faculties, had some pretensions to literary taste, and a general acquaintance with the literature that was in vogue some fifty years ago. Those who, like himself, may be now lingering like shadows on this side the Styx, may perhaps wile away their time by turning over the leaves of his Piozziana; and this, we fear, is all we can venture to promise him.

The Trade of Banking in England; embracing the Substance of the Evidence taken before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, digested and arranged under appropriate Heads. Together with a Summary of the Law applicable to the Bank of England, to private Banks of Issue, and Joint-Stock Banking Companies; to which are added, an Appendix and Index. By Michael J. Quin, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

This elaborate and very seasonable volume is appropriately inscribed to the Lord Chancellor. Its merits can, however, be appreciated by that portion of the public who are deeply and practically interested in the subjects of which it treats. The title comprehensively announces its multifarious contents, but the whole plan and object are detailed in the preface, in which the writer informs us, that he has endeavoured, in the first place, to give a general view of the origin, privileges, and functions of the Bank of England; the mode in which its business is conducted; and of the character which it has acquired amongst those persons in London who, from their own experience, are peculiarly competent to bear testimony to the true nature of its operations. But we cannot do better than allow him to speak in his own person, assuring our readers, that, as far as we are able to judge, Mr. Juin has, with much industry and talent, furnished all the information on the subject of banking which the exigencies of the times seem to demand:—

"I have proceeded," he continues, "to treat of its branch banks recently established in different parts of the country, collecting from the evidence laid before the Committee of the House of Commons, such information as might enable the public to judge of the value of those institutions. Considering the Bank and its branches then, in one point of view, I have traced out its actual condition as to capital, liabilities, and annual profits, from the accounts which were rendered to the Committee. As no similar returns were ever before communicated by the Bank, the real state of that Corporation can now be examined, for the first time, upon the faith of documents of an authentic description, and in which everything connected with the concerns of the Company is disclosed without reserve.

"Decided differences of opinion prevailed amongst several of the witnesses who appeared before the Committee, with respect to the fluctuations which from time to time have taken place in the currency. I found it necessary, therefore, to attempt to clear away the obscurities by which that subject has been heretofore surrounded; and I hope, that with the assistance of the practical knowledge relating to it which abounds in the Minutes of Evidence, I have succeeded in simplifying a topic which theorists had previously made almost unintelligible.

"In order to prepare the reader for this discussion, I have touched on the nature of the foreign exchanges—a theme also hitherto fruitful of perplexity to all persons who have not an immediate interest in their variations, and a practical acquaintance with the causes that elevate or depress them in the course of trade. If the reader go with me through these explanations, I trust that he will then be enabled to judge how far the management of the Bank is chargeable with producing contractions or enlargements of the circulation to the prejudice of the community, and whether any system of banking can be devised by which such alternations can for the future be prevented.

"The lessons afforded to the country by the catastrophe of 1825 are next alluded to, as well as the extent to which the Bank has profited by those serious and providential admonitions. The whole of the objections which have been made to its system of management, and the answer given to those objections, on the part of the Bank, are then exhibited, in order that the reader may decide for himself between conflicting opinions, arguments, and statements of facts, on which side the truth is probably to be found.

"As the inquiry now pending in Parliament extends to private and joint-stock banks, the evidence with respect to those establishments is condensed in successive chapters; and they will, perhaps, be found, in connexion with those which precede them, to disclose a more complete

view of the banking trade in this country than it was possible for any one writer to collect, without access to the valuable evidence lately published by order of the House of Commons. The improvements proposed by several witnesses with respect to the banking system are next drawn out from the mass of questions and answers; and I have presumed to conclude the first part of this work with such observations as occurred to me upon a careful and impartial consideration of the whole subject.

"References having been made in many passages of the evidence to the present state of the law upon several points connected with banking, I deemed it convenient to add, in a Second Part, a summary of all the more important statutes which relate either to the Bank of England, to private banks of issue, or joint-stock banking companies. In the Appendix will be found an account of the principal foreign banks, and of those of Ireland and Scotland; and also a series of useful tables compiled, at my request, by Mr. Keppel, one of the most accurate accountants in the city of London. I wish I were at liberty to mention the names of two other gentlemen, of great commercial experience and high character, who have done me the favour to revise this volume in its progress through the press. If upon the subject of which it treats it have any pretensions to authority, I owe it entirely to their suggestions, and to the kind vigilance with which they have preserved me from falling into material errors."

Compendium of Modern Geography. By Rev. Alexander Stewart. 3d Edition.

We are happy in adding our testimony to that of the many journalists who have expressed their approbation of this little work. It is extremely well arranged and very neatly got up. We think it unquestionably superior to either Goldsmith's or Guy's, though that is not saying much in its favour. Our principal doubt is about the manner in which it is to be used; if to be committed to memory at so many sentences per day, we think the learning it and the not learning it at all would be nearly equal in utility. A more miserable plan of teaching geography was never devised than that of making the pupil learn by heart a shapeless mass of facts about the population, language, manners, religion, &c. of every country as they are found in the geography-book, and scarcely ever looking upon a map. The thorough study of maps is the *sine qud non* in elementary geography. After he knows a map or two by heart, then the perusal of such a work as this, and of narratives of voyages and travels, becomes really serviceable to him. Experience has proved the utility of this plan of proceeding.

The Producing Man's Companion; an Essay on the Present State of Society, Moral, Political, and Physical, in England; with the best Means of Providing for the Poor, and those Classes of Operatives who may be suddenly thrown out of their regular Employments by the Substitution of new Inventions. By Junius Redivivus. 12mo. 2nd Edition.

It is not easy to exaggerate the number and magnitude of the evils which its present institutions inflict upon the great body of society. The remains of feudal injustice and oppression; the pernicious operation of bad laws, made for the exclusive benefit of the rich, and the mal-administration of good ones, which increases the misery they were intended to alleviate among the poor; together with the rapid advance of intellect, and the improvement and application of science to the great business of trade and commerce, all seem to be rapidly hastening on a crisis when some great and radical change may be expected. There are some writers who, with sobriety and good sense, suggest remedies that are practical; and though we do not subscribe to all the doctrines advanced by Junius Redivivus, it is impossible to deny him the praise of benevolent intentions and vigorous powers. He is an accomplished and remarkable man, and in verse and prose possesses very remarkable faculties.

The Modern Cymon. From the French of M. Paul de Kock.

We have perused these two volumes with considerable pleasure and amusement. They exhibit a very faithful picture of French manner and society, and the characters are without exception drawn with inimitable fidelity and humour. The idea of the publishers in getting up this translation was, to give the English public an opportunity of judging of the merits of one of the most celebrated French novelists, divested of the impurities in which he is too apt to indulge. These impurities would here be a great objection to a work, but our neighbours on the other side of the water are not so scrupulous. De Kock is distinguished for his accurate knowledge of human nature in general, and his skill in depicting individual in-

stances of folly or absurdity. One great objection to translations is, the difficulty of preserving the spirit of the original, and we may almost go the length of saying, that to translate well, is as difficult as to write well. The present translator has fulfilled his task with ability, and therefore the reader who has not perused the original will not, as in ordinary circumstances, have to regret the loss of the spirit of the original. As the present work is likely to be very successful, other novels of the same author are, we hear, in the course of translation; and we understand that one of them, which possesses peculiar interest, has been prepared from the French, by Mr. C. Clyatt, and will shortly be published.

Charterhouse Prize Exercises, from 1814 to 1832.

This is a proud monument to the institution whose name it bears. Of course the exercises are of various merits, but they are all worthy of a place in a publication designed to do honour to the masters and pupils of the Charterhouse. We recommend that the present volume should commence a series to be published at the intervals of two or three years; this will prove a useful stimulus to the emulation of the youthful aspirants for literary distinctions.

Some of these exercises are of such promise—both as to vigorous conception and classical execution—that we shall be disappointed if the names appended to them in a few years are not pronounced with admiration and delight at the bar and in the senate. We think we discern two or three embryo poets and orators.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Arnott's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, Vol. I. 8vo. 21*s.* bds., and Vol. II. Part I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds. Fifth Edition.

Leonard's Voyage to Western Africa, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye. By J. H. Curtis. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

An Introduction to the Study of English Botany. By Geo. Bancks. 8vo. Plates. 9*s.*

Piozziana; or, Anecdotes and Memoirs of Mrs. Piozzi. 8vo. 7*s.*

The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Commentary on the Revelation of St. John. By R. B. Cooper. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Rev. R. Burton's Lectures upon the Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Century. 8vo. 12*s.*

The Parliamentary Pocket-Companion for 1833. 12mo. 4*s.*

The Transactions of the Linnæan Society, Vol. XVI. Part III. 2*l.*

Mahon's War in Spain, with Additions. 8vo. 15*s.*

The Lake of Killarney. By A. M. Porter. New Edition. 3 vols. 12mo. 16*s.* 6*d.*

Captain Head's Overland Journey from India to Europe. Oblong folio. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.; India proofs, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Dynasty of the Kajars, and History of Persia. With Plates. By Sir Harford Jones Brydges. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Bishop Middleton on the Greek Article. New Edition. By Rev. H. J. Rose. 8vo. 14*s.*

Dendy's Book of the Nursery. Foolscap 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.

Aikman's History of Religious Liberty in England. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Constance. A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Sketches in Greece and Turkey, with the Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*

Elliott's Views in the East. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 5*l.* bds.; 4to. 10*l.* bds.

LITERARY REPORT.

"The Tyrol." By the Author of "Spain in 1830."

"Waltzburg." A Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

"My Ten Years' Imprisonment in Italian and Austrian Dungeons. By Silvio Pellico. Translated from the original by Thomas Roscoe.

"The Gardener and Forester's Record" of the Culture and Management of Fruits, Vegetable, Forest Trees, and of all Subjects connected with the above Arts, calculated for information and improvement therein.

"Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea." By Cyrus Redding, Esq. With several Engravings; forming Nos. 78 and 79 of "Constables Miscellany."

"Poor-Laws and Paupers Illustrated." No. I. "The Parish." A Tale. By Harriet Martineau; under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Dr. O. C. Wood announces a Translation from the German of Von Hammer's History of the Assassins. The French translation mentioned in our last is but indifferently done, and the work is of much interest.

"The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Isaac Watts." By the Rev. T. Milner, Author of the "History of the Seven Churches of Asia."

"The Narrative of Two Expeditions into the Interior of Australia," undertaken by Captain C. Sturt, by order of the Colonial Government, to ascertain the nature of the country.

"An Historical Sketch of the Princes of India, Stipendary, Tributary, Feudatory," &c.; with a Sketch of the Origin and Progress of British Power in India. By an Officer in the service of the East India Company.

The Countess of Blessington is occupied in writing a novel, "The Repealers," the object of which is, we understand, to depict the present melancholy condition of Ireland."

A curious work is announced, of which report speaks highly, with regard to both interest and information, entitled, "A History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations up to the present Moment."

A new edition of "Phœnician Ireland," by Henry O'Brien, Esq., A.B., author of the "Prize Essay" upon the "Round Towers," is announced.

THE DRAMA.

It is a sad and sorrowful task, in these days of reform, to go on recording from month to month, and almost from year to year, the abundant want of everything like dramatic excellence. Translations and dansures ring the changes at both houses, with an occasional variety afforded by the illness or versatility of Mr. Kean's health or judgment, or the introduction of a farce, for which, when it is good, we have learned to be exceedingly grateful. At

DRURY LANE

we have had a very pleasing version of Auber's charming ballet opera of *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, brought out by the joint aid of Messrs. Bishop and Fitzball, under the new title of the *Maid of Cashmere*. The original story is one of considerable beauty, from that inexhaustible source of the extraordinary, the Indian mythology. The god Brama, in one of his incarnations, meets with very indifferent treatment from the inhabitants of the city of Cashmere, from whence he is driven by the police. The only one ready to take pity upon his abject fortune and condition is a dancing-girl, a profession always despised in India. She flies with him to her hut, conceals him there, and becomes enamoured. Her sister, who has the gift of song, by her harmony diverts the attentions of Brama from the dancing-girl to herself: this causes them to display their respective powers. In conclusion, the dancing-girl is seized by the authorities of Cashmere, and condemned to be burnt. She is placed upon the pile: it is fired; the god Brama becomes revealed, and her apotheosis ensues.

Mademoiselle Duvernay was as near perfection as possible; and, while bringing Taglioni to our remembrance in some of the movements, did not lose by the comparison. Miss Betts's singing-girl was like all she does—excellent, without superiority. We hear that Mrs. Wood refused the part; *why*, we cannot tell. Mr. Wood improved in this character, and we are glad of it, for it was needed. He is less *woody* than usual, both in his singing and acting.

A Miss Duff, formerly a pupil of the Academy of Music, has played occasionally Madame de Meric's *rôle* in our old favourite *Don Juan*. She is at present an unequal singer, but promises well.—Mr. Martin progresses in Leporello. There is much to applaud in a new actor's making so successful a *debut* in a part by no means easy.—Mr. Barnard has appeared in his own play of *The Nervous Man*,—and a *nervous* undertaking it must have been for one so unaccustomed to public performance. He was driven to it; and we consequently do not feel called upon to criticise his performance, as we should have done had he been a volunteer. He is one of the victims to the unjust theatrical system, against which we have so frequently raised our voice. Others are reaping the harvest his abilities sowed; for his farce was, with one late exception at the other house, the best of the season. Drury Lane has also been so good as gratuitously to announce Mr. Kean's appearance at Covent Garden! We were prepared for almost any absurdity in that quarter; but this *almost* surpassed our belief.

COVENT GARDEN.

The novel upon which Mr. Planché's new play is founded has been dramatized in Paris; and we would remind Mr. La Porte, that much as we admire the internal arrangements of the French theatres, we do not admire the constant grafting of French plays upon the English stage. The plot of *Reputation, or the State Secret* is almost too difficult for us to unravel, but we will try. Otto, Count of Splugen, (Warde) is secretly married to the Princess Frederica, (Miss Taylor) sister to the Landgrave (G. Bennett.) He likewise holds the post of prime minister, and being of steady and sedate habits, his absence from a court festival is remarked, and commented on by the prince and his courtiers. A bet is made that he is engaged in an affair of gallantry, and they break up for the purpose of discovering him, and determining the wager. He is on a secret visit to his bride, but is intercepted by the Chamberlain (Abbott) on his way home, and, to prevent any suspicion, he feigns to have been engaged in an amour with a lowly maiden, Helena (Miss Tree), whose name he accidentally becomes acquainted with through the boy, Fritz (Miss Poole). This slander spreads abroad, and the loss of reputation to Helena is the consequence; her brother Hugo (Mr. C. Kean), maddened at the reproach, sets himself to discover and punish the offender. This he is enabled to do through the agency of Fritz, and immediately he seeks the presence of Otto, and demands of him the public assurance of his sister's innocence. He receives every satisfaction from the Count, but his public acknowledgment of where he spent his time, and which would give a clue to the development of the State Secret. Dissatisfied with this determination, Hugo is resolved upon revenge, and associates himself with a conspiracy formed against the state. As agent of the conspirators he is introduced as a spy into the bed-chamber of the Princess, there becomes acquainted with the secret, which he uses as an instrument to obtain the public avowal from the Count. Doubting the faith of the Count, he steals a note from the Princess's chamber, which discloses her marriage, and this note he gives to Anselm (Haines) the lover of Helena. The Landgrave is wounded in a scuffle with Anselm, and obtains possession of the document. The whole of the *dramatis personæ* are brought together in the last scene; the Landgrave half dead, half drunk, dooms his sister and the Count to the axe, which awaits but the signal of another cup to descend upon her neck. The fatal wine cup is at his lips; but, as in the *Critic*, death stops him short. The lady descends from the scaffold to ascend the throne. This is but an imperfect sketch, but sufficient, we trust, to give our readers a general idea of the subject.

We have good reason to believe that dramatizing this story was in a great degree forced upon Mr. Planchée; and, truth to say, he affords us more amusement in the general way than any of our play wrights. He has a sort of epigrammatical manner of turning his short pieces, which renders them *piquant* and entertaining; and though his style lacks *finish*, it is never deficient in *point*; this is more than we can say in general, and if we cannot award the laurel, which belongs only to the genuine dramatist, we cannot but praise his fertility and industry.

The drama possesses the merit of striking situations, qualities readily acknowledged, and more highly appreciated, in the present times than of old; and had these been supported by language having some approach to poetry, and acting having some relation to it, its success might probably have not been so transient as under its present circumstances it is likely to be. Mr. C. Kean was intrusted with the part of Hugo, and fully confirmed us in those disadvantageous opinions we had before hazarded as to his powers. Mr. Warde, as Count Otho the minister,

acted extremely well; his delineation of the character was well conceived, and the result of considerable study and reflection. Miss E. Tree, without any opportunity of displaying her talents, did as she always does, what the author sets down for her, well. Miss Taylor neither in look, manners, nor actions, displayed any thing of the princess. Mr. G. Bennett, heaven defend us from again witnessing Mr. G. Bennett's drinking and dying exit. It was solemnly ludicrous. Mr. Abbott's forced pleasantry and new suit, must only be matters of record, not of comment. Mr. Haines is much misplaced in the character of Anselm. We must confess that the curtain descended amid shouts of applause, and thus write our own condemnation—it is even so; we only wish that to prevent unnecessary interruption, some judicious servant of the theatre was placed in the orchestra, to give the time by a motion of his hand. When shouts of tremendous applause should mount to the regions on high—secure of *their* sending back the echo of "the most sweet voices" of "the people."

We are glad to welcome Mr. Hacket, an American, on our English boards; a grain of his real talent will have more effect in blowing away the bushels of light chaff which have been written on the subject of the United States and their inhabitants, by empty-headed and empty-pocketed individuals, than any attempts to set matters right, which should emanate from those less prejudiced and better informed on the subject. Varying in climate and productions, with thousands of miles of sea-coast, it is no wonder that the creature, man, exhibits various peculiarities in this mighty union.

Though last, not least, we have to notice Mr. Poole's clever *Nabob for an Hour*; the materials for the plot, have nothing in themselves of a particularly novel nature; but the whole is so skilfully worked out—and so cleverly managed, that it excites the genuine mirth of the audience, and deserves the "run" it is likely to obtain; the dialogue is polished and sparkling—the points good—and the acting above all praise. Bartley as the Nabob, the inimitable Keeley as Dick Dumpey, and his intelligent, vixenish wife as Nancy Scraggs, were the triumphant pillars of the performance. *Next* to Miss Kelly, we have no such actress in that peculiar line, as Mrs. Keeley. She identifies herself to perfection with the person whose name she bears; and never suffers the audience to remember that she is only *acting* a part until the curtain drops. She moreover dresses the *character* and not *herself*. She would never have done what pretty Miss Sidney did the other night in the *Merchant of Venice*, display a Parisian bonnet on the head of a Venetian lady. She is earnest, attentive, and industrious, and reaps her meed of fame and profit accordingly.

FINE ARTS.

The tenth exhibition of the Society of British Artists was opened in Suffolk Street, on the 25th. It is on the whole, an excellent collection, highly creditable to British art, and affording ample proof of its improvement. Among the more distinguished of the Exhibitors are, John Wilson, Hart, R. B. Davis, Inskipp, Rippingile, Lance, Hofland, Lee, and Clater.—There are three or four names in the catalogue with which we have not been heretofore acquainted—Pirie, Cooper, Chambers, and Fisk. They have done much towards establishing a reputation equal to the best of their competitors.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

At a recent meeting, Mr. Faraday delivered a lecture on the practical prevention of dry-rot. After adverting to the extensive decay of wood in ships, houses, and other structures of that material, involving a loss of such magnitude as to have excited almost universal search after a remedy, Mr. Faraday said he would pass by all propositions for its prevention, except that one absolutely introduced by Mr. Kyan, and to which the lecturer had paid particular attention. The process is now

largely in use. The wood, prior to its application, is immersed in a solution of corrosive sublimate; in the course of a week a load of it is found to have absorbed five gallons of solution; at the end of that time it is removed, and shortly after becomes fit for building. The preservative powers of corrosive sublimate in furs, stuffed birds, anatomical specimens, &c., are well known; and those which it exerts over wood seem not to be less decisive, and far more useful.—Pieces of timber thus prepared were put into a fungus-pit at Woolwich for three years, and at that time taken out perfectly sound. Canvass and calico, treated in a similar manner, were also found to be preserved from mildew or decay. Mr. Faraday's suspicions appear to have been excited not so much as regarded the preservative power of the process, but the healthiness of the wood, canvass, &c., impregnated by it, and he required that such prepared materials should be thoroughly washed, and then submitted to a test for proving the power of resisting decay. He found, after calico and canvass had been washed in water, until all the solution which that fluid could remove had disappeared (mercury was still present), such prepared materials were preserved in a damp cellar, while the unprepared went rapidly to decay. Having ascertained this combined state of the mercurial preparation, Mr. Faraday expressed his opinion that the organic substances could be well preserved by it without deriving any unwholesome quality to deteriorate their application.

Mr. Faraday has also delivered a lecture on the velocity and nature of the electric discharge. This subject was taken up for Mr. Wheatstone, as forming part of a series of investigations into which he has entered relative to the nature of the impressions produced by light on the organs of vision. The object is to ascertain whether the time occupied by the passage of the electric spark is appreciable; if it be, then the existence of an electric fluid, or of two fluids, and the direction of the passage, may be determined. When a bright object passes very rapidly before the eye, the retention of the impression upon the nerve makes the object appear as a line. The lines of light from a cutler's wheel, when in motion, prove this effect. Mr. Wheatstone's object is to make electric sparks pass in a certain direction, but while so passing to give them motion sideways; in which case, if they occupy a portion of time in their direct course at all comparable to that which could be impressed upon them laterally, they would appear as oblique, and the obliquity being either in one direction or another, would indicate the passage between the two conductors. After some trials, Mr. W. gave up the idea of making the balls, between which the sparks were passing, traverse laterally, and substituted a rapidly revolving mirror, inclined at an angle greater or smaller to the axis of rotation. In such a mirror, images travel with extreme velocity through a very large circle; and it is the combination of this velocity with that of the electric spark which is looked to as affording hopes of observing a sensible deviation in the course of the spark. Notwithstanding the extreme character of this test, the time occupied by the transit of electricity did not become sensible. Hence its velocity must be almost infinite. Many other beautiful applications of the revolving mirror were then shown. By it sparks, which appeared perfectly continuous, were shown to be intermitting; in fact, no luminous phenomena produced by common electricity could be found which was constant, *i.e.*, which did not intermit. On the contrary, the spark from the voltaic battery appeared to be constant, *i.e.*, produced by a continuous current.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

This establishment (now consisting of three thousand and twenty members, amongst whom will be found officers of the highest rank and talent in the United Service) has for its object the formation of a Repository for every thing connected with the professional art, science, and natural history. The importance and general advantage of such an institution may be gathered from the interest it has created in the military and naval circles, and from the almost unprecedented support it has received. The second Annual Report is before us, by which we find that the Government have afforded the society their protection—considering, very justly, that it is a national undertaking, and likely to be highly beneficial to the country, and therefore deserving of their support. The report states that—

"While liberal contributions of books, charts, maps, plans, models, objects of natural history, and specimens of art, from all quarters of the world continue to pour in from the widely-dispersed members and friends of the institution, it is very gratifying to us to announce to the : eting and the generous contributors, that his

Majesty's Government, at the express instance of our Most Gracious Sovereign, and with a due consideration of the public utility and benefit likely to result from our establishment, have been pleased to grant it the use of a more spacious building, situated in Scotland Yard, Whitehall.

"The very valuable donations which have been presented, and of which the printed list gives a full account, will no longer remain unpacked, or crowded together as they have hitherto been in two or three diminutive apartments, but will very soon, we trust, be scientifically classed, arranged, and fully displayed, so as to fulfil the objects of the Institution, by enabling the members to have full and easy access to every part of the collection.

"The house which has been placed at our disposal, and of which possession has been very recently obtained, is not in a sufficient state of repair; although it contains space enough within its walls for the present purposes of the institution, yet that space was so inconveniently arranged, that it would have been impossible to have derived full advantage from it without considerable alterations and repairs. G. L. Taylor, Esq., Civil Architect to the Admiralty, has the superintendence of these repairs, being responsible, not only to your Council, but also to the Board of Works, to whom it was necessary to submit the plans of such alterations as were deemed necessary.

"The Council have sanctioned a contract with Mr. Baker for the sum of 1830*l.*; and the work, which may reasonably be expected to be completed in three months, is now in progress. This estimate includes builder's work alone. The internal fittings will also require a considerable sum. But our funds are in so flourishing a state, as to enable us to do all that will be immediately required.

"In the plan for the requisite accommodation, the attention of the Council has, in the first place, been directed to three principal divisions, comprising the Library, the Model Room, and the collection of Specimens, illustrative of Natural History and of the Arts; these, as we proceed, will of course admit of many subdivisions: in addition to these main points, our attention has been directed to a proper apartment for the delivery of lectures, for the advancement of science, as relates to the two great arms of the nation's strength, the Naval and Military Services. Our printed list already shows names of professors too well known to need comment; to these we may look for that stimulus to our progress which their aid is sure to give. Under such auspices, those of our members who have made discoveries which relate to our professions, will have the means of their explaining them."

VARIETIES.

St. Alban's Abbey.—We are rejoiced to find that the question of the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey is rapidly gaining on the attention of the public. The edifice is a noble specimen of sacred architecture, and is mixed up with so many stirring historical associations, is of such vast antiquity, and presents so many attractive features to the eye of taste, that to suffer it to remain in its present dilapidated state, would be an act of Gothic barbarism unworthy of this age of intellectual refinement. We need not inform our readers that St. Alban's Abbey is just now in the last stage of decay. The hand of Time has so heavily pressed upon it, that rafter and roof, tower and buttress, have been each and all dropping daily piece-meal to earth; and would ere this have been destroyed, but for the fine feelings of a Verulam, worthy of his title and descent, and other noble and scientific personages, who have stepped forward to save the structure from impending ruin.

For the date of the foundation of the venerable fane we must, we believe, go back to the earliest periods of English history. Its old walls have rung to the shouts of the people for the victories of Cressy—of Poictiers—of Agincourt—and been graced by the presence of an Elizabeth and a Burleigh, when they offered up their thanksgivings for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Surely an edifice thus associated with our dearest and proudest recollections, and on which no Englishman can gaze without feeling his heart beat quicker at the sight, should not be suffered to fall, unnoticed, to decay, as though it were a mushroom, Regent-street structure of yesterday! Its very aspect—majestic in ruin—impresses veneration on the mind; it is history appealing to the eyes as well as to the thought; it is the past challenging the consideration of the present. To wrest the revered fabric from decay, and make

even Time himself let go his hold, for a season, on its "fair proportions," is an act worthy of a nation which holds it as an axiom, that there are other things in life worth considering beyond the mere vulgar accumulation of wealth. Our readers will be pleased to find that the subscription is going on favourably, and the repairs, under the judicious and economical management of Mr. Cottingham, are considerably advanced. Let the public, however, bear in mind, that the amount of subscriptions still requires increasing, and that, even as a matter of choice, a large number of subscribers, each presenting a small sum, is more desirable than a short list of names, each contributing a munificent donation. If there is any work of taste, mingled with holier feelings and ennobling associations, which ought to be the work of a union of all classes of society, surely an instance must be found in the restoration of such a temple as St. Alban's Abbey.

British Museum.—The accounts of this establishment have been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. The balance in hand, December 1831, was 4,752*l.* The Parliamentary grant was 16,922*l.* which, with other sums from property belonging to the trustees, and 148*l.* received for the sale of the Synopsis, and other Museum publications, make the total receipts, amount to 23,170*l.* for the year 1832. The payments for the same year are 18,572*l.*, thus leaving a surplus in hand of 6,598*l.* The salaries of the officers amounted to 2,742*l.*, and 4,950*l.* is paid for extra services; 3,675*l.* is paid to servants and attendants, 439*l.* for rent and taxes, 1,032*l.* for purchase of books, and 853*l.* for purchase of manuscripts. The expenditure for the current year is estimated at 16,844*l.* The number of persons who were admitted to view the British Museum and to the Reading Rooms has wonderfully increased of late years. In 1826, 79,131 were admitted; in 1827, 81,228; 1828, 68,101; 1829, 71,336; 1830, 99,112; 1831, 147,896. About 1,950 visited the Reading Rooms in 1810; 8,820, in 1820; and 46,800, in 1832. The days of public admission to the Museum are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten till four.

Savings Banks.—Deposited, from Jan. 28, 1832, to the latest period the return can be made, 761,368*l.*; drawn for in the same period, 1,264,118*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* The months in which the sums were principally drawn out were April, May, June, and July, last year, the crisis of the Reform Bill. In June, the amount taken out was 368,976*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, and it was during that month the smallest sum, 25,515*l.* was paid in of the whole period.

Crime.—The number of persons charged with criminal offences, in 1832, was 20,829; committed for trial, males, 17,486; females, 3,343—20,829. Of these there were convicted, 14,947; acquitted, 3,716; against whom no bills were found and not prosecuted, 2,166. Of those convicted, 1,449 were sentenced to death; and the remainder transported for various terms, imprisoned, whipped, fined, &c.; only 54 were, however, executed.

London University.—At a general meeting of proprietors, recently held, it was stated, that the original capital, 158,882*l.*, arising from shares and donations, had been sunk, and a debt incurred of 2,946*l.*, which debt would, from the excess of expenditure over probable income, be increased by the end of October to 3,715*l.*

New Southern Continent.—The "Literary Gazette" states, that an immense tract of land had been discovered by a whaler in the Antarctic Ocean. It is about latitude 67 degrees, and nearly due south of the Cape of Good Hope.

Astronomical Notice.—The second disappearance of the ring of Saturn will take place on April 28, and its visible breadth will gradually diminish until that time, affording the lovers of practical astronomy a fine opportunity of trying their telescopes in the three essential qualities of defining, illuminating, and magnifying power. The plane of the ring will pass the earth on the 10th of June, and after that time it will gradually increase in its apparent breadth in the ratio of little more than 1-100 part of a second in twenty-four hours. The northern side of the ring will then continue visible until the next conjunction of its plane with the earth and sun, which will include a period of nearly fifteen years.

Navy Estimates.—In the Navy Estimates for the year 1833–4, under the head of wages, there is a reduction of upwards of 2000*l.*—under that of victuals of 24,000*l.*; in the expenses of the Admiralty Office there is a reduction of 17,000*l.*; in the Navy Pay Office of more than 3000*l.*; in his Majesty's establishments at home of 5000*l.*; in the foreign establishments of about 3500*l.*; in wages to artificers of 33,000*l.* in the home, and 11,000*l.* in the foreign branch; in naval stores of 54,000*l.*;

in new works of about 44,000*l.*; and in the miscellaneous services of 7000*l.*; the total amount of the estimates for the effective service of 1833–4 being 2,713,431*l.*; and that for the year that is past, 1832–3, being 2,910,306*l.*, exhibiting a total saving of no less a sum than that of 196,875*l.*

Poor Rates.—In the year ending March 25, 1832, there was levied in England for poor-rates 8,255,315*l.* 12*s.*, out of which there was expended for the relief of the poor 6,731,131*l.* 10*s.* There was an increase of three per cent. on the average of England compared with the rates of the preceding year. The number of select vestries engaged in these levies was 2,234; the number of assistant overseers was 3,134; employed in repair of roads, 51,705: paid from poor-rates for such labour, 261,465*l.* 8*s.*; employed in other parish work, 17,390; paid for such work, 88,257*l.* 7*s.* In Wales, the total sum expended was 367,604*l.* 12*s.*, and the increase per cent. is double that in England, being six; employed on roads, 1,131; paid for their labour, 3,354*l.* 17*s.*

Convicts.—The expenses of the convict establishment in England from Jan. 1 to June 30, 1832, was 34,169*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, and the total earnings 23,287*l.* 9*s.* The expense of the Bermuda establishment for the half year ending Dec. 31, 1831, was 9,472*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*; earnings of the convicts, 13,564*l.* 4*s.* On the 1st of Jan., 1832, there were 4,139 prisoners on board the hulks in England; since which there have been received at the several depôts 4,712, including 85 from Bermuda. Of these 3,877 have been transported to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land; 120 to Bermuda; 690 discharged by pardon and expiration of sentence; 4 escaped; 652 died (of which 110 from cholera); and 3,898 remained in the hulks in England, Jan. 1st, 1833. For the last half-year the expenses in England were 34,811*l.* 9*d.*; the earnings 25,366*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* For the first half-year of 1832 the expense at Bermuda was 8,764*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*; the earnings 13,043*l.*

Lunatics.—By an official account just published, it appears that there are now under the care of the Lord Chancellor, 393 lunatics; that the allowance for their annual maintenance is 134,999*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.*; and that the value of their estates is 253,443*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A New Poison.—We find, in "The Repertory of Patent Inventions for March," the following account of two new poisons, so deadly in their effects that prussic acid can scarcely now be considered as the most potent of destroyers:—"Professor Geiger, of Heidelberg, whilst recently engaged in making chemical experiments, succeeded in establishing some remarkable illustrations of the active principle of hemlock. Its base is an organic salt, which opens an entirely novel series of these highly interesting organic substances, for it is volatile, and similar to a volatile oil. Its poison is of the deadliest description. The smallest quantity, applied inwardly, produces paralysis; and one or two grains are sufficient to kill the largest animal. Another of Professor Geiger's late discoveries is the active principle of henbane *(atropin)*; its base is likewise an organic salt. Its poison is quite as deadly as that of the former, but exhibits dissimilar appearances, and is not so rapid in its effects. Animals, where even a minute dose is administered, become languid, cannot stand upon their legs, are attacked by convulsions, and die within six hours."

Copper in the Blood of Animals.—M. Sarzeau has confirmed what had been formerly observed by Vauquelin, that the blood of oxen contains a minute portion of copper, viz., one grain in each kilogram, or about a 15,000th part.—*Recueil Industriel.*

Copper in Wheat.—M. Sarzeau has also discovered that the grain of wheat contains copper, rather more than four times as much as the blood of oxen: but the flour from the same wheat only contained half as much as the blood. Therefore it is in the bran, or outer portion of the grains, that the copper exists. He calculates that in France about 34,061 kilograms (75,000lbs.) are thus annually taken up from the soil.—*Idem.*

Copper in Bread.—In France the salts of copper have been used in the manufacture of inferior flour into bread. M. Kuhlman, on one occasion, even discovered a crystal of the salt in one of the rolls for making children's pap. Its presence is detected by the prussiate of potash.—*Idem.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

Hemlock and Henbane.—The base of Hemlock is an organic salt which opens an entirely novel series of these highly interesting organic substances, for it is volatile, and similar to a volatile oil. The peculiar qualities of this substance, both intrinsically and when brought into combination with acids, its rapidly changeable character, and the brilliant play of colours which it exhibits whilst undergoing change, render it one of the most interesting productions in organic chemistry. Its poison is of the deadliest description. The smallest quantity, applied inwardly, produces paralysis; and one or two grains are sufficient to kill the largest animal. Another of Professor Geiger's late discoveries is the active principle of henbane (*atropin*); its base is likewise an organic salt, but it is tenacious, admits of being reduced to a crystal, forms a crystalline salt with acids, like hemlock, and has a disagreeable smell, though it is not volatile, unless it be subjected to decomposition. Its poison is quite as deadly as that of the former, but exhibits dissimilar appearances, and is not so rapid in its effects. Animals, where even a minute dose is administered, become languid, cannot stand upon their legs, are attacked by convulsions, and die within six hours. The effect of this poison in dilating the pupil of the eye is extremely remarkable. The minutest portion of it, when applied to the eye of a cat, produces a dilation of the pupil for the next four and twenty hours; and the hundredth part of a grain prolongs the appearance for the next seven or eight days, besides inducting other singular symptoms of poisoning.—*Heidelberg Journal.*

The Chinese Method of propagating Fruit Trees by Abscission.—The Chinese, instead of raising fruit-trees from seeds, or from grafts, as is the custom in Europe, have adopted the following method of increasing them:—

They select a tree of that species which they wish to propagate, and fix upon such a branch as will least injure or disfigure the tree by its removal. Round the branch, and as near as they can conveniently to its junction with the trunk, they wind a rope, made of straw, besmeared with cow-dung until a ball is formed, five or six times the diameter of the branch. This is intended as a bed into which the young roots may shoot. Having performed this part of the operation, they immediately, under the ball, divide the bark down to the wood for nearly two-thirds of the circumference of the branch. A cocoa-nut shell, or small pot, is then hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom so small that water put into it will fall only in drops. By this the rope is kept continually moist. During three succeeding weeks nothing farther is required, except to supply the vessel with water. At the expiration of that period one-third of the remaining bark is cut off, and the former incision is carried considerably deeper into the wood, as by this time it is expected that some roots have struck into the rope, and are giving their assistance in support of the branch.

After a similar period the operation is repeated, and, in about two months from the commencement of the process, the roots may generally be seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball, which is a sign that they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree. This is best done by sawing it off at the incision. Care must be taken that the rope, which by this time is nearly rotten, is not shaken by the motion. The branch is then planted as a young tree.

USEFUL ARTS.

New One-Light Dry Gas Meter.—Mr. Samuel Clegg has recently invented one of this kind; it may be described thus:—

Two glass globes, one filled with alcohol, and all air excluded from the other, and joined together by an *S*-shaped pipe, and form an instrument resembling in power *the differential thermometer* of Leslie, from which it differs only in shape.

This little instrument indicates, with the most remarkable accuracy, the variation of temperature between its globes; so that if a stream of gas, cooler than that in which the instrument is made to revolve, be allowed to flow upon the upper bulb, it causes the spirit in the lower bulb to ascend to the upper one in a time precisely corresponding with that in which the gas continues to discharge itself upon the bulb.

If, then, a regular stream of air could, by any simple contrivance, be made to act upon the upper bulb, the instrument would form an excellent time-piece. We shall proceed to describe the mechanism by which this thermometer is made applicable to the purpose of the most accurate gas meter.

The *S* instrument, formed of its globes and connecting pipe, all of glass, is mounted upon an axis, and revolves freely on a bearing near each end. To one

extremity of the axis is fastened a detend, to each limb of which, and parallel with the axis, a wire is attached: these rest alternately an a catch, and by their means the upper globe is sustained in its place, which is sufficiently out of the centre of gravity to let it fall whenever it is filled from the lower bulb. To the other extremity of the axis is fastened a crank which gives motion to a train of wheel-work calculated to register the number of revolutions performed by the globes during the space of half a year; or, which is the same thing, the quantity of gas which has passed through the meter in that time.

A very simple and efficacious contrivance for performing two important functions is the junction of a beam and its wire; the one regulates the quantity of gas to be discharged on the upper globe, the other nearly shuts out the supply of gas, should the wire of the detend by any means be knocked off the catch.

The wire is fastened to the beam, which moves upon a centre so adjusted that it overhangs the wire of the detend. Before the detend can pass this wire in its revolution, it must push it sideways, and by that means raise the end of the beam to the right of its centre. If the weight of the beam at this end be greater than at the other end, a resistance is offered to the wire at the end of the detend, and that in proportion to the weight raised; consequently, as that weight varies, so will the quantity of liquor in the upper bulb be more or less to overbalance that weight, of course requiring more or less time to raise the necessary quantity of alcohol into the superior globe, and this time is adjusted to the quantity of gas to be expended.

At the heavy end of the beam is a small circular orifice, and in this beam, running freely, is a ball rather larger than that orifice. The action will be, that, when the wire of the detend is off its catch, the heavy end of the beam will fall until a pipe, accompanying it, rests on a pipe beneath. In that situation the heavy end of the beam is the lowest, and the ball will roll to that end till it falls into the orifice closing the only communication to the burner. These pipes, coming in contact with every vibration of the globes, the beam must be of such length that the ball in its traverse will occupy more time than the detend requires for half a revolution. The detend will then be on its catch before the ball can reach the orifice, and thus the exit for the gas and its passage to the burner is preserved.

Improved Book-Binder's Cutting Press.—The improvements here are two, first, the suspending of a board under the press, which shall serve as a gauge upon which the book to be cut may rest, instead of adjusting it as heretofore, by the aid of a mark made on the edges of the paper; there are to be three screws with nuts on them to support and adjust this board, or gauge; two of them descend from the right-hand cheek, and one from the middle of the left, each of them passing through the board, and having nuts underneath it. The second improvement is the fixing of the two strips of wood, called the square, and cutting board, to the cheeks of the press by means of screws, so formed that they can be readily adapted to other squares and cutting boards, instead of replacing them every time a book is put into the press.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

Although the state of trade generally, is far from presenting so favorable an aspect as the well-wishers of their country would desire, it still cannot be denied that a continued but slow, course of improvement is going on in some very important branches of our manufactures. Not only have the prices of the raw material, in the articles of Wool, Cotton, and Silk, advanced; but the increased prices of the manufactured goods have, in many instances, repaid the master, not merely for this advance, but have enabled him to make some addition to the wages of the operatives. The Woollen trade in Yorkshire, in particular, has presented a degree of animation, to which it has long been a stranger. Connected with the increased activity of the loom, there has been a correspondent demand for Dyers' Drugs and Woods. In addition to the generally improved state of the Silk trade, a further stimulus has been given to the purchase of Italian Silk, from the fact of some considerable shipments having been made from this country to Calais for the service of the weavers of Lyons; and expectations are entertained that a beneficial trade may be established in that line.

The unsettled state of affairs, as regards Holland and Belgium, continues to exert a hurtful influence on our trade in Colonial produce with the Continent; there has been some demand for Coffee, but Sugar has been dull of sale, with no prospect of speedy amendment.

The Deputation from Liverpool to the Board of Trade, met with a courteous reception from the President, Lord Auckland; but, although there may, and probably does, exist a disposition to concede one principal point of their request, at no very distant period, namely, the permitting Brazilian Sugars to be refined in bond, in this country, for exportation, still it is not likely that the Government would, at the present moment, by such a concession,

add one more to the list of grievances of which the West India Planters and Merchants so loudly complain, and against which they are enabled to marshal so formidable array of interests.

The question of the American Tariff is still before the Legislature, and continues to excite the most live interest in the several States; the general opinion is that, by some concessions to South Carolina, the horrors of a civil war will be averted.

The Market for British Plantation Sugar has been dull throughout the last month, and a decline has taken place of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt., the purchasers being almost exclusively confined to the Grocers. There has not been an equal depression in other sorts; not that there has been more briskness of demand, but, because the holders have generally withdrawn rather than submit to a reduction. In the Refined Market, the rate of price as compared with that of raw Sugars being rather low, and there not being a heavy stock on hand, former quotations have been generally maintained; the finer sorts for home consumption have given way in a trifling degree, and, latterly, Crashed has brought 6*d.* less. Lumps, 61*s.* to 61*s.* 6*d.*

The stock of West India Sugar on the 23d, was 13,012 hogsheads, and firkins, being an excess of 3,743 upon that of the corresponding date of 1832; the stock of Mauritius was 53,920 bags, being, in like manner, an excess of 24,671 bags. The deliveries of the former have been 525 hogsheads more, and of the latter 1,702 bags less, than during the like period of last year.

The last average price of Sugar is £1 6*s.* 2½*d.* per cwt.

There has not been much animation in the Coffee Market, during the past month; but, as the holders look with confidence to an increased demand on the Continent, they have preferred making limited sales to submitting to a reduced price; accordingly, an increased disposition to purchase being manifested, last week, led to a small advance in British Plantation. Foreign and East India Coffees maintained their prices, but the sale was dull; they may be quoted as follows; St. Domingo, ordinary quality, 54*s.* 6*d.*; Porto Rico, good to fine ordinary, 54*s.* 6*d.* to 57*s.*; Havannah, good to fine ordinary, 51*s.* 6*d.*; to 56*s.* 6*d.*; Sumatra, ordinary, 47*s.* At last public sale, a small parcel of Jamaica sold as follows; good ordinary, 78*s.* 6*d.*; fine ordinary, 82*s.*; fine fine ordinary, 85*s.* 6*d.*

There has been an extensive demand for Cotton, during the past month, both here and in Liverpool, and prices have advanced ¼*d.* to ⅜*d.* per lb.; there is less briskness in the market at present, but the advance is maintained.

In Indigo, both the demand and the price have improved during the last month. The description and valuation of the East India Company's Sale, on the 12th current, is announced as follows;

206 chests, ordinary to good consuming 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* 1,437 chests, good consuming to middling shipping, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 1,094 chests, middling to good shipping, 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* 236 chests, good to fine shipping 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 8 chests, very fine shipping, 5*s.* and upwards; valued at last sale's prices.

Cochineal brought lately, by public sale of 103 bags, in bond, silver. 6*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 9*d.*; black, 8*s.* to 8*s.*4*d.*; inferior, 7*s.* 2*d.* to 7*s.* 5*d.*; 103 bags Garblings, duty paid, 3*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 10*d.*

The announcement of a Government Contract for 75,000 gallons of Rum caused more bustle than usually attends such an event; and Leewards obtained, in consequence, an advance of ¼*d.* to 1*d.* per gallon. The contract was eventually taken at about 1*s.* 9*d.* 3-16ths.: prices remain steady. For home consumption, good flavoured Jamaica brings 3*s.* to 3*s.* 2*d.*; inferior qualities, 2*s.* 5*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*

Spices are held at former prices, and with a disposition to advance.

Tallow remains at 43*s.* 9*d.* to 44*s.* Oils are more in demand, and fully realize former prices.

The Corn Market is, upon the whole, exceedingly dull, although some picked qualities of Wheat find ready purchasers at fair prices. In bonded Corn and Flour there is nothing doing.

The Money-market has suffered little fluctuation during the month of March, compared with that of the preceding month, the great variations having been confined to the Foreign Funds. An exception to this, however, is to be found in East India Stock, which was quoted on the 25th, for the opening, at 208 to 209; and, on the 26th, in consequence of what transpired at the meeting of Proprietors, on the preceding afternoon, rose suddenly to 223, and closed at 219.

The prices of the various Public Securities, at the close of the day, on the 26th, were as under:

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, 87 three-eighths; ditto for the Account, 87 one-half, five-eighths.—Three per Cent. Reduced, shut.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, shut.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 94 one-half, five-eighths.—Four per Cent. (1826), shut.—India Stock, shut.—Bank Stock, shut.—Exchequer Bills, 47, 48.—India Bonds, 27, 29.—Long Annuities, shut.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 87 seven-eighths, 8 one-eighth.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 61 one-half, 2.—Chilian 22, 3.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 17 one-half, 18.—Danish Three per Cent. 73 three-fourths, 4 one-eighth—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 46 one-fourth, three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 88 one-fourth. French Five per Cent.—French Three per Cent.—Greek Five per Cent. 38, 9.—Mexican Six per Cent. 36 three-fourths, 7—Portuguese Five per Cent. 51 to 2.—Portuguese New Loan, 5 one-eighth, 4 seven-eighths discount.—Russian Five per Cent. 102 three-fourths, 3 one-fourth.—Spanish Five per Cent. 20 one eighth, one-quarter.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 15, 16.—United ditto, 13, 13 10.—Colombian Mines, 8 10, 9 10.—Del Monte, 28, 29.—Imperial Brazil, 63, 64.—Bolanos, 142 10, 147 10.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM FEBRUARY 19, 1833, TO MARCH 15, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 19. M. PASS, Nine Elms, Surrey, lime-burner. J. DOWNES, Saville House, Leicester-square, jeweller. M. MARTIN, Regent-street, paper-stainer. J. T. WALKER, Oxford-street, watch-maker. W. DICKINSON, Milk-street, warehouseman. J. LLOYD, Carnarvon, builder. G. JACOB, Southampton, grocer. S. BROWNENT, Liverpool, watch-maker. S. MORRIS, Hellingly, Sussex, shoemaker. J. SHEA, Plymouth, watch-maker.

Feb. 22. G. RICH, Curzon-street, May-fair, tailor. W. A. CLARK, Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant. E. PIERCY, Titchbourne-street, Golden-square, carver. S. SANDERS, Totness, Devonshire, coach-builder. T. JAMES, otherwise T. J. ROLLAND, Walcot, Somersetshire, letter of horses and gigs. G. MAY, Evesham, Worcestershire, bookseller. J. E. WINGFIELD, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, tavern-keeper. W. NEWBOLD, Birmingham, leather-seller. J. EVANS, Haverfordwest, baker. J. MULLEY SIMSON, Frating, Essex, cattle-jobber. T. RUTLAND, Nottingham, coach-maker.

Feb. 26. E. BENNETT, Merstham, Surrey, smith. D. GREENLEY, jun. Goswell-street, victualler. R. TOPHAM, Dockhead, linen-draper. W. B. GUNNING, Egham, bricklayer. G. TINSLAY, New Quebec-street, victualler. J. GAIGER, Beaminster, grocer. T. DEFFURN, Old Compton-street, corn-dealer. G. N. WHITE, Waterloo-place, Albany-road, coal-merchant. H. GREAVES, Leicester, grocer. D. LOCKYER, Brighton, victualler. W. CLARKE, Redditch, builder. J. S. HARRISON, Bath, picture-dealer. S. SANDERS, Totness, coachbuilder. C. BROWN, Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, chemist. T. CARDWELL, Manchester, merchant. J. MUCLOW, Birmingham, stamper. J. PINE, jun. Devonport, victualler.

March 1. G. WITT, Chenies-street, Bedford square, cheesemonger. W. OAKS, Houndditch, coppersmith. R. EDDEN, Newgate-street, tailor. J. NEWSON, Silver-street, whitesmith. C. HOLTHOUSE, New-road, St. Georges's in the East, sugar-refiner. S. CASTLEDEN, Three Colt's-street, Limehouse, baker. E. HOPSON, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, draper. W. A. and R. Best, Birmingham, pocket-book-makers. E. WATTS, Oldbury-on-the Hill, Gloucestershire, saddler. J. BEARE, Birmingham, founder. J. P. CLARKE, Manchester, commission-agent. J. FREEMAN, Blainason, Monmouthshire, victualler. J. BROCKMAN, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, wine-merchant.

March 5. J. PARKER, Houndsditch, cork-cutter. G. BYERS, Pall-mall, hatter. W. KEITH, Manchester, merchant. J. SWIFT, Liverpool, white-cooper. W. HARRIS, Tutbury, Staffordshire, brickmaker. G. HESLINGTON, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, linen-draper. T. ROSSETER, Romsey, Southampton, miller. R. and T. WILLIAMSON, Manchester, flour-dealers.

March 8. J. TANSLEY, Little Dean-street, Westminster, ironmonger. J. GRIFFITHS, High Holborn, hard-confectioner. T. BRIGNALL, South Mimms, inn-keeper. J. GLOSSOP, Brussels, wax-chandler. J. HELLEWELL, Wadsworth, Yorkshire, worsted-manufacturer. W. D. DAVIS, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, inn-keeper. S. HOBDAY, Aston, near Birmingham, snuffer-maker. D. NEILD. Shaw Edge within Crompton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. J. WOOLLISON, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, plumber. T. CHAMBERS, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder. W. PARTRIDGE, Birmingham, wharfinger. F. L. BYRNE, Kingston-upon-Hull, wine-merchant. T. HODSON, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, baker. J. BRINDLEY, Great Barr, Aldridge, Staffordshire, farmer. J. BATTYL, Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire, common-brewer.

March 12. W. TWYCROSS. Godalming, Surrey. leather-dresser. J. SPIVEY, King-street, provision-agent. J. M. WILLIAMS, Totteridge, Herts., bill-broker. J. CANN, Broad-street, Bloomsbury-square, eating-house-keeper. R. WALKINGTON, High Holborn, upholsterer. J. GREEN, Birmingham, ramrod-maker. J. MELLOR, Manchester, tailor. H. PRATT, Bilston, Staffordshire, miller. J. BENT, Bankfoot, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. E. SCOTT, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, grocer. J. HARTLEY, Shiffnall, Salop, huckster. R. HODGSON, Manchester, common-brewer. C. TUCK, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, shipwright.

March 15. J. C. KEENE, Crooked Billet-yard, Kingsland-road, bricklayer. J. BURTON, High Holborn, grocer. J. LANCASTER, Aberdeen-place, Edgware-road, builder. R. S. ROACH, Great St. Helen's, wine-merchant. R. HARDY, Barbican, victualler. C. RYLAND, Birmingham, iron-merchant. R. P. GIBSON, Manchester, victualler. W. BEER, Bristol, wharfinger. T. BULMAN and J. MELLOR, Manchester, drapers. R. HARRISON, Atherton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. R. GALE and R. MAYOR, Manchester, dyers. W. HUNT, Rochdale, woollen-manufacturer. S. S. HARGILL, Newlay, near Leeds, dyers. J. S. VALENTINE, Foxhill, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, brickmaker.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 26.—The House was chiefly occupied in receiving petitions on various subjects. Lord King presented a petition from a small parish in Somersetshire, complaining that the clergyman, who had been recently appointed by the Lord Chancellor, had created much consternation, by demanding a tithe of herrings, the trade in which article formed the principal source of subsistence to the population. The Lord Chancellor said, that as far as he understood, the clergyman had only set forth his right, but had not enforced it. If, however, he had transgressed the law, there was a remedy. As to the clergyman, he had been appointed under peculiar circumstances, and upon strong recommendations, and the Lord Chancellor had heard nothing to induce him to regret the appointment. In answer to a question from the Duke of Cumberland, Lord King said that the tithe had not been exacted, but that the tithe proctor had been burned in effigy.—As the petition complained also of tithes generally, some general conversation occurred on the subject, and Lord Wynford defended the character of the clergy of the Church of England against the charge of a disposition to exaction, which was made against them.—In answer to a question from Lord Ellenborough, whether any instructions had yet been issued to cruizers, for the more effectual suppression of the Slave Trade, Earl Grey said that there was now a treaty before France on the subject; that he expected its return in a few days, when the instructions alluded to would be issued.

Feb. 27.—The Bishop of Bath and Wells, adverting to the petition which had been presented the previous evening from a parish in his diocese, complaining of a demand of tithe upon herrings, said that he had received a letter from the clergyman alluded to, stating that the petition was got up by Lord King's agent, and that the clergyman, instead of advancing, had reduced his tithes. After some conversation with Lord King, the Bishop said he would make further inquiries.—Lord Teynham complained of a breach of privilege committed by the "Standard" newspaper of that evening, in calling him and Lord King "the Devil's Advocates," with other equally flattering names; and gave notice, that next day he would submit a motion for bringing the printer to the bar of the House. Lord King said he did not complain of any grievance at being designated a "Devil's Advocate," but was rather amused and gratified by it, for he had heard of the Devil's advocate in the court of Rome, who was a very important functionary, and whose duty, *ex officio*, was to warn the Pope not to admit any improper person to be declared a saint (loud laughter). On the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Teynham agreed not to press the matter further.

Feb. 28.—The Change of Venue Bill for Ireland was read a third time and passed. Lord Wynford introduced his bill for reducing the expenses of Suits at Common Law.

March 4.—The Bishop of Bristol presented a petition on the subject of the observance of the Sabbath, and said he attributed much of the profanation of the day to the beer shops. Lord Wynford expressed a similar opinion, and hoped that Ministers would direct their attention to some remedial measure. The Marquis of Lansdowne intimated that the subject was under consideration.

March 7.—The Lord Chancellor presented a bill, founded on the recommendation of the Common Law Commissioners' Report, to facilitate the attainment of cheap and speedy justice.

March 12.—Some discussion took place respecting an alleged misapplication of the funds of Queen Anne's bounty, which misapplication was denied by the Bishops of London and Chester, and after the presentation of some petitions respecting the better observance of the Sabbath, the House adjourned.

March 14.—The Lord Chancellor, after mentioning that he did not think it expedient to bring forward the measure of popular education which he had introduced in the House of Commons when a member of that House, made an interesting statement upon the subject of general instruction, and moved that a message be

sent to the Commons for a copy of certain returns connected with education. The motion was agreed to.—The Law Amendment Bill was read a third time.

March 18.—Lord Teynham entered into a long statement of the circumstances which had induced the Lord Lieutenant of Mayo (the Marquis of Sligo) to place the barony of Gallen under the peace preservation act. The Marquis of Sligo defended the course he had pursued. The motion was withdrawn.

March 19.—In reference to a petition from 15.000 persons for the removal of civil disabilities from the Jews, the Bishop of London said he hoped that although the test and corporation acts had been repealed, the Legislature would never cease to be at least ostensibly a Christian one.

March 21.—Lord Plunket introduced the bill framed by the Government for the amendment of the special and common jury laws in Ireland. His Lordship in doing so stated that the object of it was to assimilate the law for the regulation of juries in Ireland as much as it was possible to the same law in England. The bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday se'nnight.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 26.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer postponed, till the 12th instant, his motion for leave to bring in a bill for the general commutation of tithes.—Mr. Portman brought in a bill to consolidate and amend the laws respecting highways. It includes amendments in the mode of levying the rate, and gives the power of appeal; and also provides against abuses in the stopping up or diverting highways. —In answer to a question, Mr. Stanley stated that it was not at present the intention of the Government to introduce any measure establishing poor laws in Ireland. —Mr. Hume presented a petition from the Metropolis, signed by many thousand persons, for an amelioration of the Criminal Laws.

Feb. 27.—The experiment of the twelve o'clock sitting was tried for the first time, and there was a full attendance from noon until three o'clock. Numerous petitions were presented, and almost every subject was fully discussed. The Church of Ireland, in particular, was the subject of much discussion, several of the petitions having distinctly prayed for the abolition of that establishment. Lord John Russell complained of the mode of proceeding, and appealed to the House whether such varied discussions, without any distinct questions being before the House, was calculated to realize the object for which a daylight sitting had been adopted. In reply to a question, his Lordship stated that the Government would bring forward a distinct and practical measure of Church Reform; but, as to the provisions of it, he must at present be silent.—In the evening sitting, Mr. D. Roe moved for papers as to the state of Ireland. Mr. Stanley opposed the motion, as only intended to delay the bill, and it was eventually withdrawn.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved the first reading of the Irish Disturbances' Bill, and a long discussion ensued. Mr. Tennyson moved, as an amendment, that the debate be adjourned for a fortnight. After several members had spoken, Mr. Stanley powerfully supported the bill. The debate was adjourned to the following day.

Feb. 28.—The adjourned debate on the Irish Disturbances' Suppression Bill was resumed, Mr. Sheil opening it with a speech of considerable length. He contended that an appeal to the existing laws ought to be made, by another Special Commission, before Courts-martial and Suspension of Juries were proposed. Mr. Macauley strongly advocated the measure, and resisted delay as unnecessary. Mr. Carew, Mr. Lennard, and Lord Ebrington, also supported the measure. Mr. J. Romilly, Mr. O'Connor, and Mr. Clay, deprecated the severity of the measure, and contended that conciliation would do more good. The debate was adjourned to the following day.

March 1.—Mr. H. Lytton Bulwer presented a petition from Coventry, praying the House to pause before they passed the Irish Disturbances Suppression Bill. Mr. H. L. Bulwer then moved the Order of the Day for resuming the adjourned debate on the Disturbances Bill, and spoke in favour of the amendment, contending that the necessity of the case did not require so extreme a measure, although some legislative interference was necessary. He thought that by delay in passing a measure of the kind, the House would show they were watchful of the interests of the

people, while, on the other hand, the suspension of the measure for so short a period as two weeks could not be injurious. The debate was again adjourned.

March 4.—The fourth debate on the Disturbances' Suppression Ireland Bill was begun by Dr. Baldwin, who expressed himself at great length against it. Lord Castlereagh supported the bill, declaring its necessity to be unfortunately too manifest. Several speakers followed. Among them Mr. Lambert supported the bill, but expressed the hope that some means of avoiding courts-martial might be devised in the Committee. Lord Duncannon said he should give his reluctant support to the bill; but he did so from his personal knowledge of the state of Carlow and Kilkenny. He, however, supported the bill on the understanding that the powers of the bill were not to be used to aid the collection of the tithes. In fairness he felt himself bound to state, that unless the tithe question was settled, he had no hope of tranquillity in Ireland; also that the Government must turn their attention to some system for securing permanent provision for the poor. The debate was again adjourned.

March 5.—The debate on the Disturbances' Suppression Bill was resumed. After several Members had addressed the House, Mr. O'Connell spoke at great length. He contended, in opposing the bill, that the Ministers ought first to prove that they had exhausted all the powers given to them by the constitution; that the precedent was a bad one; that in no instance had a second Special Commission failed; that witnesses had not been interrupted; and that jurymen, in no instance, had been impeded or injured for performing their duty. He, therefore, declared, that inquiry ought to precede such legislation; and that, as the necessities for the bill could not be made out, it ought not to be supported. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply, said that the Ministers would abide by the bill, and that, if it were not supported, they should no longer think they had, or merited, the countenance of the House. A division then took place; the numbers were—for the first reading, 466; against it, 89.

March 6.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer afterwards, in a Committee of Ways and Means, proposed the continuation of the Sugar Duties. The proposition called forth a good deal of conversation, but it was eventually carried, opposition being threatened on the bringing up of the report. The Solicitor-General brought in four bills relative to Law Reform, which were read a first time.

March 7.—Mr. Hume moved for a Committee to resume the inquiry of a former Committee as to the expediency and the means of enlarging the House of Commons, or building one sufficiently commodious and extensive. The motion was agreed to, and a Select Committee appointed.—Mr. Hume moved for an account of the distribution of the military force. The motion was negatived on a division of 23 ayes, and 201 noes.—On the presentation of the report of the Committee of Ways and Means, the resolution for the continuation of the Sugar Duties was again discussed, but it was eventually carried, Mr. Hume's proposition for reduction of duty, &c. being negatived without a division.

March 8.—The Irish Grand Juries Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee. On the order of the day being moved for the second reading of the Disturbance Suppression Bill, Mr. Hume addressed the House at considerable length against the measure, which he termed an atrocious bill, and moved as an amendment to the motion for the second reading, "That the members of that House deeply lamented the disturbed state of some districts in Ireland, and were willing to intrust his Majesty with such powers as may be necessary to control and punish the midnight murderers and violators of the law and the public peace in that country; but that they could not consent to the provisions of a bill which placed Ireland out of the pale of the British constitution." The debate was then continued up to one o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Hume's amendment having been withdrawn, it was adjourned until Monday, with the understanding that the House would come to a division on that day. The members who participated in the debate were Mr. Alderman Wood, Mr. Tancred, Colonel Conolly, Mr. Richards, Mr. Ronayne, Mr. J. Brown, Mr. W. Roche, Sir John Key, Colonel Perceval, Lord Althorp, Mr. Baron, Mr. Fitzsimon, Mr. Warburton, and Sir J. Sebright.

March 11.—The debate upon the Bill for the Suppression of Disturbances in Ireland was resumed, and on a division the second reading was carried by a majority of 279. The numbers in favour of an adjournment were 84; against it, 363. The members who participated in the debate were Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Hawkins, Lord

Morpeth, Mr. Blackney, Lord Duncannon, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Talbot, Mr. C. Grant, Mr. Lalor, Mr. Cobbett, Col. Davies, Mr. F. O'Connor, Lord Althorp, and Mr. M. O'Connell. Those hon. members who opposed the measure were, Mr. Buller, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Lynch, Mr. F. O'Connor, and Mr. M. O'Connell.

March 12.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer made a statement with regard to the hardships under which dramatic authors laboured, and moved for leave to bring in a Bill for their better protection, which he obtained. By this Bill it is proposed to allow to dramatic authors the same copyright that was, by the existing law, given to all other authors,—for 28 years, or for the life of the author. It also enacts that no play shall be performed at any theatre without the author's consent; and that if played without his consent, he shall have the right of applying to a court of law for damages against the proprietor of the theatre where it was so played, the maximum of the damages to be given to him to be 50*l.*, and the minimum 10*l.*, for every night the said play was so performed. The same hon. Member also obtained leave to introduce a Bill "for Licensing Theatres, and for the better regulation of Dramatic Performances in the cities of London and Westminster, and within twenty miles thereof."

March 13.—Lord Althorp stated some important changes which the Government had been induced to make in the Irish Disturbances Bill. These changes affect two of its provisions—that respecting courts martial, and that regarding domiciliary visits. Ministers now propose that no officer shall be permitted to sit in the court martial under the rank of Captain, (hear); and, secondly, that when the number on the court martial does not exceed seven persons, that no verdict should be valid unless at least five out of the seven agreed upon it (hear); and if the court-martial consist but of five persons, that no verdict should hold good in which all five had not agreed (hear;) and that when the number exceeded seven persons, seven must agree to the verdict. (Hear.) They also proposed that in the case of a domiciliary visit, where the party summoned answered by name, the civil force should not possess the power of enforcing an entrance.—Mr. O'Connell moved as an amendment to the motion for the Speaker's leaving the chair, "that it be an instruction to the committee to preserve inviolate the right of petition to the King's subjects in Ireland for redress of grievances, the petitions to be addressed to the Throne and the two Houses of Parliament." This amendment was negatived by a majority of 62.

March 14.—Some debate occurred upon the Irish Church Reform Bill, and a Select Committee was subsequently appointed to search for precedents, and to report its opinion to the House whether a Bill to alter and amend the laws relating to the Temporalities of the Church in Ireland should, according to the rules and orders, originate in a Committee of the whole House. In consequence of the technical objection which gave rise to the appointment of this Committee, the Bill was postponed till Monday.

March 15.—In the Committee upon the Irish Bill, Mr. O'Connell moved an amendment to the first clause to the effect, that the Lord-Lieutenant have not power to interrupt any meeting called for the *bonâ fide* purpose of petitioning on grievances. His amendment was opposed by the Government, and on a division was negatived. The numbers were, 85 for it, 246 against it. Several other clauses were agreed to.

March 18.—The House resolved itself into a Committee on the Irish Disturbances Suppression Bill. Mr. Cobbett renewed his arguments in opposition to it, and gave it as his opinion that Ministers would attempt to introduce a similar measure into England if they were successful now in passing this. After various divisions upon different amendments, the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh clauses were carried. Much debate took place upon the clause relating to the right of search, and it was at length arranged that amendments might be proposed to it upon the bringing up of the report.—The Irish Church Reform Bill was postponed.

March 19.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having stated that he should not bring forward any business to obstruct the progress of the Irish Disturbances Bill, the House again resolved into Committee. They commenced with the 12th clause, which, with several subsequent clauses, were adopted, after much discussion, and a few amendments. In the 17th clause there were alterations more explicitly to provide that the act was not to extend to offences committed before its passing, and that none but legal evidence should be received. The 18th and 19th clauses were, after some discussion, agreed to; the latter with some alterations, proposed by Mr. O'Connell and the Solicitor-General, who also proposed some verbal amendments in

the 20th clause, which were agreed to. The 21st clause was struck out. The 22nd and 23d clauses were agreed to, and the chairman reported progress.

March 20.—On the order of the day being read for going into Committee on the Irish Disturbances Bill, Mr. T. Attwood brought forward his notice as an amendment, and submitted his proposition for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the causes of the distress amongst the industrious classes. Mr. Gillon seconded the motion. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed it, and regretted that it was brought forward under circumstances that would not secure for it that full and considerate attention which he wished should be extended to so important a subject. After much discussion it was eventually lost by a minority of 34.—The Irish Disturbances Bill was necessarily postponed.

March 21.—The House again resolved into Committee upon the Irish Disturbances Bill, and the clauses up to the 27th were agreed to after some discussion. That clause, however, was strongly opposed, but was eventually carried.—Ayes 141, noes 67. The 28th clause was expunged. The clause suspending the act of Habeas Corpus gave rise to much discussion, and there was a division upon it. The additional clauses proposed by Mr. Stanley were adopted.

THE COLONIES.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A notice has been addressed to young women who may be disposed to emigrate to New South Wales, which seems deserving of attention, as great facilities will now be offered to women of respectability. A vessel is about to sail for Van Dieman's Land, and such females as may feel disposed to emigrate can obtain a passage in her for the sum of six pounds, and will also have every accommodation during the voyage. The emigration committee has not only made those arrangements, but steps have been taken to enable young women to obtain good situations on their arrival. It appears that there is a great dearth of female servants in Van Dieman's Land, so that they may obtain excellent wages. The expense of the passage was before a great hindrance to emigration, but under present circumstances this difficulty is removed.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The French Chamber of Deputies has never been remarkable for the dignity or order of its proceedings, but it appears that a late debate there exceeded in violence any former example. An attack having been made upon Marshal Soult for his claim of secret service money, and for ordering the expenditure of 140*l.* on furniture to his hotel, without the authority of the legislature, had nearly led to his resignation. He demanded that the latter sum should be allowed, or that he should be impeached. The chamber took neither alternative: it refused the money and did not impeach the Marshal. A violent tumult occurred towards the end of the sitting, about the decision of the President regarding the vote of the secret service money. The disorder nearly amounted to a riot. One of the Members, M. Ludre, threatened another, M. Renouard, with his fist, amid violent gesticulations and abusive epithets. He was called to order by the general indignation, and the Chamber separated in great confusion.

HOLLAND.

The latest Dutch Papers are entirely pacific in their tone. It appears that the intended spring reviews of the troops had been deferred, and that furloughs had been enlarged from the 1st to the 20th of April. Some Belgian movements in the direction of Forts Frederick and Doel had given some uneasiness, but appeared to indicate nothing very serious. The government has been lately more successful in proposing some taxes to the States-General, a fact which evinces its returning strength.

PORTUGAL.

Lisbon Gazettes to the 3d. inst. give the following description of the position of the contending parties. We need hardly observe that it must be read with a degree of caution which the source is calculated to inspire:—These Gazettes represent the state of things at Oporto as under the worst possible aspect. The troops are said to be suffering from disease, there being no less than 14 deaths daily. The health of the Miguelites, on the contrary, is reported as unexceptionable; the siege is said to be pushed on with greater vigour, the fortifications are so advanced, that the besiegers are within pistol-shot of their opponents. It is added that the weather continued to be very stormy on the coast; that neither men nor ammunition could be landed; that one steam-boat had been already lost off Vela da Conde; that the communication with the Fos was entirely interrupted; and, lastly, that as an especial mark of Divine favour to the Miguelite cause, the Pope had allowed the soldiers to eat meat, notwithstanding Lent, "whilst they were engaged in the defence of these kingdoms."

The accounts from Oporto are of course of an opposite character, but not sufficiently as to encourage hopes of the ultimate success of Don Pedro.

POLAND.

The Administrative Council of Warsaw, by a decree, dated the 1st of March, has regulated the *weight of the chains* by which the Polish prisoners are to be fettered. It would appear that in future the chains are to be made exclusively at the Imperial forge; that they must be constructed upon a patent model, and must even bear the Government stamp. All male convicts are to drag seven pounds of iron after them—women six.

GREECE.

The Bavarian Prince, Otho, the new Sovereign of Greece, has arrived in the territory which is in future to be under his dominion. He landed at Napoli di Romania on the 6th of February. The following are extracts from the sensible and encouraging Proclamation addressed by the new Monarch upon his arrival to the Grecian people.

"Depotism has but given way to anarchy, which oppresses you under its terrible scourge. What you had acquired by your noble efforts for the love of your country, discord and the most sordid egotism have deprived you of. To put an end to your ills—to a civil war, which consumes your most brilliant faculties—to direct your efforts to one only end, that of the prosperity happiness, and glory of your country, shall henceforth become mine. To efface by degrees under the influence of peace and public order, the many traces of misfortune which have afflicted your country, gifted so liberally by the hand of nature—to take into consideration the sacrifices which have been made and the services which have been rendered to the country, to protect, under the ægis of the laws and of justice your persons and possessions from violence and rapine—to procure well-digested institutions, adapted to the situation, and wishes of your country, the advantages of a true liberty, which can only exist under the dominion of the laws—to conclude, in short, the regeneration of Greece—such is the painful but glorious task which I have undertaken. Whatever may be the efforts which this noble task requires of us, we shall be amply rewarded by our success; for, having ascended the throne of Greece, I here give you the assurance of protecting conscientiously your religion, of faithfully maintaining the laws, of doing justice impartially to all, and of preserving inviolate, with the aid of God, all that concerns your independence, your liberties, and your laws."

TURKEY.

Accounts from Constantinople to the 18th ult. state that Ibrahim had signified his formal consent to an armistice for an indefinite time, with the view of negotiating at his head-quarters the conditions of peace. The negotiations are to be partly assisted by the good officers of the ambassadors of Austria, Russia, England, and France, and will, in fact, be tantamount to a mediation.

MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Ynyr Burgos, Esq., to Lady Caroline Clements, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess Leitrim.

Viscount Torrington, to Miss Astley, daughter of Sir John Dugdale Astley, of Langham-place, and Eveleigh, Wiltshire.

The Count de Boissire, to Miss Saunders, of Bryanstone-square.

Died.]—In Edinburgh, the Dowager Lady Cunningham Fairlie, wife of J. Hathorn, Esq.

At Loglealmond, Lady Stewart Drummond.

The Right Rev. Dr. Gradwell, Bishop of Lydda, and coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Bramston, Bishop of Usula, Vicar Apostolic in the London district.

At Laulpettah, near Vellore, J. S. Lushington, second son of the Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, Governor of the Madras Presidency.

At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, mother to Lord Reay, aged 82.

At Howbury-hall, near Bedford, the seat of her son, Frederick Polhill, Mary, the relict of the late John Polhill, Esq., of Howbury-hall, and of Cavendish-square, in the 74th year of her age.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

New Cemetery.—A plan for a new cemetery, something resembling that of Pere la Chaise, has been formed. It is proposed to occupy a site of about eighteen acres, on a rising ground near Highgate. Mr. Goodwin, the architect, is the originator of this design.

Drainage and Sewerage of London.—Mr. Donaldson, the architect, has delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution, on the drainage and sewerage of the metropolis, with special reference to a plan of Mr. John Martin, the distinguished artist, for improving the drainage of London, whereby the sewerage might be preserved as manure for agricultural purposes. Mr. Donaldson drew a picture, by no means agreeable, of the existing state of the Thames at London, which he characterized as really a huge sewer, or *cloaca maxima*, owing to the volumes of filth and putrescent matter which roll down to it from Fleet Ditch, King's Scholar's Pond Sewer, and other large drains. The chief feature of Mr. Martin's plan is the formation of a grand sewer on each bank of the river (for the body of the city), the tops sufficiently high to form quays. He proposes that the sides of the sewers should be constructed of iron caissons, the bottom paved with brick, and the top arched with sheet iron. The whole length of the sewers, on both banks, would be seven miles and a half. The drainage, he proposes, should be received into receptacles, the grand one to be situate at the first convenient space near the *embouchure* of the Regent's Canal, at the extreme east of London, from whence the soil might be conveyed to barges, and transported by canals to various parts of the country. Mr. Martin has also contrived, in order to obviate the smell arising from drains and the fall of grit and rubbish into the gullies, a box of cast iron, open at the top, on which the grating is placed, with a flap of wood suspended to the edge of the grating, and the bottom resting on the edge below, which simple contrivance excludes the smell from beneath, and the heavy substances which would fall to the bottom of the box, could be taken out by the scavengers. The whole cost of the sewers, including the quays, &c., he estimates at 60,000*l.* per mile. The plan, which is novel and ingenious, would make the filth, which now pollutes our river, the means of fertilizing our waste lands.

In an official report to one of the departments of Government, during the last month, it is stated that the value of property in every part of London, excepting what are called fashionable situations, has fallen at least one-fourth and in many instances one-third.

CORNWALL.

The discovery of the hull of a vessel imbedded in the beach near Newlyn, Mount's Bay, has excited much curiosity; and it appears by a letter from Mr. John A. Boase, of Penzance, that she was about fifty tons, flat-bottomed, clincher-built, of oak thirty feet long. Her ribs were not more than four inches apart, and sufficiently strong for a vessel double her size. There were marks of nails, but not a bit of iron was found, from which it would seem that wood, when shut up from the air, is the most durable. The vessel appears to have been in ballast when lost; two ancient coins were found on board, one of which was in a perfect state of preservation, and bore the inscription "Ave Maria," by which it appears to have been of ecclesiastical origin, but of what age, or of what country, it is difficult to say, as it was without date; but Mr. Boase says, that from its resemblance to the coins of the fourteenth century, and some other appearances, he should assign it to that period, and thinks it of Anglo-Norman origin.

DEVON.

Plymouth and Devonport Banking Company.—The first Annual General Meeting of this Company, has been held. The report of the Directors proved highly satisfactory and gratifying to the Proprietors. A dividend of one pound per share (equal to 6 per cent. on the advanced capital) was declared, and the retiring Directors were re-elected.

DORSET.

As some labourers were a short time since digging up a piece of meadow ground, about half a mile from Poole, they turned up an urn containing several hundred Roman coins. The urn, which was unfortunately broken, was of fine pottery. The coins were in the finest preservation, and were of the reigns of the Emperors Valerianus, Gallienus, Claudius Gothicus. Quintillus, and Aurelianus; of Salonina, the wife of Gallienus; and of the usurpers (some of those known as the thirty tyrants) Postumus, Lælianus, Victorinus, Tetricus, and Tetricus Cæsar. These individuals all reigned from the middle to the latter part of the third century. The coins are nearly all of the third brass, and only a few of silver. Many of them are commonly met with; but some, particularly those of Quintillus, who reigned but seventeen days, are of considerable rarity. But the most interesting circumstance connected with the discovery of these coins is, that it sets at rest whether Poole was or was not known in the period during which the Romans had possession of this island; for this discovery—which, we believe, is not an isolated one, as similar coins are stated to have been found recently—so near the town, together with the remains of Roman vicinal ways, still traceable leaning thither, shows that our topographers are erroneous in saying that Poole was unknown in the British, Roman, or Saxon times.—*Western Flying Post.*

DURHAM.

Powerful Steam Engine.—One of the largest steam engines (and probably the most powerful one) in the world commenced working during the month at Colonel Braddyll's new colliery at South Hetton, near Durham. This stupendous machine has been erected for the purpose of pumping water from a depth of eight hundred and seventy-six feet. The diameter of its cylinder is 84 inches—length of stroke in cylinder, nearly 10½ feet—ditto in pumps, nearly 8½ feet—diameter of pumps 18½ inches, and when worked at ordinary speed, it will throw up from 55 to 60,000 gallons of water per hour. Its power is rated at that of 240 horses, but it is capable of exerting the power of 300 horses in action together.

ESSEX.

Boring for Water.—The system of boring for spring water is now practised in various parts of Essex with complete success. The operation of boring near the Sluice House, Canney Island, has been attended with a remarkable result. Water was found at the depth of 150 feet, so near the sea that the workmen were sometimes annoyed by the spray. During high water the well overflows at the rate of several gallons a minute, but decreases as the tide recedes: the water is never salt in the slightest degree. Lord Winchelsea, the owner of several farms in the island of Foulness, after having spent 500*l.* in attempting to find water upon the old plan,

relinquished the undertaking. His Lordship's tenants are now amply supplied with water by boring, who were obliged before to take their cattle several miles for water.

Labour Rate.—The reports from the parishes around us, where the principle of employing the poor has been adopted for the last 6 weeks, are very encouraging. At Folstead where the plan has been tried, there were from 50 to 60 men unemployed; not a man is now to be found idle, and the redundancy of labourers is converted into a scarcity. The husbandmen can now obtain wages according to their competence, and they have, in consequence, emerged from a comparative state of beggary to that situation in society which they formerly filled.—*Essex Herald.*

In the parish of Ardleigh a labour-rate has been agreed on by the inhabitants, as a means of promoting employment and diminishing the poor-rate. Every occupier of land assessed above the value of 5*l.* is assessed at the rate of 4*s.* in the pound for six weeks. He is to keep an account of the labourers he employs for that time, and the wages he pays, which must not exceed 10*s.* a week. If the wages paid amount to his assessment, he is not called on to pay; but, if not, he is to pay the difference as his amount of poor-rate. The rate, at 4*s.* in the pound for six weeks, is calculated to be equal to the payment of all the able-bodied labourers in the parish for that period. The resolutions to continue in force for six months, and it is expected may produce beneficial results.

HAMPSHIRE.

Vindonium.—Some fine remains of the Roman station Vindonium have recently been discovered in a field at Silchester, near Strathfieldsay. Apartments paved with brick, coins, rings, and fragments of pottery, &c., have already rewarded the researches which are still being carried on.

LANCASHIRE.

Trade of Liverpool.—The customs duties received at this port during the last year amounted to nearly four millions sterling, giving an excess of 325,000*l.* over those of the preceding year. As the total increase in the kingdom was only 223,167*l.*, not only must the whole of that increase have taken place in this port, but the deficiencies of other places must have been compensated for, by the improvement of the trade of Liverpool. The increase would have been much greater, but for the cholera.

Antiquarian Curiosity.—A few weeks ago while the workmen employed for the Preston Water Company were engaged near the Chapel Well, at Longridge, in replacing the soil over a water-course or conduit which they had constructed some feet under the surface of the ground—one of them found amongst the materials a stone axe, which from its antique appearance might have been used in a remote age for domestic purposes, or as a battle-axe, or—should we speculate further—perhaps as an instrument wherewith to sacrifice animals or human beings on the altars of Druidical superstition. This singular weapon weighs about six pounds. It is about nine inches long, and is shaped like a common coal-axe, though owing to the more fragile nature of the material, it is necessarily of greater thickness and rotundity of shape. The back or hammer end is hemispherical, and the cutting or wedge end, which, if properly applied, would split a piece of deal, or cut a softish substance, has a pretty sharp edge. The hole for the handle, which is round, is 1¼ inch in diameter, it is placed five inches from the other, and appears to be ingeniously bored with a due regard to the advantageous use of the instrument, and the strength of the material. From the hole on each side there is a channel or hollow, which may probably have been considered ornamental. The stone itself is of a hard and compact texture, and of a muddy green colour like the stone with which great part of the streets of Edinburgh are paved. It is reasonable to suppose that neither iron nor maleable metals were known when this rude implement was made, and it becomes a curious speculation how long the labourer was employed in its formation, and in the grinding out of the hole for the handle; the last operation having probably been accomplished by the action of sand and water, applied by the tedious process of turning round a stick with the hand.—*Preston Chronicle.*

SUSSEX.

Emigration from Sussex.—The Petworth Agricultural Committee have just pub-

lished six letters from emigrants who sailed from Portsmouth for Upper Canada, in April and May, 1832, amounting altogether to 767 persons, all from Sussex. The letters contain the most satisfactory accounts of their success. They had all proceeded up the country, and had either settled on land or got employment at high wages.—*Observer.*

A great buoy, marked "Wreck" on the head, has been laid in six fathoms at low water, spring-tides, about ten fathoms to the southward of the wreck of a brig sunk off Hastings, with the following marks and compass bearings, viz.—St. Leonard's Church on with Barlow's Windmill, bearing N.E. by N. ¼ N.; Barbeach Tower, its apparent breadth open to the westward of Barnham-hill Trees, N.W. ¾ N.; Beachey Head W. ¼ N.; Fairlight, E. by N.

YORK.

Roman Remains.—As some men were removing the soil for cellaring a new house about to be erected on the property of Mr. Eshelby, builder, situated near a mile out of York, on the right-hand side of the South road, about the depth of three feet from the surface, they came to what they supposed a curious drain, but which finally proved to be a Roman sepulchre. This sepulchre is formed of tiles, each being one foot seven inches of inner chord length, one foot three inches and a half in breadth, and one inch and one quarter of thickness. The tiles are curved in length, having a versed sine of two inches, and have on the sides elevated edges. The sepulchre consists in length of four of the tiles placed on the ground on their ends, resting against four corresponding ones, thus forming a Gothic arch, having a span of two feet; over the raised joints of the tiles are placed semi-conical tiles of seven inches inner diameter at one end, and nearly five inches inner diameter at the other, and of one foot seven inches in length. Each end of the tomb was nearly closed by a tile of the larger size, and the angles by the smaller. The ridge was also covered with the smaller curved tiles, but which were broken, according to the statement of the workmen, before they were aware of their importance. The larger portion of the tiles bear either the inscription LEG. VI. or LEG. VI. VI. and have prints from human fingers, sandals, and animals feet. Within the sepulchre was found, about six inches in thickness, a layer of the remains of a funeral pile, consisting of bones, charcoal, and several iron nails; but no vestige of urn, earthen vessel, coin, or fibula. It appears from inspection of the surrounding site that the ground had been removed to a large extent, and perhaps to four feet in depth, for the funeral pile; that afterwards the principal portion of the remains had been collected into an elongated mound, and covered with the tiles as above described. The vacant parts were filled through a lapse of ages with fine earth. A sepulchre of nearly similar form was found in 1768. The above curious specimen of an ancient tomb is now deposited in the Yorkshire Museum.—*York Herald.*

SCOTLAND.

At the last meeting of the Society of Scottish Antiquarians thirty-eight coins were presented from the large number found in October last in a metal casket in Hexham church-yard. The secretary exhibited an elegant snuff-box of horn, lined with gold, and mounted with silver, having set in the lid a beautifully painted miniature, half-length of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, in the Highland dress, which was presented (a short time after the battle of Culloden in 1746) by the Prince himself to Mackenzie of Gruinard. The miniature is believed to have been painted at Rome when the Prince was there previous to the rebellion, 1745.

[*Yeomanry.*—Circulars have been issued to the officers commanding the different corps of yeomanry, requiring a return of their arms and ammunition, as well as their present state; also of the present depôts of arms, specifying such of them as are in the possession of the men.]

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